SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

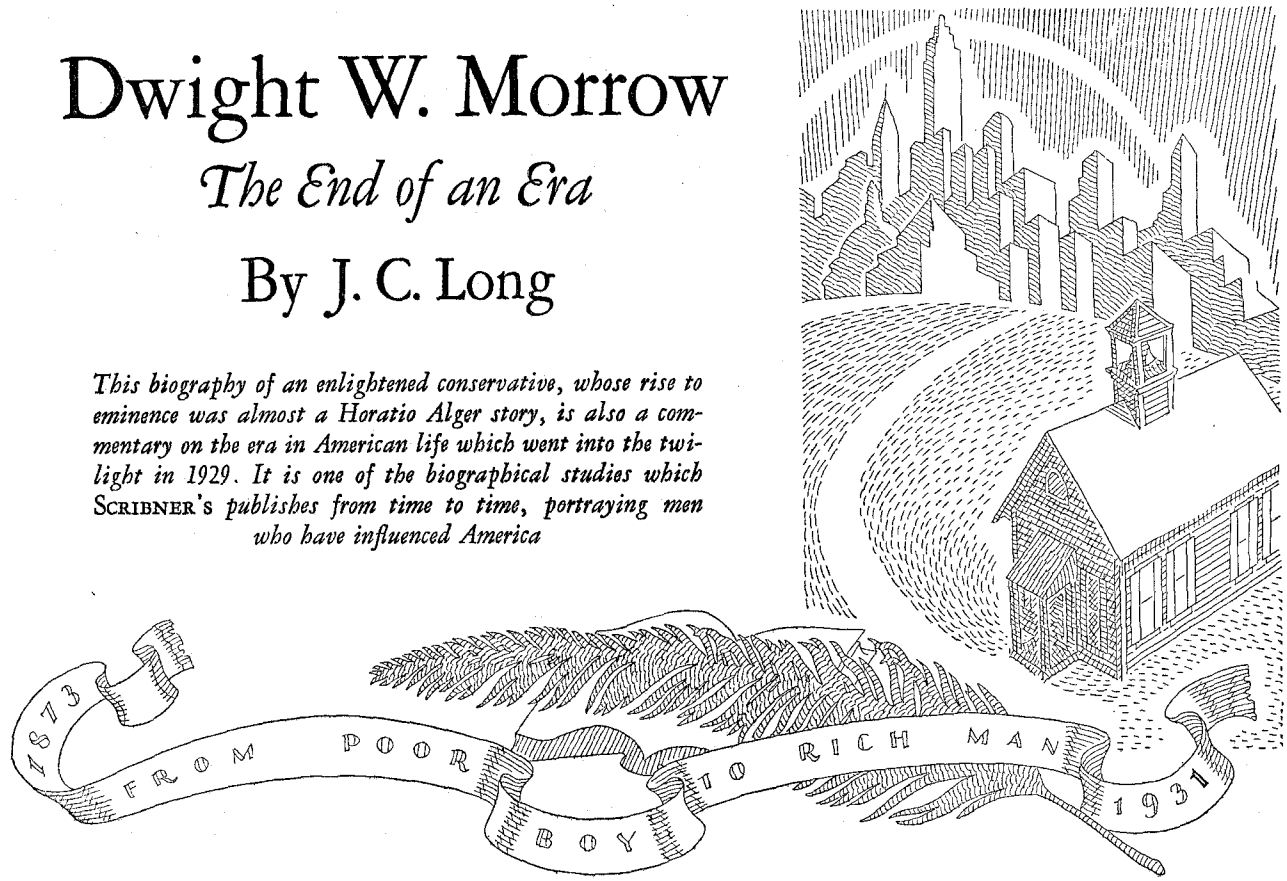
VOL. XCVIII SEPTEMBER, 1935 NO. 3

Dwight W. Morrow

The End of an Era

By J. C. Long

This biography of an enlightened conservative, whose rise to eminence was almost a Horatio Alger story, is also a commentary on the era in American life which went into the twilight in 1929. It is one of the biographical studies which SCRIBNER'S *publishes from time to time, portraying men who have influenced America*



INCONSPICUOUS among the daily throngs before the New York Stock Exchange in the moneyed era of the early 1920's might be seen a little man hurrying to some appointment, a brown felt hat pulled down over his ears, his coat flapping in the wind and his eyes staring absent-mindedly before him. Few of the passers-by ever recognized that this was Dwight W. Morrow, one of the Morgan partners; and no stranger would have surmised the identity. Dwight Morrow the modest, Dwight Morrow the public-spirited, and Dwight Morrow the rich, was already a character in the Street, yet his goings and comings were as unheralded as those of a ledger clerk.

Illogical as it might seem at first glance, Morrow's very self-effacement was typical of a trend of the nation in the final phases of its great prosperity. The rococo manners of the plunder barons were out of date, and corporate business was demanding men of brains rather than force of personality alone. The vast size of the new enterprises, their legal complications, and the new technologies of science were bringing to the top men with minds equipped to comprehend these problems.

And such intelligence must not be arrogant. If the country was in the awkward position of bowing one knee to democracy and the other to Baal, its growing recognition of the place of the common man pervaded all levels of society and influenced the conduct of men in high places. The very fact of the modesty of Mr. Morrow's demeanor and his graciousness of personality had aided him in his upward course and had marked him as a proper type for leadership.

Morrow figured to a singular degree as a justification for the civilization which was current. His life was a Horatio Alger story rewritten, with the blatancy removed and the credibility increased by the man's tangible achievements, yet he remained an example of what the poor boy may be able to accomplish under conditions where the rise to power of the individual is encouraged by circumstance, by freedom from legal restraint, and by popular consent.

His tragedy lay in the fact that he lived to see the structure on which he had been lifted to eminence fall to pieces before his eyes. Whether the same civilization can, or will, be rebuilt is on the knees of the future, but meanwhile Dwight Morrow's life serves singularly well to recapture the innocent confidence of our yesterdays and to delineate their achievements and their limitations.

II

The origins of Dwight Whitney Morrow were so appropriate to an American success story that they read like a chapter from a schoolbook. His

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

people were sturdy, middle-class Irish Protestants of the same Virginia stock which worked its way westward and ultimately produced the Lincolns, the Bryans, and many other names noted in the nation's affairs. Morrow's father had achieved an education and at the time of Dwight's birth on January 11, 1873, was president of Marshall College in West Virginia. The family shortly moved to Allegheny, Pa., where the father became a public school principal.

The home was permeated with the old-time Calvinistic evangelical religion. Family prayers were held twice daily. Young Dwight did not find his surroundings either narrow or austere. The church and education were the two beacon lights of the earnest household, and in education particularly Morrow found food for his precocious mind. The Bible was the best-known book in the home, and there were also Shakespeare, the *Library of the World's Best Literature,* Prescott, Grote, the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew classics, Dickens, and Thackeray. Darwin and Huxley, at that time forbidden in many households, were on the schoolmaster's shelves, and were digested by the young Morrow without causing any conspicuous mental disturbance. His thinking from his early days was objective rather than subjective, and he had a voracious appetite for facts.

His passion for reading was exceptional and led to his being graduated from the high school at the embarrassingly early age of fourteen. Time hung heavy on his hands. He was first in the examinations for a scholarship at West Point, but an older brother, Jay J. Morrow, had already won an appointment to the military academy, and the local Congressman did not feel it possible to nominate a second boy from the same family. The father's salary was but $1800 a year and there were five children. This permitted no funds for private schooling, and Morrow's age, in any case, counselled delay in entering college.

For four years Dwight worked as a clerk in the county court-house, mooning and reading and making no record that marked him out from among his fellows. His home life had taught him virtually nothing of the arts of music, painting, or the theater, and the machinations of county politics were boresome and disillusioning. Morrow's future seemed dull and uncertain, until through the intervention of a former school-teacher he was unexpectedly awarded a scholarship at Amherst College.

In the fall of 1891, therefore, Dwight W. Morrow entered the institution which was destined to have an exceptional and recurring influence in virtually every crisis of his life. Amherst was peculiarly fitted to the temperament and type of mind of the young man. While other universities, such as Harvard, were being shaken by Unitarianism, the challenge of science, and the Germanic philosophers, Amherst was consecrated to character, industry, and faith.

Morrow boarded at the home of Anson D. Morse, professor of history, and from the inspiration of this teacher developed the lifelong habit of checking the problems of the day against historical experience. From a young instructor, George Daniel Olds, Morrow learned to appreciate not the hypotheses of mathematics but its architecture and precision. From Garman, professor of philosophy, the youthful Morrow was encouraged to discount scepticism and to seize upon life with constructive enthusiasm. It was an education of the old school, but it had gusto, and it worked.

The point of view of the faculty, which had an exceptional influence on the eager-minded Morrow, was re-enforced by the temper of the undergraduate life. The college was teeming with young men who were agog with ambition. While Harvard, Yale, and Princeton were favored by the better-established families, Amherst was attracting an unusual proportion of the new and growing money. Here the second generation of Standard Oil Pratts were being educated. Here were the Standard Oil, molasses, and Corn Refining Bedfords. Here, too, were the Standard Oil Converses. Arthur Curtiss James of copper and Missouri Pacific wealth was an active alumnus. A fellow undergraduate and fraternity-mate of Morrow was Mortimer Schiff, son of Jacob Schiff, head of Kuhn, Loeb & Company, which ranked second only to Morgan as bankers. The presence of such young men on the campus, in the intimate life of an isolated small college, gave to their classmates a sense of the stirrings of empire.

Morrow did not quickly win a place of prominence among his ambitious classmates, legend to the contrary notwithstanding. He lacked the surface sophistication of the boys from the eastern preparatory schools. His clothes were ready-made and poorly fitted, and he was undersized. Despite a friendly smile, he had the faintly hurried air of one who has many things to do.

His college activities, though useful to his future, were not of the sort to add to his popularity. He won prizes in literature and public speaking, and he became chairman of the *Amherst Literary Monthly.* For Morrow the smell of printer's ink was a new experience, and here he developed a taste for putting words together, and a respect for exactness in language which never left him. Here, too, he won a closer insight into the mind of a boarding-table mate who contributed romantic fiction to the pages of the magazine.

This author, of such tales as the maiden who plunged into a waterfall to save her sweetheart, was John C. Coolidge. Not yet sheltered behind the more austere name of Calvin Coolidge, which he adopted later in life, the undergraduate Coolidge was not only a romantic but a wag. His droll cracker-box wit made him the official class humorist. But it was more likely his background and his earnestness which deepened his friendship with Morrow. Morrow ultimately became more metropolitan and Coolidge perhaps more rural, but in college they had much in common. Both came from plain religious homes, both were intent on education and purposeful for the future.

To paint a picture of hard study, busy editorship, and ambition, as the whole story of Morrow at Amherst in the 1890's, would be misleading. The elm-shaded common, the misty blue of the Pelham Hills, and the rolling horizon line of the Holyoke Range gave a peacefulness and a sense of proportion to the activity of undergraduate life.

Another civilizing, or partially civilizing, influence on the undergraduates was the presence of Smith College, eight miles distant. Smith was one of the main sources of supply for partners at Amherst parties, and at one of these affairs Dwight Morrow, a sophomore, met a Smith freshman, a Miss Elizabeth Cutter of Cleveland.

Betty Cutter and Dwight Morrow

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

immediately were attracted to each other. Betty Cutter, like Dwight Morrow, was short of stature, blue-eyed and active. She, too, was the child of Calvinist parents. She shared Dwight's faiths and enthusiasms. She also stood high in the classrooms. She complemented his mind which dreamed of the pageants of history, with a more practical sense of the present day.

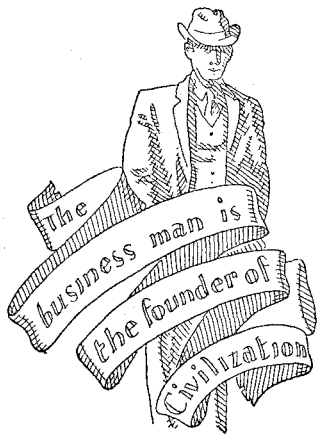
Dwight was soon a regular evening attendant at the college across the Connecticut River, and many a dollar which he earned by tutoring went to the livery stables of Northampton for the luxury of a horse and buggy. These drives around the countryside with Betty brightened the already clear skies of the New England scene. To the inspiration of his college course, the young man now added a dynamic incentive to achievement. Betty Cutter remained the sole object of his attentions during his college days, and for the rest of his life.

College days came toward a close. Dwight had achieved the scholarship honor of Phi Beta Kappa. He had not, however, been elected to a class office, was not on the student governing board, and was not a member of the senior social society. But seniors at the conclusion of their course have a way of re-appraising one another; and in the mellowing days of Commencement Morrow was voted the most popular man in his class and the most likely to succeed.

III

The young graduate returned to Pittsburgh in the summer of 1895, ready to begin on the career which his classmates had predicted. He started to study for the bar in his brother-in-law's office, and whatever the ultimate prospects of this particular connection might prove to be, it was clear that the stirrings of empire which had been sensed by Morrow while at Amherst had not been forgotten. In a revealing letter he wrote to a classmate: "A rich man's first duty is to the State, while a poor man's is to his family. When I have earned enough money practicing law, I am going to do what little in politics I can, and until then I am going to formulate methods and wait."

His implied expectation that he would become rich was unqualified,



and yet the present scene gave him little encouragement. Contrasted with the trim lawns, the white houses, and the turquoise skies of New England, the smoke pouring from the stacks of Pittsburgh's industry darkened a landscape which was already grim, stark, and leaden. Even more depressing was the fact that Morrow found in his daily associates, in the plain simple lives of suburban Pittsburgh, a provincialism, and an unawareness of the world which he had visioned at Amherst.

Nor did the young Morrow's unofficial mingling in Republican county politics help him materially to "formulate methods." Indeed the fortunes and personnel of the party at this stage were at such low ebb that Morrow was fascinated by a firebrand from the West who swept across the plains bearing the tattered banner of Democracy. The Bryan of '96 with his raven-black hair, his piercing black eyes, his gift of tongues, and fiery conviction, was a phenomenon. Bryan visited Pittsburgh and young Morrow listened.

"With Bryan I was very favorably impressed," he wrote to a friend. "His talk impressed me as the talk of a thoughtful man. . . . He has a splendid voice, an intelligent face, and that best of all qualities for successful leadership —be the cause bad or good—earnestness. On the whole I think he compares very favorably with McKinley." Better to endure the economic heresies of the West, if earnestness were at the helm!

But Morrow was not tempted into political recklessness. He was making the first step toward economic independence, and he proceeded to bury himself in the study of law. Not satisfied to limit himself solely to Blackstone, he turned to English history to give him the background of the principles of law. He tackled Stubbs' *Constitutional History,* which had been recommended to him by Professor Morse. He found this too heavy to digest satisfactorily on first reading, and went through the book the second time. "My reading of Stubbs," he then wrote to a friend, "made me eager to approach the law from the bottom and work up, instead of approaching it from the top and diving down."

Yet even while he was immersed in his books, he could not escape the feeling that Pittsburgh was the wrong place for him; and he was made the more restless by the fact that Betty Cutter, who was not content with life at home after college days, was now pursuing studies at the Sorbonne. Her accomplishments were a persistent challenge to the young man, and his desire to get away from the limitations of his environment became an *idée fixe.*

While in the midst of this dissatisfaction he learned that he could have a scholarship at Columbia University Law School, and from that moment his mind was made up, even though every counsel of immediate prudence was against the idea. His parents had the education of three other children to consider. Moreover, if he continued with his career in the Pittsburgh office he could live at home, save money, and be sure of an immediate and potentially profitable future. In spite of all this, Dwight saw beckoning to him the world which he had glimpsed in college days, and he realized that this was his chance.

On his arrival at Columbia in the autumn of '96 he was convinced of the rightness of his course. Here were men of action, men of affairs, more stirring even than those at Amherst. On the Columbia Law faculty, for example, was the towering figure of George Kirchwey.

Kirchwey emphasized the tradition, the growth, and the relationship of Law to the development of society. He provided the material, the depth, and breadth of legal education which Morrow craved. Teacher and pupil became close and lasting friends. Kirchwey was one of the broadening influences in Morrow's life, and at the same time an inspiration to activity. Committeeman, organizer, pamphleteer, adviser to corporations, sponsor of social movements,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Doctor Kirchwey's example encouraged Morrow to dare and do.

The demands on the young law student's energy were, indeed, colossal. The law course was arduous; and he was earning his living expenses by many hours of tutoring. In addition, there were the social contacts with Schiff, the Pratts, and other college mates who welcomed him to the life of the city. The contemplation of history and the satisfactions of the scholar's cloister, which had been made attractive to Morrow by Professor Morse, were momentarily obscured. "This is a terrible place to get a man into the habit of living in the present all the time," Morrow wrote to one of his Amherst friends. "I find that I like the whirl at times much better than I wish I did."

The outstanding men at any law school have little difficulty in finding employment upon graduation. When Morrow finished his course in 1899, there was, therefore, nothing magic or unusual in the fact that he landed a job. Nevertheless, the circumstances of his new connection were both logical and fortunate. The firm of Simpson, Thacher, Barnum, and Bartlett needed a new law clerk. John W. Simpson, the head of the firm, was a member of the board of trustees of Amherst College. Like Morrow, he had also been chairman of the *Literary Monthly* as an undergraduate. Professor Olds recommended Morrow for the position of law clerk and Columbia endorsed the recommendation. Obviously the young graduate was undertaking his first job under happy circumstances, assuming that he had the ability to qualify.

It was customary in those days for young clerks to work without pay for several months while learning the routine and duties of the office. Morrow was obliged to have means of support, however, and the firm started him at $50 a month. This was hardly a gamble for the firm even in the value of money in those days, for Morrow's record had already proved him to have characteristics useful in any field. He had, at minimum, the virtues of industry, loyalty, and enthusiasm. Regarding a word of praise which he had received for some job, he commented to a friend: "Mr. Simpson expressed gratification on the way it was done in a way that made me feel good for a week." Most important, Morrow had a precocious mind, disciplined through arduous study until it was able to wade through a mass of facts and classify them in their proper categories, an asset especially valuable in view of the corporate work which was the specialty of his firm.

He advanced rapidly in the confidence of his colleagues and soon had voice in many of the firm's most important cases. If the young lawyer were yet to attain riches, wealth at least was all around him. The fogs of doubt of the Pittsburgh days had lifted into the clear prospect of ultimate success. By 1900 he was able to write to a former classmate, "It seems to me that Bryan, from the cast of his mind, is unsafe. . . . I'm afraid of George Fred Williams[1] and Altgeld,[2] and Tillman[3] and Mayor Jones[4] of Toledo.

"I wonder," he continued, "how much of my conservative argument is due to the fact that I write from Wall Street. . . . Perhaps it is my nature. Had I lived one hundred years ago I certainly should have followed Hamilton rather than Jefferson."

The self-analysis was sound. It was history, the discovery of accepted truth, which had opened up a way of life for Morrow and had served as the beacon-light of his progress. His feet were firmly resting upon the ages, and he found no enchantment in political experimentalism.

Furthermore, his immediate and pressing interest was the matter of making his career. By 1903 he had advanced to an income of $2000 a year, the equivalent of $6000 today, and in June of that year his long engagement to Betty Cutter terminated in marriage.

Again the dictates of Morrow's heart and judgment had led him to a decision both congenial and conducive to his goal. Betty Cutter Morrow was intelligent, worldlywise, and devoted. As a dutiful wife of that eager era she encouraged and furthered Dwight's practical instincts. While Morrow always had a leaning towards the life of scholarship, and could conceivably have lost himself in a dream world of books, his home life organized and stimulated his will to succeed in the realm of affairs.

The young couple took a modest house at Englewood, New Jersey, and Dwight became a suburbanite. He left the city each evening on the 6:08 train from Chambers Street, in time for 7:00 o'clock dinner. Each night he put in at least some time in reading. A set of Parkman was one of the wedding presents, and the young lawyer soon became immersed in American colonial history. Part of the family budget was allocated to increasing the family library, and one of the books which Morrow particularly enjoyed was Morley's *Life of Gladstone*. Gladstone appealed to him as a traditionalist. "What impresses me about him is that he is primarily learning from history, not from introspection," Morrow observed to a friend.

The young lawyer was not blind, however, to the fact that there were other types of minds which might seek other approaches to the truth. "With Huxley's type it was different," he commented. "He tried to get at the bottom of things. When he said a thing was so, it was because it actually was so—not because the majority of the best men had always said it was. . . . Incidentally I may say that I believe the Gladstone type makes a safer political leader, although the Huxley type may make the better zoologist."

The opportunity for reading was not the chief asset of life in Englewood. The place was populated by bright young men from the downtown financial district who were on their way up in the world. One of Mrs. Morrow's friends, Florence Corliss, was married to Thomas W. Lamont, and the Lamonts lived in Englewood. Tommy Lamont had been one of the most popular men in Harvard, and after a brilliant career in newspaper work, advanced in a few quick steps into a Morgan partnership. Far from the stodginess usually associated with suburbia, Englewood afforded a competition of minds and a coterie of alert personalities rare in any community.

Dwight himself, absorbed in his job and buried in his books, might have failed to enjoy the fortunate circumstances of his social life. But Betty Morrow, who had unlimited confidence in her man, tactfully dragged him into one activity or another. With him she

[1] An advocate of bi-metallism.

[2] Democratic Governor of Illinois who pardoned certain Chicago anarchists because he believed the trial had been unfairly conducted.

[3] B. R. Tillman, Senator from South Carolina, a leader in the "free-silver" movement.

[4] "Golden Rule" Jones, reform mayor, one of the leaders in the revolt against the Republican "Ohio gang."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

formed a study club in which the Lamonts and a few other selected families were members. She encouraged his interest in the Englewood Armory, where he came to know Henry P. Davison, another progressing New York banker who ultimately was to rest on the Morgan bosom.

Mrs. Morrow, as stage director of her unwitting star, had every reason to be proud of his performance. Dwight in action was a demon of energy. On every civic board his gift for appraising the essentials of the situation, for appeasing local jealousy, and for getting things done was notable. His own lack of self-consciousness, or of self-aggrandizement, and his sheer enthusiasm for the task won people to him on every hand. To his fortunate friendships with Amherst men downtown he now had the added strength of the Englewood group.

The eagerness, the will-to-power, the acquisitiveness were in the air, a part of the spirit of the times. America was becoming industrial, and Wall Street was supplying the financial machinery by which great things were being done. New York to a young lawyer of the 1900's was as glamorous as Hollywood today is to the village belle.

Morrow was faced at this time with only one temptation to turn aside from his upward course, and even that, as it turned out, furthered his financial career. In 1905 he was invited to accept a position on the faculty of Columbia Law School. He considered it seriously enough to broach the subject to his legal colleagues, and they cabled to Simpson, the senior partner, who was in Europe. The answer came, "Under no circumstances let him go. Make him a member of the firm first."

The tribute to Morrow in being elected to a partnership when only six years out of law school was well justified. He was able to bring to his record a number of notable accomplishments. Born in the neighborhood of the West Virginia and Pennsylvania oil fields, he was equipped to make deals in that territory of a nature highly profitable to his clients. He became an expert on municipal financing and credit adjustments. He represented his firm as attorney for the American Smelting and Refining interests. Through that contact he visited Utah in negotiations with the Utah Power and Light Company; and in the West he formed a lasting and desirable acquaintanceship with Sidney Z. Mitchell, later famed as the father of Electric Bond and Share.

Even more than the day-to-day accomplishments, the habit of mind which Morrow brought to his work made him distinctive. Corporate law in the 1900's and for the next quarter century was in a state of formation and reformation. The questions at issue were frequently without precedent and involved decisions on fundamental principle. Morrow turned to history as his guide. When he was assigned to the task of construing a difficult banking statute, he addressed himself to the study of the early banking practices in America, especially Sumner on *Banking*. When he was called upon to deal with a taxation case, the searching of the law records was supplemented by evenings devoted to Seligman's *Principles of Taxation*.

The vastness of the new corporations, moreover, taking place amid cries of public alarm, called for men who had no timidity, who could think in large terms without becoming ruffled. Here again Morrow's education was his shield and buckler. A mind which had studied the rise and fall of civilizations did not tremble at the creation of a packing-house merger. The myriad details of such a project might occupy him for weeks, but always accompanied by his inner assurance that they could be classified under a few simple fundamentals.

Such abilities naturally won attention and increasing comment in high places, for the financial circle of pre-war New York was as intimate as a village community. Every one's public and private life was an open and much-read book. As Morrow's record was scanned it was clear that almost any financial honor might logically come his way, and more than one voice whispered that some day he might occupy a room in the house of Morgan.

The death of the elder J. P. Morgan had occurred in 1913. Other deaths in the firm had created vacancies, while the business of the banking house had continued to expand vastly with the growth of American industry. The Morgan firm had standards of membership which were difficult. The men elected to partnership must have an acquisitive and creative ability; but it was also necessary that they should possess noteworthy character and the gift of dealing with their fellowmen graciously.

The weakness of the Morgan house just before the War lay in the fact that it was overloaded with personnel from the older universities and old-school businesses. They needed a Cromwell among their Chesterfields, a man who would represent the newer, earnest, more red-blooded vigor of young American industry, and they determined to find him.

In seeking this addition to the family, the present J. P. Morgan consulted especially the opinion of Henry P. Davison, a partner on whom the late founder had particularly relied. Under all the circumstances Davison's recommendation of Dwight Morrow was almost inevitable. Morrow knew the world of finance inside out. His legal capacity was thoroughly recognized downtown. His contacts with the successful brood of Amherst men who were now spreading strong wings in many directions would be a valuable asset to the banking house. A specific and practical argument was the fact that the Morgan firm was involved in the Alaska Corporation, an unprofitable group of properties including copper mines. Morrow's experience as attorney for the American Smelting interests and his consequent influence with the Guggenheim copper family made him immediately desirable. Finally, Davison had many years of personal knowledge of Morrow at Englewood, and could speak for the caliber of the man. Lamont was equally favorable to the choice of Morrow, and the thing was done.

IV

In less than twenty years of business life, the penniless son of a Pennsylvania school principal had attained to the highest rank in America's financial structure, to a position of honor indeed which was supreme in the most commercial era of a country which had become essentially industrial. Yet Morrow undertook this new work with considerable misgivings. It further postponed the time when he could give his life wholly to public service, and he questioned his fitness for the career of banking. As an attorney he had had a certain freedom in the rôle of an ad-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

viser who could always withdraw from the case. His gifts had been in the study of precedent, in developing the law to support transactions. Now he would be actively a principal in the transactions themselves.

In a banking house of less vision, Morrow's doubts might have been justified. Incisive, relentless, and dominating in the pursuit of a point, resourceful in achieving a goal, he nevertheless lacked the personal self-importance, the robust pomposity which the public had regarded as the hall-mark of a tycoon. The Morgan firm realized, however, that it was Morrow's very friendliness, informality, and intellectuality which made him a logical leader of the more civilized spirit which was coming into commercial affairs.

This was in 1913. Peace among the major Western nations had been in effect since 1870. History seemed to be an almost fixed pattern available as a guide for daily conduct, and Morrow continued to refer to it, sometimes even to the impatience of some of his more every-day minded partners. On one occasion he was criticizing some current State financial scheme to the late E. R. Stettinius. "Their plan will never work," Morrow said. "You remember that Massachusetts tried that out in 1762."

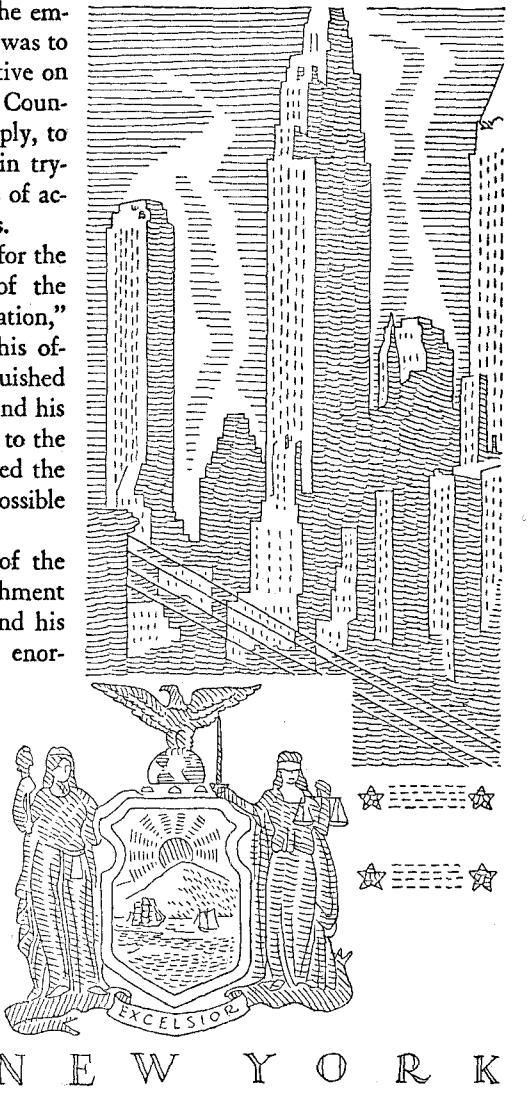
"I don't know, Dwight," the partner replied. "I wasn't there."

History, however, within hardly more than a year after Morrow's career as banker upset all expectations. In August, 1914, Belgium was invaded, the European powers were at one another's throats, and the Morgan firm found itself chosen as the American agent for all the Allied purchases. With his partners, Morrow devoted himself to a colossal program of unremitting activity. Along with it all he found time for excursions into the field of public service, and in 1917 he was appointed chairman of the Prison Commission for the State of New Jersey. In this assignment, undertaken in his spare hours and guided by his old friend and teacher, Dean Kirchwey, he revamped the prison laws of the State. After America entered the World War, he headed the war savings stamp drive in New Jersey.

Then came a demand for his full-time service on war duty. It was the first big job of the type which Morrow had promised himself, and he embraced it with alacrity. The task was to serve as an American representative on the Allied Maritime Transport Council and the Allied Board of Supply, to aid the mutually jealous Allies in trying to reach some common basis of action on the priority of shipments.

"Mr. Morrow was responsible for the first intelligent epitomization of the complete Allied tonnage situation," said General Pershing later in his official conferring of the Distinguished Service Cross on the financier, "and his able presentation of the situation to the Allied countries materially affected the tonnage policy resulting in all possible economy."

The citation gave little hint of the problems which the accomplishment involved. First of all, Morrow and his staff compiled the facts on the enormous tonnages of canvas, uniforms, tinned goods, lumber, wire, trucks, and munitions needed by each army. Against these were put the sources of supply and the location. Then came the factor of the available ships, and the working out of an orderly system of co-ordination to keep goods moving to destination.



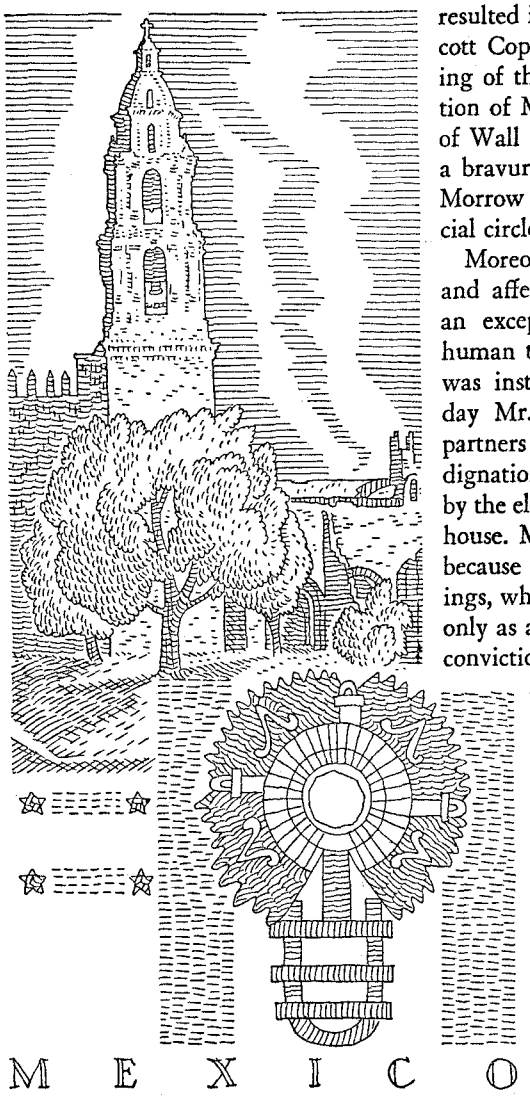
Working out the proper plan was only the beginning of this difficult project. As chief civil aide to General Pershing, Morrow travelled month after month for eighteen months, from the American G. H. Q. at Chaumont to the various Allied headquarters on the mission of persuading and re-persuading the powers to a course of unified action.

After the signing of the Armistice, glowing with the progress in understanding between the representatives of the various powers, an understanding which he himself had helped to foster, Morrow espoused the League of Nations. The old-school Republicans were aghast, the radicals saw no good in an idea fostered by an international banker, the liberals thought Wall Street had been redeemed, and the foes of Woodrow Wilson screamed that the President must not traduce America's traditional policy of isolation. The League was debated in a storm of post-war emotion in which the merits of the question had little part, and Morrow's distinguished contribution to the subject was dismissed on both sides with serene indifference, as each side was interested merely in whether or not he was "for the League."

Yet Morrow's presentation of the issue in the form of a treatise, "The Society of Free States," was so cogent, so informed, and so sane in its thinking that it may ultimately be his chief monument. His approach to the subject went centuries back of America's traditional policy. He traced the plans of men for perpetual peace from 1623 to the present time. He conceded that the proposed Covenant might have many faults, but it was justified as essentially the shape which the mind of man had fixed upon for many generations whenever humanity had tried to formulate some method for the extension of international peace.

"The ambitions of great men, the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



suspicions of little men, the constant misunderstandings of all men, may undermine any structure that this generation builds," Morrow concluded with realistic candor. "If, however, we build with wisdom and with courage and with patience, those who come after us will be helped by our work. Our building may fall, but if we have built aright some of the foundation stones will remain and become a part of the structure that will ultimately abide."

While Morrow's effort to influence public opinion fell on deaf ears, his authority and experience in private business made him an increasing factor in the Morgan partnership. In his early months with Morgan, he had had a large share in the reconstruction of the finances of New York City. He had also put in many months of work in quietly gathering properties to strengthen the Alaska Corporation, and to permit a refinancing which ultimately resulted in the formation of the Kennecott Copper Corporation. The marketing of these securities under the direction of Morrow with all the technique of Wall Street manipulations had been a bravura accomplishment which gave Morrow an impressive status in financial circles.

Moreover, he enjoyed the confidence and affection of the senior partner to an exceptional degree, for Morrow's human touch in the conduct of affairs was instinctive and ever-present. One day Mr. Morgan and several of the partners were listening with some indignation to the expounding of a deal by the elderly head of a Jewish financial house. Morgan felt hostile to the man because of supposed pro-German leanings, whereas Morgan was pro-Ally not only as a financier but also by personal conviction. He addressed the visitor with a brutal candor which terminated the conference.

After the outsider had retired, the other partners were appalled at the possibilities of the breach and urged the senior partner to seek out the elderly Jew and apologize. One after another tried to convince Morgan, but in vain.

Morgan finally was willing to listen to Morrow's opinion. It was a delicate situation for a relatively young partner to advise the head of the firm on a distasteful act. Relying on the authority and inspiration of Scripture, Morrow said quietly, "Not for Israel's sake, but for thine own"; and Morgan took the advice.

Back in the harness, his mind continuously steeped in a mixture of the present age and historic warranties, Morrow was drawn deeper and deeper into the maelstrom of financial affairs which were to engage his attention almost exclusively for the greater part of the Mad Decade.

He was caught up in the frenzied pace characteristic of the era, when the world of Wall Street demanded that documents which were to last for a generation should be hammered out in a few days. Leaders in the Street took pride in working the night through, in sacrificing health, strength, and Sunday rest to hasten the completion of the immediate task. Men burned themselves out long before their normal span. For a man of Morrow's temperament, with his creed of thoroughness and his zest for action, this atmosphere was peculiarly dangerous. He never felt sleepy, was never conscious of overwork, and took little exercise or relaxation of any sort.

Document upon document passed through his hands, formed by his brain as it digested thousands of details, the mathematical brain once trained by the genial, bespectacled, child-innocent Professor Olds of Amherst, the brain which now cut through the maze of figures to the essential principles:—profits for the house of Morgan; a financial schedule that would pay its way; principles which in fact re-arranged the geography of industry, threw old managements out of jobs, brought new men to power, established oligarchies, affected the livelihood and destiny of millions, made history, while Morrow a creator of these whirlwinds dreamed backward along the corridors of time.

In addition to his work downtown he continued his interest in other activities. He headed a financial campaign which raised $3,000,000 for Amherst College. He became a trustee of Union Theological Seminary, of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and was a donor to many causes. He had become more the executive and less the personal student, more the Mæcenas than the Horace of his time, but at least he was regarded by conservatives and liberals alike as a man who combined unusual acumen with an exceptional breadth of public interest.

Then suddenly, in 1923, without any alteration in his own point of view or general conduct, he found himself the storm center of a *cause célèbre* which brought down anathemas upon his head, challenged his reputation, and gave him a sense of bafflement which he had never before experienced.

Ironically enough, this painful circumstance came out of Amherst College, which had contributed and was still to mean so much to his career. Alexander Meiklejohn had come to the presidency of the college in the autumn of 1912. In eleven tumultuous years he had kept the college in a continuous state of intellectual ferment. Similar to Morrow in mental agility and pursuit of facts, Meiklejohn was a challenger

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of tradition, a Huxleyite who demanded that each generation make its own discovery or rediscovery of truth. Morrow for a long time supported the president, recognizing that he was an exceptional teacher, and that the stimulating teacher is hard to find.

Meiklejohn, however, had rolled up increasing opposition, especially among the older faculty and older alumni. His management of the college was criticized and his relationship with the trustees was conducted in a way which shocked Morrow profoundly. Moved by these factors, Morrow accepted the chairmanship of a trustee committee to determine the Meiklejohn issue.

For once, Morrow's sense of tact and public reaction appeared to fail him. This was a problem loaded with emotion, personalities, and differing beliefs. He was counselled by certain older alumni to defer any action at least until after the dramatic period of the Commencement season. But Morrow was impatient. The affair had hung fire long enough. Meiklejohn must go, and Morrow had a formula aimed to conciliate all parties. He proposed to invite the president to accept the chair of Ethics—upon retirement from office.

It was not, however, an issue which could be compromised. Meiklejohn resigned unconditionally. An elected delegation of leading seniors representing all societies of the college refused their diplomas, and the press of the nation rang with the story. Walter Lippmann wrote in *The New York World:*

> I have been with Amherst seniors . . . and they talk of Meiklejohn as only the greatest of teachers are talked about. I have talked to professors, trustees, and leaders of the alumni. They have a case, a pretty strong case, against Meiklejohn by the ordinary standards of this world, but they were dealing, and in their hearts they know they were dealing, with an exceptional man. They dealt according to the rules of rather common sense with a very uncommon man.

The trustees as a whole were publicly responsible, but Morrow's leadership in the affair was generally known. He discovered himself put in a position which he felt was eminently unfair and peculiarly bitter to the taste. A historian, a patron of learning, known as the scholar in business, he was suddenly dramatized as the enemy of liberal teaching. Deeply devoted to his college, he found himself violently attacked by a substantial minority of the alumni who felt that their Alma Mater had been disgraced and outraged before the world. The liberal press, and indeed most of the conservative newspapers, condemned the action without qualification.

Morrow was in no position to strike back, firmly as he believed in the rightness of his course. The fundamental difficulty which he faced in saying anything was his membership in the Morgan firm. He could not escape the fact that he was a Morgan partner and that the public would interpret everything that he said in that light. Nor could he, while a member of the firm, embroil his associates in a situation which arose out of his personal activities.

Morrow's closest friends were convinced that his stand in the Meiklejohn issue had nothing to do with the question of liberalism. Inevitably, however, it raised the question of Morrow's convictions. The term "liberal" has always been liberally interpreted. Insofar as it defines a man who is enchanted by newness, who welcomes change, who seeks a new deal, or who is even temperamentally disposed toward modifying the existing pattern, Morrow was not in that camp and did not care to be. He preferred McKinley to the Altgeld-Mayor Jones-Bryan school, Gladstone to Huxley, and Hamilton to Jefferson.

He was a conservative who aimed to preserve an open mind. A thorough believer in the things which are, he was not offended by a discussion and challenge of his principles, and indeed invited controversy. There was where he departed from type and confused both conservatives and liberals. Certain of Morrow's partners at the bank could not understand his apparent friendship with persons outside of the charmed circle; and many who had liberal and radical leanings were totally misled by the fact that Morrow enjoyed pitting his wits against theirs, finding stimulation in continuously testing the validity of his ideas against all disputants. Yet his convictions were so firm that his approach frequently was more that of the debater than the scientist. When he had finished the thorough canvass of a subject, he was still the conservative, strengthened by a knowledge of the best strategy that opposition might offer.

This continuous review of the enemy's camp, of possible pitfalls, coupled with the ever-present guidance from history, gave him increased surefootedness in the field of banking. One of the Morgan partners has described Morrow as the "greatest money-maker that ever came into the house." Another partner has said, "Morrow was valuable to us not only for the business that he could bring in, but more particularly for the things he kept us out of."

Morrow was in demand whenever large corporate undertakings were in the wind. Charles A. Coffin, founder of the General Electric Company, said of him, "Dwight Morrow is a bundle of smouldering thought: touch a match to him anywhere and he will burst into flame."

In 1924 he represented the firm in preparing the arrangements for a credit of $100,000,000 to the Bank of France.

In 1925 he participated in the negotiations of $100,000,000 credit to the British treasury, and a similar credit to the Italian Government.

In 1925 he also arranged for a $50,000,000 loan to Cuba. Through his appreciation of Latin sensibilities, Morrow was able to effect this delicate piece of banker-diplomacy to the satisfaction both of financial requirements and Cuban self-respect.

In 1926 he negotiated the loan to the Belgian Government.

He participated in the reorganization of General Motors, when duPont and Morgan capital entered heavily into that enterprise. He was responsible for the mutualization of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, and he was instrumental in organizing and launching a score of enterprises comparable to the Kennecott venture.

As one project succeeded another, each fairly similar in principle, the pressure of work at the bank grew lighter. "It doesn't involve so much time as far as I am concerned," Morrow answered one inquirer on this subject. "For instance, I had lunch today with some of the New York Central people on their new $50,000,000 financing. We went into the proposition and agreed upon the principles and then I turned it over to Arthur Anderson (a fellow partner) to work out the details."

He now permitted himself long vacations at his summer home in North Haven, Maine. He took up golf, and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spent much time with his children, the three daughters, Elizabeth, Anne, and Constance; and the son, Dwight, Jr. Outside of his immediate family life, however, he increasingly avoided purely social contacts. In the earlier days when it was the practical thing to do, he yielded to the dinner parties which Mrs. Morrow planned, but now he tactfully avoided every trap that was laid for him. If he came home and found a dozen persons waiting to dine with him, he would frequently corral some man of the party, slip away to the nearby study and have his dinner served there. Particularly he disliked talking with women, fearing to become involved in small talk.

He was particular in the choice of the men with whom he associated. He wished to deal only with those who had ideas, information, some stimulating point of view to offer. It was characteristic of this open-mindedness that as early as 1923 he met with a representative of Soviet Russia, and ever afterward he delighted in discussing Russia's social scheme. He found it an inexhaustible field for speculation. Whether it would work for Russia, he did not know, being continually convinced and unconvinced as he was swayed hither and yon by moods and new evidence. One thing he felt sure of, and that was that the United States should recognize Russia. To certain of his friends this view seemed colossally inconsistent. But Morrow harked back to Edmund Burke's dictum that one cannot indict a whole nation. As an international banker, moreover, he knew that a people is never wholly cut off from the rest of the world commercially. Furthermore, he felt that continued peace was seriously jeopardized if Russia were excluded from the society of nations.

Morrow, it was clear, was getting further and further away from concern with his own fortune and the immediate details of his business. He now had the money which he had promised himself. Indeed, the post-War boom kept pouring a flood of money into the Morrow coffers, wealth which dazed and bewildered him, which he sometimes even feared for himself and for his children. A million and more dollars was a modest year. His income tax alone in 1924 was close to $300,000, and his total earnings while with Morgan and Company have been estimated at more than $30,000,000. He converted most of his income into Government securities, or senior bonds, and, therefore, had little worry about protecting his investments. He used a small margin of his fortune in playing the enormous market rises which took place during this period, but in the main this was on behalf of friends. There were numerous acquaintances whom he desired to aid, men of the stamp who would not knowingly have accepted financial assistance. Morrow, however, made investments for them. If these turned out well, the investors had the profits; if badly, Morrow would pretend that he had been unable to place the money.

The acquiring of money was no longer of concern to Morrow, but he found that to devote one's self to the pursuit of money and then suddenly to turn aside completely into the field of public service was not as simple as it might appear. Presumably a free man, he was bound by the ties of the past and by personal obligations. When he was invited to accept the presidency of Yale University, he was inclined to feel that here at last was the opportunity to make a break for freedom. But his partners needed him. Deaths had occurred in the partnership, his judgment and information were exceptional, and he had helped to sponsor many of the commitments of the house. In view of everything, he decided to remain.

So crowded had been his life that in his early fifties he was already becoming looked upon on the Street as one of the elder statesmen. His personal idiosyncrasies and his modesty of manner aided the legend. As he walked along the sidewalk pulling at the coat lapel of the man to whom he might be talking, jerking at a coat button to emphasize a point, or eyes staring straight ahead of him lost in thought, he seemed so absorbed as to be above the tumult.

His absent-mindedness, or more accurately his single-mindedness of concentration, was a byword, with many instances to bear out the charge. The habit was not a pose. It followed him to his home, and even into his bath. On one such occasion he called out for his valet.

"Get me some soap that will lather better than this," the banker demanded.

The valet hastily investigated the situation.

"You would have better success with it, Mr. Morrow," the man replied, "if you would remove your pyjamas."

He acquired an increasing repute as a philosopher in business, and his aphorisms before Rotary Clubs had a memorable pungency. It was he who set before the Newark, N. J., Rotarians the provocative suggestion that the business man is the founder of civilization. For ages, the caveman took what he could by brute strength. Then some business man conceived the greater convenience, the mutual satisfaction, of acquiring things by paying for them—and civilization had begun. Another of his dicta advised that "When you are doing anything important stop and consider where it will place you ten years afterwards."

Morrow became generally regarded as the public spokesman for Morgan and Company, but this was the case only in the sense that he was the partner who did the most speaking. True to the spirit of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Morrow looked upon his private business and his service to society as separate. It was never apparent that he regarded his immense power in the financial world as the platform from which he might make his biggest contribution. Indeed, while he was vocal on nearly every subject, his silence on the subject of finance was profound. At a certain public dinner of leading industrialists, men who were eager to be guided by his views, a dinner where he had been requested and scheduled to talk on banking, he presented a cold and academic paper on the subject of transportation.

When he was on leave from the firm for the undertaking of a specific public task, that was another matter. In September, 1925, Morrow was drafted by President Coolidge to serve on a newly appointed federal aircraft board. Morrow's report on this subject, his ability to work with others, and the favorable public reception which greeted his recommendations for the air service made the banker politically available almost overnight. The sequel was not surprising. Only a year and a half after the aircraft report, Morrow was invited by Coolidge to become ambassador to Mexico.

Mexico had been a sore spot for a number of years. It had embarrassed Taft and had nearly wrecked Wilson's first administration. It involved the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

problems of an unstable government, unsettled oil leases, and struggle between church and state. Any flareup on the southern border could readily force Mr. Coolidge into a variety of unpleasant dilemmas.

He knew, of old, Morrow's ease, his grace of personality, and his thoroughness. Morrow, as Coolidge had foreseen, looked upon the task as a challenge. Some of the banker's friends thought that he ought to accept nothing less than St. James. The British post, however, would mean little more than a laurel wreath, while in Mexico Morrow could actually render, or attempt to render, a definite service to his country, applying the talents and opportunities which Providence had given him.

To accept the ambassadorship meant, of course, a severing of his connection with Morgan and Company. Sentimentally, this was difficult. Association with the men with whom he had worked through most of his mature life meant a great deal to him, and they urged upon him the importance of his ability not only to the firm, but to the financial world. But Morrow knew that now, if ever, was the time to leave. Here he had a valid reason, a public job to be tackled which required the utmost *finesse* after many had failed. His decision was clear, and on October 1, 1927, the press announced his withdrawal from J. P. Morgan and Company.

V

Morrow's conduct of the Mexican situation was a piece of statesmanship which has rarely been paralleled in American annals. His beginning was not easy. There was opposition to his appointment in the Senate, because of his connection with the Morgan firm which was said to be intimately involved in oil financing. The Mexicans themselves feared that the former Morgan partner might come as a powerful and bestriding bill collector. But arrogance was furthest from Morrow's thought. Before taking his appointment, he delved into Mexican history and became thoroughly captivated by the traditions of the southern Republic. His humility of attitude, his sincere admiration for the Mexican culture, and his information on the subject, which far exceeded that of the average Mexican official, completely won over his new neighbors.

Morrow tried to enhance his knowledge and ease of communication by studying to speak Spanish. He took daily tuition, but curiously enough could not master the language. He managed to acquire a modest vocabulary, but the grammatical constructions were too much for him.

Morrow's good taste and good-will, however, atoned for his inability to speak the Mexican tongue. The proud and sensitive Latins warmed steadily to his modesty and sense of the fitness of things. The fact that he made his home in Cuernavaca, instead of in an urban palace at Mexico City, was a diplomatic step, even though dictated by the desire for quiet and altitude. Another move which won the Mexican heart was his decoration of the Cortez Palace in Cuernavaca, employing a Mexican artist for the purpose. The attitude of his family also was a help to him, exemplified in Mrs. Morrow's interest in Mexican literature, and the fact that his daughter Elizabeth taught in a school exclusively for Mexican children. In this diplomatic post his wealth found itself justified, for without it many of his gracious acts would have been impossible.

One of the first considerations which Ambassador Morrow pondered over in his new position was the fact that his predecessor had addressed some six hundred notes to the Mexican Government, each one an ultimatum, resulting only in ill-feeling without accomplishing their purpose. Morrow in his first call on President Calles said to him: "I am not going to write you any notes. If there is anything to be discussed, I want to come to see you or your foreign minister so that it can be talked over in person."

President Calles was agreeable to this, but objected to the interpreter who had served the American embassy.

"All right, we shall use your interpreter," Morrow replied—although it was proper diplomatic form for two interpreters to be present. "I will trust your man, though I don't know him. I hope," he added with a smile, "that you won't declare war on us without my knowing about it, for I cannot understand a word of Spanish."

The new ambassador was as good as his word in abandoning the writing of notes. In fact, the only threat of a note during his period of service was to demand the release from prison of an American citizen who was a Jew and an alleged Communist.

"The man is a Russian, a Communist, and a Jew," the foreign minister objected.

"He is an American citizen and carries an American passport and is entitled to my protection," Morrow replied.

"But he is wanted by the New York police."

"You have the undisputed right to put him out of Mexico if you do not wish him here," Morrow observed. "But you accuse him of no crime here and have no right to hold him."

Even the Mexican president thought that Morrow's attitude must be a political gesture, and for a number of days no action followed. Finally the ambassador threatened to write a formal demand. The president at last realized that Morrow was strongly aroused and the citizen was freed.

Morrow became an intimate of President Calles, visiting him informally, and in turn receiving him informally to the Morrow home. Indeed, this was the first time that a Mexican president had visited in the home of an American ambassador. The Mexican official family and other leaders in the State became intimates of the American ambassador and negotiations regarding American rights, which at one time had been conducted in the mists of suspicion, were now handled in an atmosphere of friendship where each side desired to reach some basis of accord. The ambassador was able to obtain an amendment of the laws affecting oil leases on a basis that was satisfactory both to the Mexican Government and to American business. Though he had no official status in the matter, Morrow volunteered his services in adjusting the differences between the Catholic Church and the State Government. He studied the history of the Church and State through the centuries, and was able to find a formula of agreement whereby each party could "save face."

All of this was accomplishment enough, but the excitement of Lindbergh's good-will flight to Mexico, and the subsequent engagement and marriage of Anne Morrow to the aviator gave the ultimate romantic touch to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

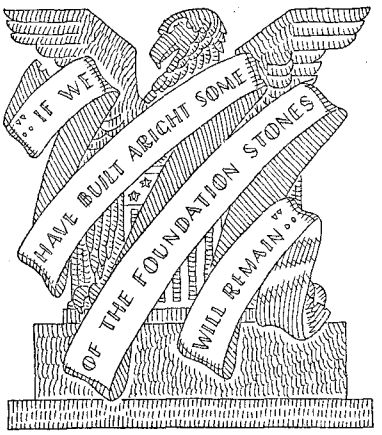
Morrow régime in Mexico which left an abiding respect and friendship between the two countries.

When Morrow returned to the United States toward the close of the Coolidge administration, it was evident that his potential career of public service had just begun. On one point alone had he failed in his relations with Mexico, and that was in not obtaining certain financing which the country needed and to which he believed it was entitled. Oddly enough his struggle on this point was with his former partners who could not see that the terms of financing propounded by Morrow gave adequate protection to the investment. Morrow the public man had at last emerged into being and, when the issue was joined, had triumphed over Morrow the financier.

In the next three years he became, indeed, a public servant of increasing influence. Distinguished men in politics were rare and the newly-elected President Hoover was glad to appoint Morrow to the Naval Disarmament Conference in London. This conference proved to be abortive, and Morrow's influence might have died there, but the Governor of New Jersey had already named him to an unexpired term in the United States Senate under the mutual understanding that he would run for the office at the next election.

Morrow's friends could already visualize him in the White House, and they viewed his senatorial candidacy with much enthusiasm as a stepping stone in that direction. Morrow himself had a desire to be useful, rather than to enhance his political position. After the Mexican experience he felt that his training and talents fitted him to bring about a better feeling between the United States and Russia. This possibility commanded his hopes and interest much more than the senatorial office. In fact, he made it clear that he would make no compromise of opinion or principle, not even by silence, to win the election. This was dangerous doctrine in the eyes of the politicians who, in the fall of 1930, looked upon Prohibition as a subject to be let alone.

"I have no intention of keeping silent," Mr. Morrow said to his associates. "I am not particularly interested in this Prohibition matter compared to many other issues, but the public is entitled to know my views on it before either



the primaries or the election. I intend to make only one speech on the subject, but that will give my opinion."

Morrow's address attacked the question from the standpoint of the proper method of control as between the States and the Federal Government, and he advocated the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. It was the first support of repeal from an eminent source and had a widespread effect in hastening the abandonment of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Greater issues than Prohibition, however, were beginning to knock at the door of the American economic system. The stock market decline beginning in the autumn of 1929 had continued its downward course, accompanied by a creeping paralysis of business. Morrow, now elected for six years' service at Washington, was faced with the necessity of devising measures for the nation's recovery. In the early stages of the depression neither he nor his colleagues recognized the seriousness of what was taking place. Morrow, furthermore, had committed himself to a vow of silence for the time being, determined to observe the tradition in Washington that a new Senator should be seen and not heard.

The self-imposed rule of saying nothing while he sat in the senate chamber was a great strain on a mind eager to speak on almost any subject. Many a night he paced the floor of his room at the New Shoreham Hotel, reading to himself from the *Congressional Record*, and making elaborate speeches in reply. If he could engage a friend or two for an audience, so much the better. But to any one who suggested that he ought to give these views in public, he always shook his head.

As time dragged on and the economic condition of the nation grew worse, bafflement succeeded good taste as a reason for Morrow's keeping silent. Men looked to him more and more as a possible guide out of their difficulties, but for the time being he had nothing to say. In the early stages of the debacle Morrow had said, "Recovery is going to be brought about by the man who earns a modest living and spends just a little less than he earns." But in the face of growing unemployment, with millions deprived of the opportunity to earn a modest living, Morrow realized that this counsel was well-nigh valueless.

Something had taken place which was more than the reaction of necessary economy after an orgy of spending. The entire structure in which he had believed, which had raised him to power and on which he had been a master builder, was sagging at the foundations.

On all sides, long-established institutions were quaking and each of these failures came to Morrow as a personal shock. When Kidder, Peabody required a financial reorganization, the lawyer-financier was aghast. When England went off the gold standard, Morrow was shaken to the depths of his being. After he became adjusted to the idea, he conceded that it might be the wise and only course as a defense against the French financial policy. But the fact remained that the Rock of Gibraltar among nations had altered its base.

Aggravated by these worries, Morrow's health which had long been neglected, began to suffer under the strain. His tendency toward insomnia increased, and between his eyebrows were the lines of almost constant headaches, yet his mind raced on ceaselessly, like a lion caught in a labyrinth trying first one avenue and then another and never reaching the end.

President Hoover desired the Senator's presence in Washington as much as possible. He leaned on Morrow, called him into conference frequently, and noted Morrow's every move. But the Senator wanted little of Washington conferences.

He was anxious to get away to think things through without interruption, and in the summer of 1931 he retired again to North Haven, determined to subordinate everything to a study of unemployment. Characteristically, he gathered about him both men and books. He was planning to finance a sur-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

vey to determine first of all how many of the nation were unemployable, how many part-time workers, and how large was the real total of those who wished work and could not get it.

His visitors were chosen in respect to men who might shed some light on this subject. Morrow would take a guest for a long walk about the estate, pointing out the borders of his land, the woodlot, the harbor view, but coming back continuously to the subject of unemployment. Rain might come in torrents, but Morrow was wholly oblivious as he jerked continuously at his companion's upper coat pocket to emphasize his arguments. Sleep was a disregarded nuisance. The visitor might retire at 2:30 in the morning, but like as not the Senator would stick his head in the guest room door for another half hour in order to clarify his point. At 5:30 in the morning, the valet might appear to announce that Mr. Morrow was at breakfast, in case the guest should feel like getting up.

"Most people have exaggerated ideas about sleep," Morrow said. "If I can get two solid hours, I am all right, and that's all I need."

The study went on, and in the midst of it Morrow was informed by his political advisers that they had been approached by representatives of two leading chains of newspapers who promised to support the Senator for the Presidency on the Republican ticket in the fall of '32, if he would accept the nomination.

Morrow declined the offer without hesitation. Possibly an inner weariness warned him that the effort would be too much. Aside from this, he told his advisers that while doubtless no one would believe him, he did not desire the Presidency. At his time of life the endless unavoidable details of the office would be too high a price. In any case, he pointed out, the discussion was futile. In view of the financial condition of the country, the people were certain to demand a change, and no Republican could reasonably hope to be elected.

The study went on, and as he considered public works, soup kitchens, and all the methods which man has tried in meeting the problem of poverty, he came to an increasing respect for England's system of the dole.

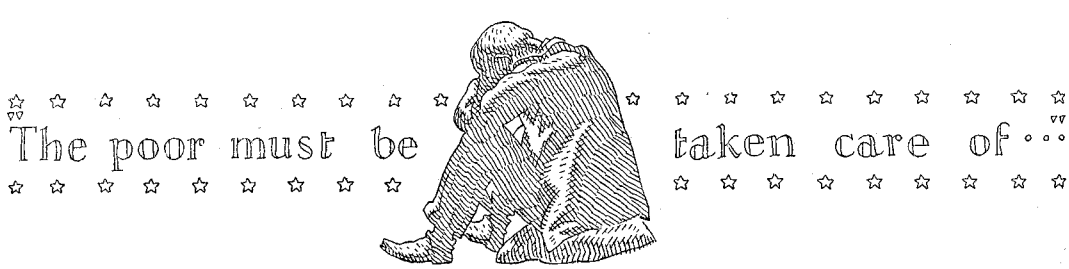
"People think there is something new and strange about the dole," he said, "but there has always been some method of providing for the poor. Through the Middle Ages the Church supported the poor. After the Reformation, this was in the hands of the commissioners. The poor must be taken care of some way."

It was a view shocking to many business leaders who had been condemning the dole and viewing it as a measure fomented by England's Labor Government. Various persons who knew of Morrow's view on the dole were inclined to regard it as a definite sign that he was veering toward a changed and liberalized philosophy. In point of fact, however, this view illustrated clearly the fundamentals and pattern of Morrow's conservative convictions. He was aware that when conditions arose, they had to be faced. Russia was a fact, unemployment was a fact. His realistic knowledge that some one must take the responsibility of meeting issues, and must do it as humanely and public-spiritedly as possible, marked him above his fellows as one of the great men which his era had produced.

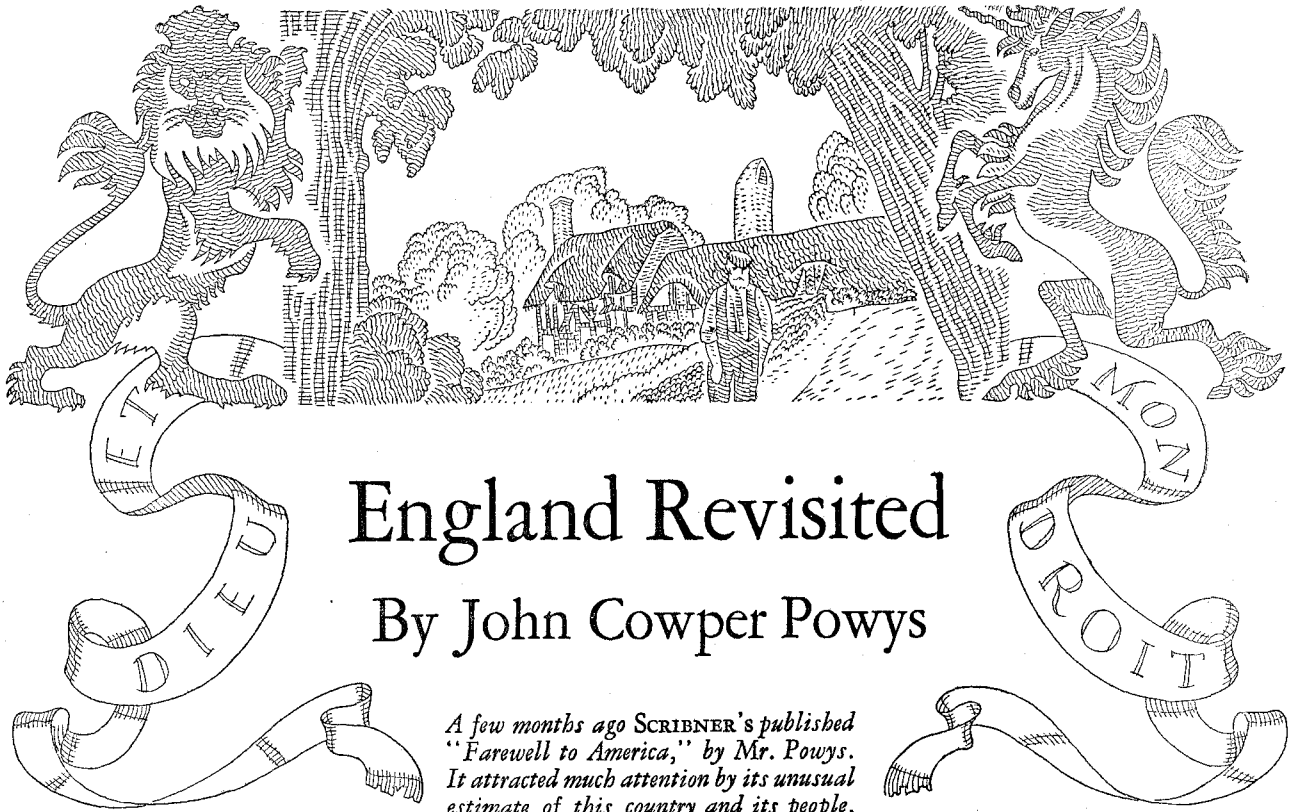
But his method of meeting the issue of unemployment was a confirmation, not a denial, of his conservative beliefs. The individualistic system had suffered a setback. Thousands, nay millions, were no longer needed in that system. The remedy of the dole in such a crisis was not to reconstruct the traditional plan, but by public contribution to care for those who for the time being were deprived of their opportunities.

Perhaps Morrow's interest in the dole might have been modified by future events—and destiny did not permit him to put his views to the test. In the autumn of 1931 he returned to New York, preparatory to resuming his duties at Washington. On October 3, he called on his former colleagues at the Morgan offices. On October 4 he broadcast an appeal for the Jewish welfare drive. He had planned to entertain at noon on October 5 a delegation of the United States Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce. On that morning he did not awaken. A cerebral hemorrhage set in, and he remained in permanent sleep.

The end of Dwight Morrow's career came as a shock to the nation which had sensed in his modesty, his human touch, and his integrity, a leader of rare qualities. Viewed today at the brink of a future where no one knows in what direction events may yet turn, Dwight Morrow's achievements remain at minimum an example of what an individual could do and be in the days when we as a nation still were young. Times have changed violently from the years in which he was raised. Only history, Morrow's beloved history, can make the ultimate appraisal.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



England Revisited

By John Cowper Powys

A few months ago SCRIBNER'S *published "Farewell to America," by Mr. Powys. It attracted much attention by its unusual estimate of this country and its people. Now Mr. Powys writes of his native land as he sees it upon his return after an absence of thirty years, in a paper full of human interest and salient comment upon the English*

I SUPPOSE there are few human sensations more complicated than a return after a long absence to the land of one's fathers; and after my thirty-odd years in America I certainly have been in a position to appreciate this sensation to the full. It was not "all honey," as might have been expected; but even the most bitter elements in the experience were full of a rich bone-dust of interest for the psychological mill.

My black spaniel, placed, as appears to be the custom on board ship, in the care of the ship's butcher, found our tremendous move not less startling, not less of mingled elements of loss and gain than I did; but after a spray-washed voyage in a cage on a high deck, and after a six-months' quarantine of solitary confinement in a Southampton kennel he has come to find that my native land, whatever it may be for particular dogs, is a veritable paradise for dogs in general. He in his tenth year and I in my sixty-third have undergone together a psychological transformation, the effect of which is still unknown.

"Rats' Barn," or more euphoniously "Down Barn," a stone refuge for owls and sheep, was my first resting-place in the West-Country and here I would have been wonderfully at ease save that I had too frequently to transport my own manure to an ancient lime-kiln in the direction of the dizzy sea-cliffs.

These tremendous cliffs were, I must confess, not pure pleasure to my shifty nature; for the feeling of height has always staggered me, and from Rats' Barn I could only reach the level seashore by a walk beyond my strength.

Thus seeking easier conditions I took refuge last October in one of the main streets of Dorchester, the old Roman Durnovaria, where I am now endeavoring to catch the lingering "aura" not only of the capital of the Durotriges, as the ancient Dorsetshire tribe was called, but of the much earlier and possibly more civilized Neolithic people who constructed the astounding earth-work here, known as Maiden Castle, which under the name Dunium an enterprising Greek explorer of the early years of our era hesitates not to describe as a "Polis" or city.

The first and most poignant sensation of the "returning native" caught me quite unawares before I reached Rats' Barn and long before I had the remotest thought of settling among the Durotriges.

It was nothing less than hearing the cuckoo from the Hampshire shore when at dawn the ship paused in her advance at the mouth of the Southampton estuary.

After the cry of the cuckoo heard from the ship's deck I think that the bells of this town, especially those which are carried over the roofs to my high attic-flat from a considerable distance, have stirred me with the deepest memories.

The bells of Dorchester, like so many other phenomena in this old city, take hold of my mind with the thrilling arrest of a thousand years, and their sound carries much more than a reminder that the religion of my fathers has not lost all its votaries yet.

I wish I could convey to my American friends the full impact upon me of the past half-year in the capital of Dorset.

The way the people of this place live, and *have* lived for so long, though I have not yet, I suppose, caught all its implications, has made an impression on me that no future use-and-wont will ever quite obliterate.

How exquisitely, and yet how massively, their way of life has come to be adjusted!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Their sturdy "morale" is extraordinary, and they all, men and women alike, labor at their simple and yet highly specialized tasks with a diurnal industry that puts to shame the waywardness of a less phlegmatic temperament.

But they are all "out to enjoy themselves." Their continual pleasures, their intermittent but intensely appreciated relaxations, are what strike me daily. In comparison with the endless arrangements for simple enjoyment that these Dorchester people have inherited I feel as if your average American hardly knows what a margin of recreation in life means.

What a lot of holidays they have here, and how cunningly their holidays are interspersed!

"Early closing" on Thursday, for instance, rests them as beautifully after the lively business of the weekly Wednesday market as the absolute quiet—that descends on them and on us all—makes Sunday a delicious contrast to the yet busier and more crowded Saturday market.

On Thursday and Sunday afternoons all the world literally pours into the country. You would suppose that this mellow old place were a smoke-grimed factory-town from the haste with which the whole population rushes into their rural solitudes the second the shops are closed.

And how gay and neat and fresh their holiday clothes are! You should see them on Sunday afternoons as they stroll through the lanes and the field-paths. No difference is perceptible, in this cheerful Sunday attire, between those who are employed and those who are living on the Dole.

Without exception, except for the professional tramp, and even he is often so well accoutered with sound boots, neat knapsack, and serviceable overcoat, that I have hesitated before presuming on an offer of alms, their holiday-attire is of unimpeachable respectability.

Custom and a paternal government have, moreover, so limited the hours of work, and so divided out the innumerable spheres of specialized work, that where people are employed at all there is no over-lapping in jobs and no encroachments on one another.

But how steadily they work when they *are* working, heedless of the weather! It was a surprise to me at first to see the number of men hard at work who wear overcoats at their job: not *gloves,* however, like the workmen in America, and very rarely "over-alls." You see farm-laborers working in ordinary clothes and in their shirt-sleeves, as if they were so many preachers put to the plough, and you frequently see men, working on road-mending, who labor for their eight hours in pouring rain.

In America men cease work when it rains, but these leisurely English laborers just put on their overcoats and continue!

Never was a place where so many pleasures and recreations intersperse the hours of labor! It is regarded as a disgrace if the "gentry" living in the vicinity of a little country town don't present the place with a town band. Dorchester has just been presented in this way with a most expensive set of new band instruments, and as for the Salvation Army Band, that passes my flat every Sunday at ten-thirty and six-thirty, Sousa's most trained artists could scarcely strike up more inspiring tunes.

My homecoming impressions must be understood as referring exclusively to the rural population of Dorsetshire, this people made of the obscure Durotriges, of Romans, of West-Saxons, of Celts, with doubtless a persistent underlying strain drawn from that earlier Neolithic Age whose megalithic stone-circles—Avebury, Stonehenge and so forth—and whose stupendous earth-works, like this one of ours here, called Maiden Castle, are still the grand battlefield of conflicting antiquarian theory.

Island life, and island life undisturbed by serious invasion since the Normans, necessarily implies contracted conditions, deep "diggings in" and high bankings up, thousands of delicate and yet inflexible adjustments, traditions that, while "slowly broadening-down," cannot in the nature of things "broaden" beyond a certain point without disturbing the whole delicately-balanced, historic system, precedent on precedent, custom on custom, habit on habit, palliative on palliative, compromise on compromise.

After so long having to assert my personal identity as an equal among equals it is an extraordinary experience—sometimes embarrassing, sometimes comforting and assuaging—to find so many respectable persons of my own age, and in many cases much better dressed than I, touch their caps to me as with my dog I pace, before breakfast or before tea, the pleasant purlieus allotted to pedestrians between the water-meadows of the Frome.

Here indeed is an amazing case of the mysterious survival of ancient class-distinction.

I am a complete stranger to these honest folk, and to confess the truth many a Dorset tramp is more tidily and decently attired, for my old Sears Roebuck clothes are fast wearing out and I have to keep all the new clothes I can afford for occasional trips to London; and yet—and how *do* they discover it before I open my mouth?—"something," the way I hold my stick perhaps, or some butcher-bird attrition in the tilt of my scarecrow physiognomy, declares "the old gent" to *be* a gent, and not an ex-chimney sweep on the Dole.

And mark you, this goes on without any one, for more than half a year, knowing me as Mr. Powys the writer, or even as "*the* Mr. Powys who got into difficulties by libelling some one near Glastonbury."

What is happening to me here is happening to my anonymity, not to my name, happening to that mysterious "something" far below what the late Arnold Bennett called my "untidy" appearance, to that "something" that I can only suppose was the general "aura" of a Neolithic skull among Paleolithic skulls, or of a Saxon among the Durotriges, or of some Breton follower of the Norman Bastard among the oppressed Saxons.

One thing is certain: the respectful manner in which "the old gent from above Mr. D.'s shop" is treated by the loiterers on the bridge at the foot of his street if it has nothing to do with his "get-up" has still less to do with his literary or artistic reputation.

For here, approaching this main pivot in the psychology of my fellow-countrymen from the angle where illumination is always the most penetrating, namely from the fork of a small, "skin-for-skin" personal detail, I come to the profoundest of all secrets in our English character: our distrust of, and I might almost say our contempt for, all esthetic and philosophical superiorities.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you asked me what has been the deepest and most startling of all my impressions of coming home, I would say this: that people are valued for what they *are* in their blood, and not for what they can *do* with their brain.

And you must not regard this as mere snobbishness or even as what you might call "the romance of class," for it goes much further and deeper. It is the whole thing. It is the alpha and omega of our national character.

It could best, I think, be described as a tendency to put "being" higher than "becoming," and what you *are* in your static, instinctive, and integral self, above what you can do or know or create.

Your Britisher, so it has appeared to me in what is now nearly a whole year of my return home, is like your Chinaman, and I believe unlike all other races in the world, in the manner in which he puts personal happiness—an innocent, harmless, much-enduring kind of happiness, but still happiness—above everything else in life!

The aristocracy of England—and you must understand that of this class I have seen nothing, nor indeed have wished to see anything, since my return—is the least interested in art, philosophy, and literature of all the aristocracies that have ever existed in the world!

It is brave, it is athletic and strenuous, it is trained to endure hardship, it is honest and "sporting," it is simple and kind; and in addition to these virtues it has the pathetic British mania for happiness. But it cannot be called "intellectual."

This British "happiness," when you really come down to it, is almost entirely based upon our response to the beauties of Nature. But, no! I am putting it wrong; not to the "beauties" of Nature, so much as to the "magic" or *the life* of Nature.

It would be very interesting to write a history of the Nature Cult or the Simple-Life-Cult in this country. One asks oneself, when did it begin? Shakespeare refers somewhat dubiously to it now and again; but it seems in those days to have been rather the eccentricity of a few, queer, half-balanced people like the melancholy Jacques than the universal ideal of the whole race as I have found it to be since I came home.

But it is nothing short of amazing how this "cult of nature" has taken hold of the whole people. Every tradesman, every artisan, every laboring man I've talked to for the last nine months speaks "to the same tune and words." They want to live *quietly* and they want to live in the country and they want to have a garden to dig in and a dog to go walks with.

And different—as I said above—though the class groups are among us, *here,* in this cult for Nature and the Quiet Life, we are all the same! From royalty at Windsor to the poorest dole-receivers in Durnovaria we all *must* see primroses and hear the cuckoo in the spring, we all *must* pick blackberries and hear the curlew in the autumn.

Stalin told Mr. Wells that the English upper classes are most crafty of all upper classes, in the way they know where to give way and where to hold firm. The Communists regard religion as a drug to keep the workers contented and in an irreverent mood I catch myself dallying with the outrageous thought that our English "Religion of Nature" might belong to the same category! If the game-preserving squire can instill into his tenants a sufficient passion for the primroses in his hedges it is possible that they may be more inclined to respect the hares on his hills and the pheasants in his woods.

But in my less cynical mood I have a much nicer explanation of this mania for Nature which I note on all sides of me in the England of today.

I believe that we are instinctively Wordsworthian—for there isn't a man, woman, or child in Dorchester who wouldn't feel that they *ought,* at any rate, to be able to say with the poet:

> My heart leaps up when I behold
> A rainbow in the sky.
> So was it when my life began,
> So is it now I am a man,
> So be it when I shall grow old,
> Or let me die!
> The child is father to the man;
> And I could wish my days to be
> Bound each to each by natural piety.

And it really does seem as if, with all their contempt for "art" and "philosophy," the masses of my fellow-countrymen are profoundly and naturally *poetic.* This then is the secret of the British character. It is essentially un-philosophical, essentially inartistic, but deeply and instinctively poetic. Poetry, unlike the other arts, is something rooted in the past. Nothing can be poetic till it has gathered about it the accumulative magic of the life of the generations.

Thus poetry as with the Chinese and with the ancient Greeks lends itself to the ways, customs, habits, folk-lore, mythology, that come down to us from our ancestors. Poetry is, in fact, one form of the worship of one's ancestors. It is the consecration of those universal overtones of human life that Time, in its long pilgrimage, has winnowed of the crudities and vulgarities of the passing hour.

It is easier for a deeply conservative race to respond to poetry than to respond to art or to philosophy. The pathetic thing today in England is that the new school of poetry has totally divorced itself from the race-feeling of the crowd. It has become purely intellectual. It has made startling concessions to the new sciences and to all the inventions of modern life. It looks shamelessly round at the present-day panorama. It looks forward. It deals in the squalid, the sordid, the cynical, the grotesque, the bizarre, the futile. It pitches its tent in the ashes of a metaphysical wasteland.

But all this means that in its cleverness, in its obscurity, in its tone of savage disillusionment, in its urge towards frantic experimentation, poetry with us is no longer the expression of the emotional well-being of a race with a "penchant" for simple happiness; it is the intellectual plaything of a minority of embittered esthetics and thinkers. It prides itself on the ferocious realism of its insight and upon the complicated intellectual wit of its "bons-mots." It takes Donne as its model. It takes T. S. Eliot as its standard-bearer. Its pioneer is that passionate and difficult experimenter in new rhythms, Gerald Manley Hopkins.

But what I have become aware of, during this first year of my return, as the second basic quality of my fellow-countrymen, thus betrayed and deserted by their bards, is their sense of humor.

And here again there is a widening gulf between the temperament of the race and those who feel called upon to express it.

Just as our modern English poetry conflicts with our national character by its increasing tendency to esthetic sub-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tlety and intellectualism, so our modern fiction has suddenly grown appallingly grave.

The relish for humorous characters, for humorous situations, the tendency to a certain humorous earthiness in our attitude to life which I am conscious of all round me here in this old West-Country town, is no longer, as far as I can see, reflected in our present-day fiction. The more serious novels now written by young men and young women are full of a somber philosophical earnestness and a portentous tendency, at once mystic and fantastic, to cope with all the new theories in psychology and all the new inventions in machinery.

The lively and humane realism of Arnold Bennett, for instance, seems to have no successors. In place of the humorous creation of massive idiosyncratic characters—*Every Man in His Humor*—we are confronted by fantastic situations, bizarre persiflage, flippant moralizing, airy-fairy whimsicalities, and above all by interminable accounts of childhood.

This last peculiarity of modern English fiction *does*, however, I cannot deny, fit in with one striking impression I have received.

England—at least this part of Wessex—is a paradise for old men and young children! Never have I seen so many wise, cheerful, courtly, kindly, amiable old men, and of all classes too, some pensioners, some with "private means," as I have met strolling along these pleasant field-paths within a stone's throw of our chestnut-walks and our fragment of Roman wall, but the number and the amiability of our old men is surpassed by the number and amiability of our Dorsetshire children. I see more perambulators in my own street here in five minutes than I could meet in New York City in a whole day!

This is especially so on the two market days of the week. The village wives coming "into town"—for it's always as "town" that we speak of Dorchester—by the innumerable carrier's vehicles, from East Chaldon, from Broadmayne, from Puddletown, from Tolpuddle, from Piddlehinton, from Piddletrenthide, from Bradford Peverell, from Winterbourne St. Martin, from Little Bredy, from Sydling St. Nicholas, from Toller Porcorum, always seem to bring their perambulators and their infants with them and thus attended visit Woolworth's, an emporium that here, as elsewhere, links the past with the present.

In the Americanized portion of my mind I have indeed come to note with a most curious interest how the real establisher of customs and maker of manners, the real upholder of our whole British "ethos," is *the old family-nurse*, the never-forgotten "Nanny," of the gentry of these Isles! She it is who creates the fundamental peculiarities of our aristocracy; those peculiarities—an everlasting infantile fixation, a passion for walking, a mania for wild-flowers, an instinctive sense of what you *may* say, and what you may *not* say, a reverence for old age, a stoical endurance of hardship, "Don't be such a baby, master Johnny!" and finally a decorous respect for, but not an absorbing interest in, what Nietzsche calls "First and Last Things"—that, from prince to pauper, we all patheticallly strive to make our own. It is our nurse—and it must be remembered that many of our humbler mothers began by being nurses of other people's children—it is our faithful Pegotty, with or without her evasive Mr. Barkis, whose simple and eternally childlike conception of "the whole duty of man" has made us what we are.

England "expects" that we should not only do our "duty," with a sublime underrating of "the ills that flesh is heir to," but that we should do it in the "cheerio, carry-on" spirit of heroic boy and girl scouts.

Not for nothing was it an Englishman who invented the Scout movement. We would all of us—men and women alike—far sooner be praised as "good scouts" and "good sports," than be praised as original artists or subtle thinkers.

The truth is that with our "Nanny-created" upper-class ideal, copied, not artificially but passionately and instinctively, by *all* classes, our average Britisher really does—the Wessex portion of him anyway—achieve that instinctive, natural, spontaneous, irrational *virtu*, in all except "art," which Nietzsche declares to have characterized the early Greeks before Socrates and Plato corrupted them with their analyzings and their rationalizings.

I certainly have been amazed during this last half-year at the simple "goodness" of these descendants of the Durotriges and at the universal craving they display to "get into the country," at every possible opportunity. I myself seem to manage to "get into the country" in about three minutes; and indeed many portions of this old place would seem to a megalopolitan eye almost "country" already.

Where the Roman Governor of Durnovaria formerly lived stands now the County Gaol; but it is not the presence of this institution that makes the streets of Dorchester by night as by day as safe for the youngest girl to walk in as a convent-garden. Nor is it exactly the law-abidingness of rural England. It is the "Nanny" tradition. It is the good behavior of lively children when they are "out."

And after all, though the famous hypocrisy of perfidious Albion is a somewhat equivocal compliment to our virtue, it *is* something to be harmless. It does not mean that visitors *like* you any better; for a crotchety harmless person is never so popular to a sight-seer as a picturesque bandit, but it gives them the blessing of feeling safe. Their host may be penurious and prejudiced, his humor may be provincial, as indeed both Shakespeare's and Dickens's actually was compared with Heine's or Molière's, but at any rate you *know* he won't stick a knife in you, or beat you into insensibility, or hurry you off on a joy-ride to oblivion.

Yes, it has been an incredible comfort to me to be able to walk through the darkest streets, feeling as safe as if I were in my native vicarage-garden, and though the penuriousness of the Old World may get on your nerves, it is better to be mean as you haggle over your farthings than panic-stricken over the closing of your bank.

I find myself often wondering all the same what strain it is in our English blood—or our Dorsetshire blood, I had better say, for it may be quite different in the industrial North—that leads to what I might call *the neutral cult* of my fellow-subjects here in the West-Country.

In the older days our aristocracy used to set an example of gusto, of exuberance, of originality, of eccentric daring, of a certain rich aplomb and mellowness of character.

But now—down this way at any rate—the ideal of life seems curiously

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

negative, with no emotional expression allowed for, except a mild enthusiasm for growing roses or for watching sweet peas come up. Not to give yourself away, not to behave in an ungentlemanly manner, always to understate your case, never to get excited about intellectual problems, never to allow your feelings to carry you too far, always to be super-modest, always to put things on the lowest, the most colorless ground —such indeed seem to be the notes of the psychology of good breeding.

But when, after my fashion, I seek to dig down below the surface of my neighbor's modesty, below his understatements, below his dislike of publicity, below his "Nanny" cult for the simple life, below his distrust of modern improvements, below his suspicion of the artistic and the intellectual as almost indecent *exposures,* I do feel myself groping towards something that, in its own way, has a profound psychological significance.

Is it possible that by analyzing these neutral peculiarities in a spot, where below the bones of Roman Legionnaires you touch memorials of a pre-Celtic, pre-historic civilization, the real secret of our British character, the real meaning of this "reticence" and this "good-form" may be discovered? I have almost come to feel as if the secret lay in what might be called the psychic basis of that humorous detachment from the pressure of life's tragi-comedy that you get in Shakespeare and Dickens.

As we all soon discover, English humor is a totally different thing from American humor. At its worst it is a kind of malicious facetiousness and is a great evil; but at its best it is an enchanting film of poetic eccentricity thrust into the gap between personality and the "outward," emphasizing the unique quality of the former and the malleable nature of the latter.

To get down to the bed-rock secret of our national temper—at any rate here in the Southwest—it is necessary to remember the restricted scope of our crowded island-home. From our earliest childhood we grow used to *making the utmost of little things.* This has gone on for thousands of years.

It is in this direction, and in no other, that we must look for the psychological clue to the English temper. Our island life, with no possibilities of expansion, except abroad in colonies, dominions, mandates, and the like, means that all our traditional adjustments imply *intimate neighborhood.* This, combined with our terrific individualism, means that to keep "every Englishman's house as his castle," and every Englishman's tiny garden as his "castle pleasance," it is necessary for us not only to build endless walls, hedges, and railings, round our small flat, but to resign ourselves when we impinge on each other, as in our cantankerousness we so often do, to a terribly complicated system of law. Our endless law-suits, libel-actions, and otherwise, upon which our lawyers thrive, has been made inevitable by our passion for self-assertion combined with our restricted quarters.

And I have been particularly struck here in Dorchester by the curious way this same situation applies to the fauna and flora of the place—nay! even to the very birds and fishes.

Strolling into the water-meadows and the down-lands round this old Roman town I have become aware of the natural origin of all those fairy-tales and Mother Goose tales, wherein swans and ducks and geese and cows and horses and frogs and pigs and sheep and crows and blackbirds and larks and swallows, with all the old types of Mother Hubbards and Simple Simons and Little Red Riding Hoods, together with the moons and the winds and the showers and the dews that alternate as their common background, constitute the enchanted and yet homely miracle of life upon earth.

The pressure and the urge of an intense and varied vitality, under fatally-limited conditions—that is the whole secret! Wall-flowers, for instance, of an incredible loveliness appear in the spring on every fragment of the ancient masonry between these tiny "cottage-castles" and at the back of every shop in the town there is a miniature garden with an apple tree or pear tree in it, to mark the blossom season and the fruit season.

Every one keeps—not an automobile, for these are regarded as the luxuries of the rich and are taxed accordingly, but—a perambulator and a dog, and round this garden, and round this perambulator and this dog, the pleasure of life gathers, in a thousand little devices for "catching the joy as it flies."

The mass of the people have the vote nowadays so the mass of the people must be considered and catered to; but those on the dole live in just the same way as those not on the dole, so that when people tell me that the war and the depression have *changed England* I find it hard to understand what they mean. There is certainly no change in essentials. The working-man by the possession of the vote and by his power of purchasing a newspaper is our *potential* ruler; but our upper class—those of them who have not been taxed out of existence—have such a weight of imponderable authority that you cannot say even yet that we are *actually* ruled by the laboring class on which we all live, and which, legally and constitutionally, *could* be our master.

How is it that with the strained circumstances in which most of us live we are so obstinately cheerful, if not happy?

England is an amazing country for flowers, with its temperate climate, none more so; and since I've returned I have seen many quite plain and homely faces—especially among women and children—that have the fresh rain-washed look of healthy plants; but I believe there is a deeper and more psychological explanation of this obstinate happiness. I believe it comes from our universal, and, I suppose, extremely unphilosophical determination —*not* to look facts in the face!

We may regard "art" as an affectation and systematic philosophizing as pedantic moonshine, but the truth is we are all the craftiest of born poets if not of born artists in our handling of life.

We all of us push reality *back* a little! Unlike Americans, who wreck their nerves in the effort to be objective, every Englishman lives in a subjective illusion of his own and is so wilful and so unphilosophical that he keeps it up to the end. He is forced to *use* reality of course—the terrible reality of the world—but he gives it, every one of us gives it, a poetic and humorous twist of his own. Englishmen, in fact, are able to be happy because they instinctively hold the world at a certain distance, *filling up the gap* between the heartbreaking reality and themselves by an imaginative and whimsical humor.

It is not only the upper class who do this. All classes habitually do it. Our

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

English language, in which in our own different ways, we are *all* artists, helps us in this subtle self-protection.

Where American humor is a cynical and laconic recognition of the basic human tragedy, English humor—like English slang—is an artful "protective-coloring." Just as our flowers flourish under their cloak of rainy mists, so our own tough and self-centered egoisms flourish under the smoke-screen of our hobbies, our whimsies, our lavish poetic licence! The truth is we are a country of incorrigible amateurs.

There is no race in the world with so little respect for professional ability, no race in the world—not even Russia—where the "intelligentsia," *per se,* have so little influence. We respect position, and, up to a certain point, wealth; but above all we respect blood and breeding.

Where we differ most from the other races of the world is the scant respect in which we hold "brains"—especially the "brains" of the professional expert.

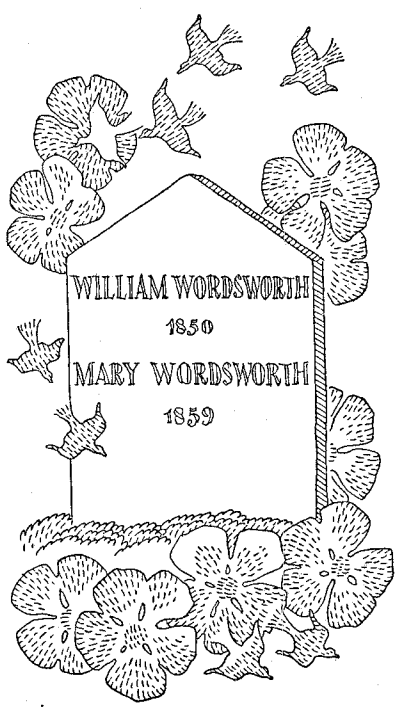
And in some astonishing irrational way of her own Nature seems to support us in this obliquity! There is certainly an irrational toughness and resilience about us, even in our moments of least intelligence. And this extends to the sub-human world. *I have seen it in seedlings.* I have watched American seedlings grow with unhealthy rapidity, with terrifying speed, but when they were tall and lanky they had a fatal tendency to wither at the root! whereas the English seedlings presented to my contemplation now are comparatively slow in growth, short and squat, but, heavens, how strong and sturdy!

To return however to our contempt for art and philosophy. What, after all, are we aiming at? Certainly not at something that art and philosophy alone can give! I suppose we are aiming at a certain innocently sensuous enjoyment of life attainable by our own particular kind of individualistic self-expression. What we respect most in ourselves, and what we aim at most in our obstinate self-centeredness, is a certain stoical zest for the *little pleasures.* Existence itself we accept as inevitably hard, uncomfortable, and monotonous. But we sprinkle it with every sort of pleasurable side-issue!

To an American the physical discomforts that all classes, except the very highest, put up with over here, are astonishing. And many of these discomforts *could* be ameliorated if we cared enough about it. But we *don't* care enough. We have so much vitality, such an unconquerable zest for life that we positively enjoy these discomforts. They are the counterpart to the subjective humors and fancies into which we escape. They give us our *point d'appui* for these subjective excursions!

And why should we make a fuss about "art" and "philosophy"? We can enjoy life without either of these affectations! Thus it never has caused us much distress to learn that our great writers have been neglected. We intend to go on "neglecting" them! That Shakespeare or Milton never acquired any portentous contemporary success, seems perfectly natural to us and does not trouble us at all. If Shakespeare lived today, our general feeling would be that he must take his "pot-luck" and be content not to be regarded as anything so very wonderful, at any rate until his extreme old age when it might happen that a considerate Prince of Wales would come to pay him a visit.

Nor do I think that this disparaging attitude towards genius in England does our real geniuses any harm. Nor is it altogether a preference for gentility over talent. It is a preference for life over talent.



All this hat-touching, all this calling people with Norman noses "sir," does not affect the abysmal individualism, the deep humorous egoism, of the very humblest among us.

It is this twisted, cross-grained, perverse, neurotic, *personal humor,* this humor that wrestles, in its absolute isolation, with the depths and heights of the cosmos, that has brought about our precious "good form" and our conventional good behavior. We are all such uncompromising volcanos of nervous prejudices that we are forced to make a cult of colorlessness and driven into a religion of compromise!

And of course the grand weapon of this "good form," of this confounded gentility, is its bastardized "sense of humor." Matthew Arnold says that the hall-mark of real art and real philosophy is "high seriousness." Well, the one thing that our English upper class won't stand for is "high seriousness." They love to bring it down! And this they achieve, not, it must be confessed, by any Voltairean wit but by a puerile facetiousness. And our working classes are extremely like our aristocracy in this. They too—though *their* facetiousness has a bit more bite in it—take all serious things humorously.

In fact I have had, as a serious-minded "Johannes Meister," to search far and wide in Dorset for kindred spirits. The nearest approach to my own priggish way of taking life I found in an unemployed wayfarer from the North-Country. He certainly was as grave and idealistic as I am; and indeed he strongly reminded me of the peddler-hero of *The Excursion,* that loquacious bug-bear to people "with a sense of humor."

But there it is! I have come home to find that Albion is the same as ever, incorrigibly irrational, incorrigibly "sporting," incorrigibly humorous, incorrigibly touchy, incorrigibly sly, incorrigibly patient and enduring; fidgety and a little "funny" where God is concerned, sound where animals are concerned, a paradise for children and old men, suspicious of all art and of all philosophy, proud of her old-fashioned feeling for liberty, but hiding her mania for poetry in the marrow of her bones.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bandit

A STORY

By Frederic Prokosch

IN spite of everything I went to sleep, at last. And when the morning sunlight awoke me I saw that I had not been dreaming. With sorrow I saw my guardian sitting at the door of the tent and gazing at me vacuously. When he saw that I was awake he turned and called to some one outside.

Another man appeared. A tall saturnine man clad in sheepskins, skin cracked with sunburn, teeth white as a fish's belly. He too gazed at me with an empty curiosity and then came up to my side.

I tried to sit up. But I couldn't, the ropes were holding my arms, wrist against hard wrist. I could only roll over clumsily. I must have looked very sheepish, for the newcomer laughed like a child and then squatted smilingly at my side.

He looked at me carefully from head to foot. Then he said, quite amiably, "Money?"

My lips were swollen and bulbous where they had gagged me; "It's yours," I lisped. "You can have it all."

He looked questioningly toward the other one. The other one came up and mumbled something. Then he turned to me and said, "Speak to *me*. I speak English and Russian. . . . Then I tell *him*. You understand? He knows only that one word in English: money." He smiled.

"You can have all my money," I repeated. "Only," and I tried to speak as pleasantly as I could even though my lips were bloody and throbbing, "you must let me go, of course."

He stared at me. Then he smiled. He mumbled again to the tall saturnine man who was squatting at my side. The saturnine man nodded. Then they walked out of the tent together silently.

They freed my wrists and ankles and allowed me to sit beside the door. I could watch them shooting the dice under the dusty trees and the big-breasted women moving duskily inside the huts.

Mine was the only tent, and it grew nightmarishly hot under the black canvas as soon as the sun rose high over the hills.

A dark-blue heaven, no single cloud. The sky was almost like a night sky, so dark against the blazing stones. The rays of the sun had an edge like a dull knife: I stretched my hand through the doorway into the golden out-of-doors: it pierced, it stung. Only the grasshoppers and the locusts went leaping up and down the path. Every tiny sound was sharp and metal-perfect, like the sound of wires moving in the wind or the touch of sand against a copper kettle. And with things seen and smelled it was the same. Each sunny blade of grass a fine pin-prick, the tent smell sulphurous on the tongue and eyes and nerves.

I could feel the sweat trickling down my back and running from the armpits down to the hips. Drops hung from my lashes, I could scarcely see, and the whole glittering world swayed and quivered.

A skeleton of a man in a great white cape crept past my doorway. He was carrying a long club and a gourd shell full of water, dervish fashion. Every now and then he dipped his fingers into the gourd shell and tossed the drops upon his forehead. He leered at me savagely as he passed. A penetrating yet unseeing gaze, as if he were looking through me as through glass down corridors scarcely human; the dangers of seeing too profoundly: his eyes were like the hollows in a skull, empty and desperate, no life left in that desert of a man except the quiver of heat across the dry sands.

Soon my guardian reappeared with a small red bowl balanced on the palm of his hand. "Soup for you," he said, and placed it politely on the ground beside me.

Then he squatted in the twilight beside the doorway and watched me.

But just as I was about to taste the oily mess the doorway flapped in a sudden gust of wind and a brisk tattooing sound flickered across the tent: all in a moment, and in another moment the air was filled with locusts, locusts swung idiotically against my face, fell on my lap, dripped nastily into the soup. The path outside was covered

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with their glimmering bullet bodies. My eyes ached from the brittle peppery touch of their wings and I could feel one, two, three of them clinging like syrupy bread crusts in my hair.

Quickly my guard closed the flap of the doorway. The tent was dark and silent now. I could scarcely see him squatting again upon the ground two yards away.

The soup had a sweetly acrid taste: five locusts were floating hypnotically in the grease. I set it aside and began to feel sick. "I can't eat this," I said.

My guardian kept watching me. Half shyly, half expectantly, like a naughty boy watching his elders. Black curls hung wetly from his skull cap down into his forehead. Dimly I could see the perspiring eyelids and the wet lips, lips forever ready to burst into a smile, I felt sure; but timidly so, and the smile was never quite fulfilled. He didn't trust me, naturally enough. There was a questioning look in his big black eyes.

"I can't eat this soup," I repeated.

He looked at me sympathetically, almost sadly. He leaned over and fished out the locusts with mud-black fingertips, one by one. Then he smiled at me. "Now it is good again."

But when I didn't take it he said, "Some other soup?" and then, "Bread?" and then, "Water?" I nodded, and he went and fetched me a jar of lukewarm water.

I asked him to pour it slowly over my neck and my shoulders. Then I cupped my hands and washed my hot face in it. I felt more comfortable now. The locust storm was over, it was quiet again.

He sat down beside me and began to ask questions.

"Have you ever been in New York?" he asked with great seriousness.

I nodded.

"Is it a beautiful and wealthy city?"

"Both wealthy and beautiful," I replied; "but only in spots; not everywhere; very much of it ugly and poor, in fact."

"Beautiful golden domes?" he asked. "Like Ispahan?"

"There are some fine silver domes, and one or two golden ones as well, I think. Taller than those at Ispahan, I am sure, but perhaps not as beautiful."

"Is it a learned city? Like Shiraz?"

I hesitated. "Well," I said doubtfully, "not really very learned. Less learned than Shiraz, perhaps. About as learned as Teheran."

He sucked at his lips. Then he glanced at me through his lashes and smiled.

"Are there handsome people there? Soft-breasted women? Strong warrior men?"

"Well," I sighed, "the people are disappointing, to be frank with you. There lies the actual weakness of the city. They are really rather ugly. There are exceptions, of course, but most of them are soft and ugly and selfish. And they are always pretending."

He looked very disappointed. "Then I do not wish to go to New York."

We talked and talked, till late afternoon. The sun descended slowly, slowly the heat grew bearable. He told me about his family and about his fellow bandits. "They are very stupid," he said. "Much stupider than the Persians or the Americans." He lay stretched out on the ground with his toes in the circle of sunlight at the doorway.

"They are cruel, though," he said. "They treated their prisoners with great cruelty when I was a boy. Now they are afraid. But they would still like to be cruel and torture their prisoners. . . . They would like to torture *you*, I think, you are so young and limber."

"Do you think they will?" said I rather anxiously.

He shook his head.

"Once," he continued, "they used to club their prisoners to death. Or they would strip them and burn the sacred symbols on their backs and their bellies. Or they would mutilate them, castrate them, perform cruel amputations. The women would watch from their doorways and shout with happiness. And they would be imprisoned in loathsome cellars, vermin-infested and full of the smell of excrement and wounds."

"All for a bit of ransom money?"

"Oh, no, not for the ransom money. All for pleasure. It is so boring here, you see, we long for excitement."

"And cruelty is the only excitement you can think of?"

"Ah, it hurts us too sometimes to be cruel, to see the blood flow from a fine young man. But the sight of blood and death is a good thing for us all says my grandfather. . . ."

"Are you an American Indian?" he asked suddenly, as if an idea had suddenly occurred to him. "They grew strong through torturing and watching the blood flow and other men die. I have been told about them, by my grandfather."

"No. I'm not an American Indian."

"But you are dark, almost as dark as I. You don't look like a white American. Your skin is smooth and dark, your lashes are long, like my own. You are much like an American Indian. You watch and watch, no one ever knows what you think, you look strong and passionate and sly. Yes, I think you are an American Indian." He smiled pensively.

I told him no, but he wouldn't believe me, he only grinned at me in a cynical manner as if to say, "After all, it is nothing to be ashamed of, you know!"

Then he said, "Tell me, are you a happy man?"

I nodded. "Most of the time."

"Yes. I knew it." He stared at me absent-mindedly. Then he said, "Do you often feel passionate? Do you have great passionate dreams? Very often? Every night?"

"Not quite every night," I replied modestly.

"I do," he replied, very seriously. "Every night. Very passionate. I am very uneasy about them."

"Perhaps you ought to get some women," I suggested.

"Ah, I have tried that too. But it doesn't help. Nothing helps. It is very sad and troublesome!"

I looked through the doorway and saw the shepherds coming home with their flocks and the old women in the twilight kneading the bread. They all looked very indifferent and very stupid. The women were just bundles, nothing more than bundles, some fat, some thin. There were smaller bundles too, all of them thin, children that hopped about in the dust like crickets and stared at me with sad and serious eyes. But even so, it occurred to me, handsomer and more alive than the people in big New York.

"Do you wish," whispered my guardian, "that I help you?"

I nodded earnestly.

"I will help you to escape, if you wish," he said, still lying motionlessly on the ground. "If you tell, I will kill you of course. And of course you must

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give me your money. All of it." He stared vacantly up at the black ceiling. The sunlight was slowly creeping along his brown hairy leg as it sank lower and lower into the western desert. And there was a wind arising, setting the tent atremble, blowing the dust through the door.

"Yes," said I. "I'll give you everything. It isn't much, though." I reached into my shoe and pulled out the rest of my money. A hundred krans it was. "Here," said I. It didn't occur to me to deceive him.

He sat up and looked at it. "That is all?"

"Yes."

"You swear?"

"Yes."

"Not another kran?"

"I swear."

He took it. Fifty krans he slipped under his shirt, the rest he handed back. All very casually; he didn't even trouble to close the flap over the doorway. "You may keep this."

"You are very kind." I was touched. I felt sick and feverish still, my stomach was still turning treacherous somersaults, my temples were throbbing. Yet for a moment I felt truly happy. "Thank you."

He peered at me through his eyelashes. "Now will you always be grateful to me? Will you remember me?" His voice had changed suddenly, shy and soft like a boy's.

I nodded.

Later he said, "Some day I shall visit New York, Sahib."

"In spite of the ugly stupid people?"

He smiled gently. "You are deceiving me! The people in New York are very beautiful, I am sure! And how can they help being wise, in such a big and complicated city?"

The wind grew stronger. The black burlap flapped madly back and forth like a great crow's wings. The sand beat on it ceaselessly and soon after nightfall the sand changed into rain. I could hear nothing but the wind and the rain, see nothing but the surging waves of burlap over my head. Alone in the wilderness, I thought; but I knew that Mostafa was thinking of me.

There was a clap of thunder, and then the curtained doorway parted and Mostafa entered. His hair hung in black icicles down to his shoulders, his wet cheeks shone in the flickering light of the oil lamp. A gust of wind came in with him and slid like a serpent past my feet across the sandy floor.

He stood beside me. Raindrops fell from his head and his arms into small puddles. The oil lamp hissed.

"Where will you go from here?"

"I don't know yet. Wherever any one will take me. Toward India, eastward, toward Calcutta."

"Why are you going to Calcutta?"

I paused. How to explain? How, how to explain, even to myself? "I am on my way to Japan."

"Why do you wish to go to Japan? Japan is a crowded country, full of hairless little men that have no souls."

"I have an uncle in Japan. He is very rich, and if I behave nicely to him I may some day have more money than I have now."

Mostafa gazed at me quietly. Then he said, "Yes, you are an American. I am very disappointed in you. I thought you had a soul, but now I see that you have no soul after all."

Outside the storm was howling like mad, great slabs of it were rolling and tumbling out of the hills. The sides of the tent billowed and coughed without stopping, and the little oil lamp continued to flicker sorrowfully. It sent thin golden tongues licking at Mostafa's chin and ears. He drew his hand slowly across his face.

"Yes, but what is a soul, Mostafa? How can I believe you if you don't tell me what a soul is? Possibly you don't even know!"

"Yes. I do know. My soul is the part of me which no one else can touch. It is secret, like a diamond hidden inside a hard stone."

"Has every one a soul?"

"Oh, no, fewer and fewer. That is the way the world goes, fewer and fewer have any real lonely souls left, fewer and fewer are happy. There are too many things to do now in the world, no one has time to be lonely and discover his soul, and therefore no one can be happy. I know that this is true. There is nothing to be done about it. My father has told me this, and my grandfather too. They were very wise, both of them, and I know that this is true." He drew his hand across his face again, and his eyes wore a troubled look. We sat quietly for a moment. Then I asked:

"Where should I go, Mostafa?"

"Join a caravan or a truck to Quetta. From there to Peshawar. From there to Lahore. From Lahore the great road across India to Calcutta."

"Quetta first?"

"Yes. . . . Look," he motioned me to the doorway and lifted the curtain. I peered into the raining blackness but I could see nothing, nothing except a few raindrops flashing across the lantern's solitary ray.

"Look," he said, and pointed down into the valley. "I shall set fire to the tent. That will be your chance to escape, and no one will dare to blame me. Then you run past the well and across the field toward the ravine."

"Yes."

"Then along the ravine."

"Yes."

"It is only two miles from the ravine to the caravan road. Two large tamarisks stand at the side of the road. You will see them surely."

"And I would find a caravan?"

"Yes. There are fewer caravans each year, but you will find one tomorrow morning I think. Tell them you are my friend. Tell them you were sent by Seyed, the wise man."

"Who is Seyed?"

"My grandfather."

"Is he still alive?"

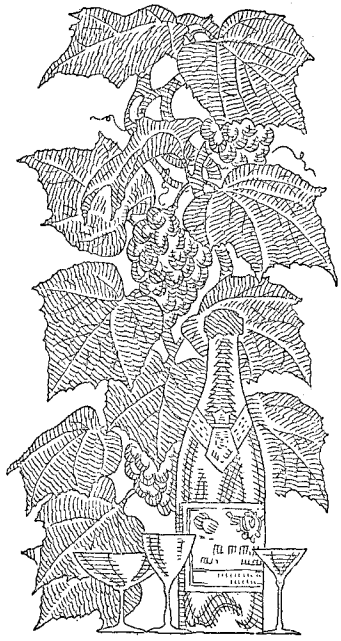
"Oh, yes, he is the leader of the tribe. He is eighty-six years old, but still a great and powerful man, full of wisdom. A son was born to him a week ago. He loves me the best of all his grandchildren, and I love him the best of all my ancestors." There was a sudden extraordinary sweetness in his voice and his handsome eyes were glowing with adoration. "It is good for me to love him."

He raised the oil lamp and held it over the bed. Meditatively he gathered the cushions and sprinkled them with oil. "Now," he said hoarsely, tenderly, "farewell." And he set the lamp carefully upon the couch. The flames sprang up, the place grew bright and warm in an instant.

Mostafa was gone. I ran down toward a clump of bushes, and turned to watch the fire. The tent was flapping heavily and a slim blue flame was creeping through the doorway.

The rain had stopped but the wind continued strong. I ran past the well and down toward the singing ravine.

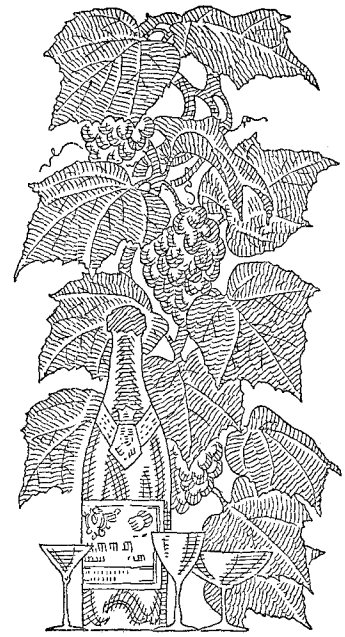
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



WINE

Cinderella of Repeal

By Julian Street



A hope existed at the time prohibition was repealed that Americans would forsake bootleg gin in favor of the civilized use of wines. Why has this hope not been realized? Mr. Street, in this authoritative survey, shows clearly the reasons

[AUTHOR'S NOTE: The situation outlined in this article exists at the time of writing, but our legislators, in their attitude toward control of the wine and liquor trade, are like a flea circus, and it is impossible to foresee the changes which may occur before publication. That widespread changes for the better will soon be made appears doubtful.]

NEVER, not even in the old Madeira-drinking days nor in the era of fine restaurant cellars which centered about the turn of the century, have Americans been so widely and so keenly interested in wines as at the time of repeal, a year ago last December.

As a nation we were disgusted with the excesses of the prohibition period, and wines stood in the eyes of many of us for a way of life more decent and more civilized.

To large numbers of Americans, moreover, wines had the merit of novelty, and no nation loves novelty as we do. We wanted to find out all about the various kinds of wines and what to do with them, and there was no lack of books, pamphlets, and newspaper and magazine articles to supply us with information—or misinformation.

But wine was not a novelty to all of us. Many ex-soldiers had learned overseas that "wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used," and countless students, school-teachers, and other travellers who flocked to Europe in unprecedented numbers during the post-war boom days, treasured memories of good meals accompanied by good bottles. Also during prohibition many American families, both native-born and foreign-born, made wine of sorts at home, and these several elements were looked upon as the foundation for what would become an extensive market for modest table wines, domestic or foreign.

The outlook for fine imported wines was equally encouraging, for wine suddenly became fashionable. Sherry stepped to the front, challenging the vogue of the almighty cocktail, and conversation at smart dinner parties turned from the depression to the more enlivening subject of decanters, cradles, *crus, cuvées,* vintage years, temperatures, and the affinity of certain wines for certain foods.

And yet, with all signs favorable to an unparalleled triumph of the grape, the expected boom in wines lasted only a few weeks. Less wine is now being sold here than was sold before prohibition, although our population has increased since then by many millions. The average annual consumption of wine per capita in France is estimated at 37 gallons, in Italy 26 gallons, in Spain 22 gallons, in the Argentine 14½ gallons, in Switzerland 12½ gallons, in Greece 5 gallons, and in the United States but 1 quart—exclusive of bootleg and homemade wines.

Why have we not used more wine?

First, because so far as we are descended from northern races, we inherit a tendency to strong drink.

Second, because much poor wine, both domestic and foreign, has been dumped upon the market.

Third, and most important, because wine costs too much.

Concerning our tendency to strong drink:

Our forefathers used hard liquor because it fortified them for physical exertion in face of cold and hardship; also because it was concentrated and therefore easily transported at a period when transportation was crude and difficult.

As life in this country became less arduous we ought logically to have shifted to beverages of lighter type, and if the sporadic efforts of early settlers and their descendants, over more than two hundred years, had been successful in developing a native wine industry, wine might now be used as commonly in the United States as it is in France and Italy.

By the end of the past century the California wine industry had grown to real importance, and wine grapes were being cultivated with success in some eastern states as well; but even so, the industry was never sufficiently strong to color the habits of the nation, and the average drinker drank for the "kick" and lacked the educated taste which is the only thing that makes a fine bottle of wine worth its price.

Concerning poor wine:

When the American wine industry,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

having lain all but dead for thirteen years, started to struggle to its feet, it found itself short of wine grapes (table and raisin grapes having in many vineyards been substituted for wine grapes during prohibition), and also short of sound aged wines. Such aged wines as existed brought prices which, for American wines, were high, and where aged wines did not exist, the wineries muddled along as best they could. Some of them concocted unpalatable blends, using raisin grapes, table grapes, fruit concentrates and heaven knows what else, and efforts were made to "age" young wines rapidly by various processes.

This sort of thing did great harm at the outset, but the American wine industry has declared its intention to police itself, and the Wine Institute, organized some months ago in California, has already taken steps to improve conditions. Evidences of improvement should before long be apparent, and if the American wine industry will set its standards high enough there is no reason why this country should not some day produce wines which are not merely sound but distinguished.

Among foreign countries Italy has now the most rigid wine laws, and she has been wise enough to apply them to the export trade as well as to the domestic trade, with the result that only authentic wines from Italy are shipped to us. The French and German wine laws give us less protection, and unscrupulous shippers and importers have in some instances combined to supply Americans with poor wines falsely labelled. There is however plenty of good wine for those who buy intelligently.

Concerning the high cost of wines:

Sound American wines have been more expensive than they ought to be, not only because of the shortage of aged stocks, but also because of an appalling confusion of Federal and state regulations governing the trade. Some of these will presently be discussed.

The high cost of foreign wines results in part from the depreciation of the dollar, which in France, Italy, and Germany is, at the time of writing, worth but 59 per cent of its former value. This disadvantage is however measurably offset by low prices caused by overproduction. The chief reason for excessive prices, then, is that the Federal government and the state governments have burdened the importing trade with heavy taxes and preposterous restrictions.

The Federal government opens the ball by assessing against each bottle of still light wine imported into the United States duties and an excise tax which together amount to 26½ cents. This is almost equal to the cost of a good, modest bottle bought of the grower abroad. On wines of somewhat higher alcoholic content, such as sherry, port, and Madeira, the tax is heavier, and when it comes to champagne, duties and excise tax are jumped to the silly rate of $1.43 per bottle—perhaps because champagne, although its alcoholic content is about the same as that of claret, Burgundy, Rhine wine, and Chianti, is traditionally associated with such contraband sentiments as mirth and joy.

In the old days the champagne tax was 67 cents per bottle and there was a good market for champagne. When the tax was raised to 80 cents per bottle, importations dropped to half what they had been and the government's revenue from this source became substantially less than it had been at the lower tax rate. As these figures were available when the existing tax was laid, there is no occasion for surprise at the moribund state of the champagne market.

On many other counts the consumer has reason to be sorry for himself. His government sternly warns him not to buy of bootleggers, who are still flourishing because taxes are so high, yet in the next breath this same government invites him to buy stocks of doubtful wines and spirits which it has seized from bootleggers and offers for sale at public auction by authority of the Treasury Department.

Of such is the kingdom of Gilbert and Sullivan!

Passing on to the subject of state regulation of the wine and spirits industry we find the consumer, who may well lay claim to being the Forgotten Man, companioned by a forgotten document—the Constitution.

The commercial development of our nation was largely based upon free trade between the states, for which there is constitutional provision, but this provision is violated in spirit, if not in letter, by a mess of liquor control laws which transforms us from a union of states into something unpleasantly resembling a collection of Balkan kingdoms, non-cooperative and greedy. The Balkan setup is complete, as regards wine and spirits, save for the fact that no state has yet established customs houses, armed guards, and a search at the frontier. Obviously, no tariff wall can hold without such safeguards, especially where prices vary widely between one state and another, and so it follows that state liquor laws are freely broken. When liquor could be bought more cheaply in the State of Washington than in Oregon, Oregonians drove over the line to make their purchases; the Iowa monopoly does a poor business in districts near the border of Illinois, which is a non-monopoly state with a liberal liquor law; and similar situations exist in many other regions.

Roughly about one-third of the wet states operate monopolies and two-thirds of them license private industry. Under each system practices vary greatly, and this makes it difficult to generalize about either form of control. As a rule, however, the consumer gets a better break in a state which has the license system, because private industry, being competitive, offers him a greater choice of wines and spirits at lower prices.

In some monopoly states only the consumer can buy wines and spirits, and he must buy them through state stores; in other monopoly states the authorities license shops, hotels, and restaurants which may buy wines and spirits from the monopoly at a discount and sell them at retail; in others hotels and restaurants are not permitted to serve spirits; in others the state stores sell spirits only, allowing the wine trade to be handled by licensed merchants; and Iowa, Montana, Oregon, and Washington go so far as to license the consumer, requiring him, when making purchases, to show a card, like an automobile driver's license, for which he pays an annual fee. In some if not all of these states the card must bear the owner's photograph and signature.

The monopolies get their profits from what is called a "spread" or "markup." This is arrived at by totalling the wholesale cost of the goods, together with duties, taxes, and transportation charges, and adding a percentage. Vir-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ginia and Pennsylvania add 50 per cent, Michigan 45 per cent, plus a 3 per cent sales tax, and Ohio 40 per cent. In creditable contrast to such excessive rates is that of the state of Washington, which reports satisfactory earnings on a markup of 25 per cent.

A common failing of government monopolies of all kinds, everywhere, is arrogance, and the monopolies have generally assumed toward the public a take-it-or-leave-it attitude. It is their general practice to employ persons whom they regard as whisky experts, but I have not heard of any monopoly employing a wine expert. On many monopoly lists it is impossible to identify a first-rate wine of a good year, and fraudulent wines are freely offered. Even the handling of wines denotes abysmal ignorance. In Michigan, for instance, wines have been stored in a warehouse the temperature of which reaches extremes sufficient to ruin them, and many bottles have been spoiled by being stood upright, permitting the corks to dry out.

Citizens of monopoly states who desire better wines than their state list offers, and who ask the monopoly's permission to order from outside sources, are likely to find themselves treated with coolness if not hostility.

The Pennsylvania monopoly permits special orders, but its markup on them is at least 50 per cent and may be even higher. That is to say, if a citizen of Pennsylvania sends to California for a case of wine wholesaling at $12, he must pay the monopoly an extra $6, plus carriage charges, for the right to bring it home; or if his purchase be a case of rare Côte d'Or Burgundy, such as monopolies wot not of, wholesaling in New York at $50, he must pay the monopoly an extra $25, raising the cost of the wine to $75, plus carriage charges.

There is every reason why special orders should be handled at a moderate rate, since the monopoly takes no risk whatever and the charge is a mere handling tax. In Michigan, where there has been great and justifiable dissatisfaction about wines, the monopoly last year appeared to recognize this fact, for it issued a statement that special orders would be accepted at a markup of 25 per cent. However, this ruling was almost immediately reversed, and the charge on special orders was held at the prohibitive rate of 45 per cent. This year a 25-per-cent markup was again announced and again withdrawn. For the better part of a year the Commission has apparently been unable to make up its mind upon this simple question, and after repeated requests for information I find myself unable to get from the Michigan liquor control authorities a statement of what the markup on special orders actually is.*

Arrogance and greed are not the only failings of monopolies, and I am convinced that fewer states would have adopted the monopoly system of liquor control had repeal come less suddenly, allowing more time for study and reflection. It happened, however, that a so-called Study Group, financed by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., issued a report on various systems of liquor control, and that this report was widely publicized just when the states found themselves suddenly confronted by the control problem. The report was in some respects superficial, but the fact that it bore the Rockefeller imprimatur and spoke well of the monopoly system carried weight in many quarters. This has proved almost as unfortunate as Mr. Rockefeller's earlier and equally well-meant dabblings with the liquor question, for the states which set up monopolies have generally adopted the worst features of the monopoly plan.

That the monopoly system of liquor control is unsuited to this country was demonstrated years ago in South Carolina, where a monopoly was started only to blow up in a short time of its own rottenness. And that, be it remembered, was before the prohibition years had spawned the rich and powerful criminal class, strongly intrenched in politics, which now stands ready to debauch the public service.

No liquor monopoly, however conscientious and however well administered, gives service such as the public expects and gets from private industry. A dealer, working on his own initiative, is glad to deliver goods at the customer's door, but the monopoly makes him call for them, and his home may be many miles from the nearest state store.

To provide even a semblance of service a monopoly must operate or control hundreds or even thousands of stores, stocked with a wide variety of wines, spirits, and cordials, some of them slow sellers, and not all these stores can be run at a profit. This requires an army of employees, tends to build up a powerful political machine, and opens the way to corruption and scandal. Already in some monopolies politicians are in the saddle, and dealers wishing to sell their wares in such states find it advisable to employ persons having local political influence as salesmen.

Many of the state monopolies are under fire. An investigation of the Iowa monopoly has disclosed various irregularities; there have been investigations in Pennsylvania and Montana; the Michigan monopoly is much criticized, and so is even the Washington monopoly.

The Ohio monopoly has performed the interesting feat of investigating itself, at least so far as wine sales are concerned, and its report upon this subject is, I believe, the most enlightened document to have come thus far from any monopoly state.

The liquor law enacted by Ohio following repeal left the sale of light wines to licensed dealers, but treated fortified wines, such as port, sherry, and Madeira, exactly as hard liquor was treated, reserving the sale of them to the monopoly and taxing them at the same rate as gin and whisky. At the recommendation of the Ohio Board of Liquor Control the legislature has lately corrected this blunder, so that all wines are now sold through dealers. The board is seeking to encourage the revival of the Ohio wine industry—one of the oldest in the country. The Ohio law places a tax of 10 per cent on the retail sales price of light wines. This is an impractical system of taxation, and the board rightly recommends a lower tax. It also proposes an educational program for the teaching of true temperance, including the use of wine or beer in preference to hard liquor. If the Ohio legislature follows the board's recommendations, and is not too long about it, Ohio will undoubtedly be the first state to have dealt with wines in a broad and intelligent manner.

So much for the monopolies.

Among the states which license private industry Indiana had until a few months ago the worst liquor-control

* Rumor now has it that the Michigan monopoly may get out of the wine business entirely.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

laws, and though these laws have been modified, and are now no worse and no better than those of some other states, certain particulars of the Indiana law, as it stood for the first year following repeal, are worth citing, merely to show to what extremes legislative folly was carried.

Where the average state tax on spirits ranges from 50 cents to $1 per gallon (this after Federal duties and taxes amounting to about $7.09 per gallon on imported spirits, or excise of about $2.05 per gallon on domestic spirits, have been paid), Indiana laid a tax of $2 per gallon. There might be some excuse for this if it had been done to foster the use of lighter beverages, but beer and wine were also taxed excessively under the original Indiana law. New York, New Jersey, Illinois, Minnesota, and other non-monopoly states tax light table wines at the rate of 2 cents per bottle, but Indiana laid a tax of 33 1/3 cents per bottle. Thus a Hoosier who bought a bottle of American wine had to pay a Federal and state tax charge of 36 cents, or if he bought imported wine, the tax came to 60 cents, of which amount 26½ cents represented Federal duty and excise. The effect of this was to place light wines beyond the reach of the average citizen and to encourage him to drink cheap gins and whiskies. The Indiana rate has now been dropped to $1 per gallon on spirits and 25 cents per gallon on wines. It is still too high.

The ratio of wine consumption to state taxes makes an interesting study. In California, where the state tax on wines is 2 cents per gallon, annual consumption averages about 2 1/3 gallons per capita; in New York, where the tax is 10 cents per gallon, annual consumption averages somewhat more than half a gallon per capita; in Wisconsin, where the tax is 25 cents per gallon, annual consumption drops to less than 1 pint per inhabitant; and Indiana, with its fabulous tax of $1.60 per gallon, hit bottom, showing an average annual consumption of a few spoonfuls per person. It is further significant that during the first year of repeal California realized $282,000 from her 2-cent tax, while Indiana realized about $25,000 from her $1.60 tax.

Another absurdity of the Indiana law, as originally drawn, consisted of an effort to make all dealers shipping wines or spirits into the state pay an Indiana license fee. If an outside wholesaler paid this fee he was not, however, free to operate as a wholesaler in Indiana, but could ship only to *another wholesaler* — an Indiana wholesaler — who passed the goods on to a retailer, who in turn sold to the consumer. Missouri still has such a law, a fee of $500 annually being demanded of wholesalers who ship into the state. Whatever the purpose with which such laws were framed, the consumer was framed at the same time.

Before prohibition, residents of wet states could order wines and spirits from merchants anywhere at home or abroad and receive them by direct shipment. Under the new dispensation consumers are generally allowed to buy only from local retailers, and interstate shipments from dealer to consumer are forbidden. From wholesaler to wholesaler is the general rule. The routing of wines and spirits around Robin Hood's barn and the overlapping license fees made necessary by this system are the principal causes of their costliness.

New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey are among the states which insist upon wholesaler-to-wholesaler shipments. The New Jersey law even prohibits the transportation into the state of single bottles carried by individuals. Thus if a New Yorker carries a bottle of wine as a gift to a New Jersey friend he becomes a lawbreaker.

These and other obstructive mechanisms have been set up by the states for the purpose of collecting many license fees, and more particularly so that the states shall have, in their licensees, reliable agents for the collection and paying over of the state taxes on wines and spirits.

In order to accomplish these two purposes most of the states are apparently willing that prices should be high and that the needs and desires of the consumer should be ignored.

Because the city of New York was the center of the bootleg trade during prohibition, because it is still the center of the bootleg trade as well as of the legitimate importing and wholesale industry, and also because it is the center for American whoopee, liquor control in New York state presented special difficulties; nevertheless it is generally felt that the New York State Liquor Authority, under the chairmanship of Mr. Edward P. Mulrooney, former police commissioner of New York City, has in many respects dealt with the problem capably.

Drunkenness appears to have diminished since prohibition ended, the number of public drinking places in the state is materially lower than before prohibition or during prohibition, the character of such places seems somewhat improved since the old days, and a determined effort has been made to prevent brewers and distillers from controlling saloons, as formerly they did. These and other reforms were made possible by the appointment of a strong, liberal and non-political board; by the granting to the board of real authority, including the power to revoke licenses without going to the courts; and by the fact that, in spite of unwholesome political influences brought to bear against it, the board has generally been supported by the legislature.

From the outset the New York board proclaimed a desire to encourage the use of beer and wines in preference to hard liquor. With beer it has been successful, with wines much less successful, and it appears to me that its failure with wines has resulted from imperfect understanding of wines and their uses, and of conditions necessary to a wholesome and successful trade in wines.

In the old days a class of wholesalers called wine jobbers used to bring wines in casks from California, Italy, France, and elsewhere, blend and bottle them, or bottle them without blending. Such wines were often fairly pleasant and always cheap. The New York law now forbids this class of business. Wines may be brought into the state in bulk only by licensed wineries, and the law requires that such wineries shall make at least 51 per cent of their total bottled output. This has driven people who merely want to bring in wine and bottle it, into the manufacturing of so-called wine, compelling them to establish wineries in New York City and other unsuitable places, far from any vineyards; and the mixing of their own products with sound wines brought in casks from elsewhere, has often spoiled the latter, and has flooded the New York market with unpalatable con-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coctions for which California is too frequently blamed.

Those responsible for the New York law failed, apparently, to realize that wines are almost never drunk except with meals, and that they have as good a right as beer, if not a better right, to be classed as a food product and be retailed in shops where other food products are retailed. In Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Ohio, Virginia, Michigan, Oregon, California, Florida, and other states, both monopoly and non-monopoly, this fact is apparently recognized, and groceries and delicatessens are licensed to sell wine as well as beer, but in New York beer is the only alcoholic beverage retailed through these channels, and the retailing of wines is kept by law almost entirely in the hands of liquor dealers who for the most part know nothing about wines beyond the fact that they do not sell so well as gin and whisky and yield a smaller profit.

True, not many grocers and delicatessen dealers would qualify as wine experts if this branch of the trade were opened to them, but with no hard liquor to sell they would be more interested in wines than the liquor dealers generally are, and would sell more wines than the liquor dealers do. Also, having an established trade in comestibles as a backlog for their business, they would sell wines cheaper. The trade in lesser wines would thus be taken care of, leaving the trade in finer wines to the relatively few experienced merchants who understand it.

By way of illustrating the unnecessary complication of the wine and spirits trade in this country, owing to ill-advised state laws, let us compare the British law relating to wholesale and retail dealers' licenses and the law of an average non-monopoly state on the same subject.

A digest of the British law covering these matters could be written on the back of a small envelope. Great Britain has four kinds of wholesale dealers' licenses—one for beer, one for wines, one for spirits, and one for cordials. The wholesaler may take any or all of these licenses, as he sees fit. If he takes them all, the fee amounts to a little more than the equivalent of $200 annually, and he is free to do business through the entire land.

The British law does not attempt to restrict, as our state laws do, the class of customers to whom a wholesaler may sell. He can sell to all comers, but must not sell in lots of less than one case of wines, spirits or cordials, or two cases of beer. The retailer, on the other hand, is held to less than case lots.

In all but a handful of our states, wholesale dealers are forbidden to hold retail dealers' licenses, and vice versa, but in Great Britain it has been found best to encourage dealers to take both forms of license. Where a wholesaler takes out a retailer's license for his premises, a reduction of 50 per cent is allowed him on his wholesale license fee.

In contrast to the foregoing, the New York law sets up sixteen types, or subdivisions of types, of licenses covering the sale of spirits; eight types, or subdivisions of types, of licenses covering the sale of wines; and thirteen types, or subdivisions of types, of licenses covering the sale of beer. Further, it contrives nine kinds of special permits, among which are industrial alcohol permits, other alcohol permits, solicitors' permits, drugstore permits, temporary outdoor permits and caterers' permits.

Merely as an example of the minute way in which the New York law, and most other state laws, attempt to provide for every conceivable contingency, instead of letting some of the lesser contingencies take care of themselves, I cite paragraph 3, section 51, article 4, chapter 478 of the laws of the State of New York:

"A licensed brewer may, under such rules as may be adopted by the liquor authority, sell beer at retail in bulk by the keg, cask or barrel for consumption and not for resale *at a clambake, barbeque, picnic, outing or other similar outdoor gathering at which more than fifty persons are assembled.*"

The italics in the foregoing legislative gem are mine. The rest is apparently up to the brewer.

First he should make sure that the gathering for which he proposes to sell a keg, cask, or barrel is a bona fide clambake, barbeque, or picnic and not a maypole dance or a croquet match. Where there is doubt he should get a ruling from the Liquor Authority. The law says that "more than fifty persons" must be present—which means at least 51. This suggests that the brewer should attend the function and count noses. If only 49 or 50 are present he should put the keg, cask, or barrel back on the truck and go home. The law specifies an outdoor gathering, but what if it should rain, driving the merrymakers indoors? In that event it would seem to be the brewer's duty to run and snatch their beer glasses away from them.

Regulations as meticulous as the example quoted are laid down in the law of New York and most other states for all branches of the beer, wine, and spirits trade, without regard to ancient and valuable trade usages, and one effect of these regulations has been to set up a barrier between the consumer and what, under normal conditions, should be his most reliable source of supply.

The trade in fine wines, and to a considerable extent also the trade in fine spirits, is not only a highly specialized trade but an honorable and charming one. The old-time wine and spirits merchants, who represent the highest aspirations of that trade, form a special class. They are concerned not with an array of popular brands suitable for unlimited distribution, but with carefully selected products of specific origin and vintage, the variety of which is enormous while the supply is always limited, sometimes consisting of only a few cases of this or that rare item. Obviously this type of merchant must maintain close relations with winegrowers abroad, and no less important to him is the maintenance of close relations with winelovers at home.

In England, as already indicated, such merchants are free to take whatever sort of licenses best suit their needs. The same is true in European countries, and has been true for centuries. It was likewise true in the United States for more than one hundred years before prohibition.

Since repeal Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Wyoming, California, and a few other states have allowed in their laws for the continuance of this traditional system with results highly favorable to consumers in those states. New York and Connecticut were on this honor roll at first but subsequently amended their regulations for the worse.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Connecticut law has been changed only recently. It withholds the sale of wines from grocers while licensing druggists to sell them, although druggists are, by their history, interested almost exclusively in the sale of fast-moving spirits. The amended New York law has been in force more than a year. The result of it has been to vastly decrease the sale of wines and proportionately increase the sale of spirits, to drive experienced and valuable men out of a trade not overcrowded with such, and to increase materially the prices paid for wines by the consumer.

In their delineation of the several branches of the trade, and of the limited functions of those branches, the laws of New York and Connecticut now resemble those of the average non-monopoly state. These laws practically abolish the old-school wine and spirits merchant, making it necessary for him to accommodate himself to the state-made strait-jacket of wholesaler or retailer, neither of which fits him.

If he elects to become a retailer his business is reduced to hardly more than a neighborhood business. He cannot sell to clubs, hotels, or restaurants or to people all over the country who care for his fine wares. If he elects to become a wholesaler he is cut off from contact with the connoisseurs who, under the old arrangement, were among his most faithful and appreciative customers. And he must try to market his wines through retailers, not one in a hundred of whom understands wines or cares about them, and who for the most part stock barely enough wine to make a little showing against their tiers and tiers of gins and whiskies.

Moreover, by a fantasy in the New York law, a retailer of wines and spirits is permitted to make importations from abroad. As an importing retailer, paying a license fee of from $300 to $800 annually, he becomes a competitor of the importing wholesaler, paying a license fee of $4000 annually. And since the law contains no compensating clause whereunder the wholesaler may have access to the consumer, *he is forced to try to market his wares through his retail competitor.*

The New York law as it stands seems to me to coddle the retail liquor stores, including the department stores, and to play into the hands of a small group of powerful companies engaged principally in distributing throughout the country widely advertised brands of gin, whisky, rum, and the like.

Another New York ukase which produces sad absurdities is that which forbids the sale of goods of any other kind on premises where wines and spirits are sold. Designed with the laudable idea of preventing all manner of retail shops from stocking liquors as a get-rich-quick sideline, this regulation did real good in the early days of repeal, when countless druggists, tobacconists, newsdealers, and others wanted to sell gin and whisky. But that danger is now past, for the retail liquor trade is not the goldmine it was expected to be, and the law as now administered creates a lot of silliness. Shopkeepers who wish to get around the law can easily do so by means of partitions, and separate but immediately adjacent doorways, while at the same time legitimate dealers in fine wines are forbidden to sell the appurtenances of their trade, such as cellar books, cradles, coolers, decanters, decanting funnels, properly formed wine glasses, corkscrews which will draw an old cork without ripping it, and devices to prevent wine from dripping on the tablecloth when poured. Such articles are specialties the best types of which are practically unknown outside the fine wine trade. I have scoured New York without avail for a good decanting funnel and a perfectly designed corkscrew, and after looking at hundreds of wine glasses, some of them very fanciful and pretty but none of them suited to their purpose, I had to design a set myself.

No discussion of the high cost of wines would be complete without mention of the course pursued since repeal by hotels and restaurants.

A study of hotel and restaurant wine lists points to two conclusions: first, that wines in such establishments are seldom well selected, and second, that prices are generally excessive.

A friend of mine who tabulates costs and charges in a number of leading hotels throughout the country estimates their average markup on wines at 100 per cent, though he prefers to put it in a way that makes the profit seem smaller, saying that 50 per cent of the price at which the wines are listed represents gross profit.

As to the markup on imported champagnes his estimate seems to me fairly accurate. Before prohibition a champagne which cost a hotel or restaurant $3 per bottle (the taxes were then about one-third of what they are now) was generally listed at $5; now a champagne wholesaling at $4 per bottle is likely to be listed at $8, and sometimes more is tacked on.

It has been my observation that many hotels and restaurants are marking up still wines a good deal more than 100 per cent. In one of the most fashionable New York hotels I lately saw a district Bordeaux wine, a humble but pleasant claret vaunting no vintage year, a wine that sells at wholesale for a few cents more than $1 per bottle, listed on the wine card at $3.50. On the same wine card a classified Médoc of the second *cru* and the excellent year 1928, bottled at the château, and costing the hotel about $2, was listed at $6. I have encountered equally exorbitant charges elsewhere.

In extenuation of such prices it is urged that American hotels and restaurants have been through a succession of lean years and that they need the money; also that the cost of glassware, tableware, napery, service, and in some instances orchestras and entertainers, makes it impossible for them to sell wines and spirits as cheap as package stores can sell them.

Granting all this, prices in hotels and restaurants are generally far too high, and the establishments in which they are too high are doing their bit toward discouraging the use of wine.

Fortunately this is not everywhere true. Here and there throughout the country a hotel manager or restaurant proprietor has seen the light and is making an intelligent effort to interest his patrons in wines. In one restaurant I know of, where the markup is about 50 per cent and the wines are well chosen, fully half the diners order wine. In two other restaurants which sell honest wines at reasonable prices in small carafes or by the glass as well as by the bottle, one sees wine at dinner on almost every table. These places set an example, and it seems reasonable to hope that some day the mass of hotel and restaurant people will perceive that it is better to sell six bottles of wine at a profit of 50 to 75 per cent than one bottle at a profit of 150 or 200 per cent.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

With the railroads and coastwise steamship companies the situation is much the same. Their lists are generally dreary and their prices exorbitant. Particularly on some Eastern railroads, where meals are notoriously poor, this seems a great folly, for a good bottle of wine can make a papier mâché chicken or a waterlogged vegetable almost palatable.

Nearly a thousand years before the beginning of the Christian era, Homer sang the praise of wine; and poets, philosophers, historians, scientists, statesmen, and sages ever since have lauded it. Hearken, for example, to Thomas Jefferson, father of the political party which—in order to raise revenue—hurriedly presented us with repeal:

> I rejoice, as a moralist, at the prospect of a reduction of the duties on wine. . . . No nation is drunken where wine is cheap, and none sober where the dearness of wine substitutes ardent spirits as the common beverage.
>
> I think it is a great error to consider a heavy tax on wines as a tax on luxury. On the contrary it is a tax on the health of our citizens. Surely it is not from the necessities of our treasury that we thus undertake to debar the mass of our citizens from the use of not only an innocent gratification, but a healthy substitute instead of a bewitching poison. This aggression on the public taste and comfort has been ever deemed among the most arbitrary and oppressive abuses of the English government. It is one which, I hope, we shall never copy.
>
> The introduction of a very cheap wine into my neighborhood within two years past, has quadrupled in that time the number of those who keep wines and will ere long increase them tenfold. This would be a great gain to the treasury and to the sobriety of our country.

Jefferson's plea for wines is in our time even more applicable than it was in his. Wines are the logical beverage of this country, but ignorance of them is profound, and if they are ever to be widely understood and popularized we must have straight thinking and honest action on the entire subject of alcoholic beverages.

It is clear, I think, that taxes ought to be reduced. There should be no state tax on wines, but if the states insist on such a tax it should be set very low and should be uniform in all states.

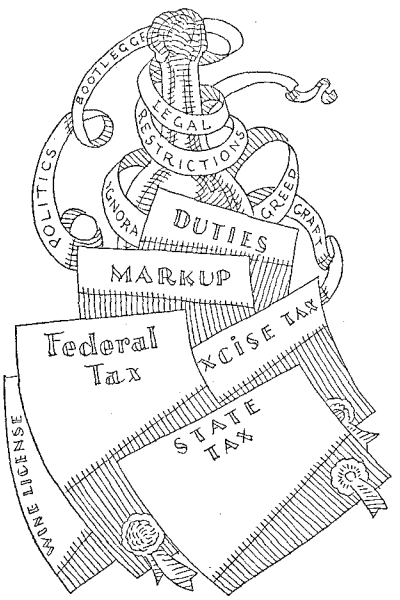
A uniform tax among the states would permit the collection of such tax by the Federal government simultaneously with duties and the internal revenue tax. The funds could then be paid over to the states in which the goods were sold. This would enable the state to do away with overlapping license systems and the forcing of goods through too many hands on the way to the consumer, and would bring prices down.

State monopolies should realize that they have duties beyond that of producing revenue. They should junk their bad wines and make a fresh start with sound wines at fair prices, or should get out of the wine business.

Standards for wines, domestic and foreign, should be established, and adulterated and falsely labelled wines should be excluded from the market. The laws of other wine-producing countries covering the authenticity of wines for home consumption should be applied by our government to wines imported from those countries.

So-called "bargain sales" should not be tolerated if the wines offered have been damaged by heat or cold, taken over by insurance companies and resold by them. Salvaged wines should always be so marked, if indeed they are permitted to be sold at all. The sale of bottled highballs and other diluted drinks based on gin and whisky, under alcoholic percentage laws intended to cover the sale of wine, should be stopped.

Wine education is urgently needed. The government publishes tons of pamphlets on thousands of subjects ranging from moths to the Milky Way, but among them all not one deals with the selection, care, and use of wines, not even with the use of wines in cookery.



The states, apparently endeavoring to appease the Drys, prattled piously of temperance and moderation in their liquor legislation, but they have for the most part enacted laws inimical to wine and have done nothing to teach their citizens the virtues of wine, although it is the very key to temperance and moderation.

Many of the most influential "home magazines" refrain from printing articles to educate their readers on the subject of wine as opposed to strong drink, and thus, by implication, treat wine as if it were a devil's brew.

An organization calling itself the Council for Moderation, lately founded in New York with distinguished backing, held a subscription dinner a few months since. Guests were free to order such alcoholic beverages as they desired, but the program of the evening had the tone of a W. C. T. U. tract, and the case for wine and beer was deliberately ignored, although the prospectus of the Council for Moderation declares that "education is the only solution."

That the American liquor trade contains elements which make regulation essential no one can dispute, but a vast part of the regulation now in force in the liquor trade, and even more so in the wine trade, is unintelligent, unreasonable and destructive.

We should strive for simple regulations easy to enforce instead of complicated regulations difficult or impossible to enforce—regulations designed to permit honest business to develop in a normal, wholesome way.

Poor little Cinderella Wine! She went to the repeal ball and for a few hours was made much of. Now she is back again at her gray hearth, flouted by her florid sisters, Gin and Whisky, who have been out all night, having the very devil of a time. If the Prince is to find Cinderella and fit her with the slipper of popular acclaim, he must have more help than we have so far given him.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Green Hills of Africa

By Ernest Hemingway

PART V · *Defeat on the Salt* · *The Rains Move Up*

CHAPTER IX

KARL KILLS ON THE SALT

In the morning Karl and his outfit started for the salt lick and Garrick, Abdullah, M'Cola and I crossed the road, angled behind the village up a dry watercourse and started climbing the mountain in a mist. We headed up a pebbly, boulder-filled, dry stream bed overgrown with vines and brush so that, climbing, you walked, stooping, in a steep tunnel of vines and foliage. I sweated so that I was soaked through my shirt and undergarments and when we came out on the shoulder of the mountain and stood, looking down at the bank of clouds quilting over the entire valley below us, the morning breeze chilled me and I had to put on my raincoat while we glassed the country. I was too wet with sweat to sit down and I signed Garrick to keep on going. We went around one side of the mountain, doubled back on a higher grade and crossed over, out of the sun that was drying my wet shirt, and along the top of a series of grassy valleys, stopping to search each one thoroughly with the field glasses. Finally we came to a sort of amphitheater, a bowl-like valley of very green grass with a small stream down the middle and timber along the far side and all the lower edge. We sat in the shadow against some rocks, out of any breeze, watching with the glasses as the sun rose and lighted the opposite slopes, seeing two kudu cows and a calf feed out from the timber, moving with the quickly browsing, then head lifted, long staring vigilance of all browsing animals in a forest. Animals on a plain can see so far that they have confidence and feed very differently from animals of the woods. We could see the vertical white stripes on their gray flanks and it was very satisfying to watch them and to be high in the mountain that early in the morning. Then, while we watched, there was a boom, like a rockslide. I thought at first it was a boulder falling, but M'Cola whispered.

"B'wana Kibor! Piga!" We listened for another shot but we did not hear one and I was sure Karl had his kudu. The cows we were watching had heard the shot and stood, listening, then went on feeding. But they fed into the timber. We glassed that valley until the sun came onto us, then hunted around the other side of the mountain and in another fine valley saw the place where the other B'wana, B'wana Doktor he still sounded like, had shot a fine bull kudu, but a Masai walked down the center of the valley while we were glassing it and when I pretended I was going to shoot him Garrick became very dramatic insisting it was a man, a man, a man.

"Don't shoot men?" I asked him.

"No! No! No!" he said putting his hand to his head. I took the gun down with great reluctance, clowning for M'Cola who was grinning and, it very hot now, we walked across a meadow where the grass was knee high and truly swarming with long, rose-colored, gauze-winged locusts that rose in clouds about us, making a whirring like a mowing machine and, climbing small hills and going down a long steep slope, we made our way back to camp to find the air of the valley drifting with flying locusts and Karl already in camp with his kudu.

Passing the skinner's tent he showed me the head which looked, body-less and neck-less, the cape of hide hanging loose, wet and heavy from where the base of the skull had been severed from the vertebral column, a very strange and unfortunate kudu. Only the skin running from the eyes down to the nostrils, smooth gray and delicately marked with white, and the big, graceful ears were beautiful. The eyes were already dusty and there were flies around them and the horns were heavy, coarse, and instead of spiralling high they made a heavy turn and slanted straight out. It was a freak head, heavy and ugly.

Pop was sitting under the dining tent smoking and reading.

"Where's Karl?" I asked him.

"In his tent, I think. What did you do?"

"Worked around the hill. Saw a couple of cows."

"I'm awfully glad you got him," I told Karl at the mouth of his tent. "How was it?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We were in the blind and they motioned me to keep my head down and then when I looked up there he was right beside us. He looked huge."

"We heard you shoot. Where did you hit him?"

"In the leg first, I think. Then we trailed him and finally I hit him a couple of more times and we got him."

"I heard only one shot."

"There were three or four," Karl said.

"I guess the mountain shut off some if you were gone the other way trailing him. He's got a heavy beam and a big spread."

"Thanks," Karl said. "I hope you get a lot better one. They said there was another one but I didn't see him."

I went back to the dining tent where Pop and P. O. M. were. They did not seem very elated about the kudu.

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"Did you see the head?" P. O. M. asked.

"Sure."

"It's *awful* looking," she said.

"It's a kudu. He's got another one still to go."

"Charo and the trackers said there was another bull with this one. A big bull with a wonderful head."

"That's all right. I'll shoot him."

"If he ever comes back."

"It's fine he has one," P. O. M. said.

"I'll bet he'll get the biggest one ever known, now," I said.

"I'm sending him down with Dan to the sable country," Pop said. "That was the agreement. The first to kill a kudu to get first crack at the sable."

"That's fine."

"Then as soon as you get your kudu we'll move down there too."

"Good."

CHAPTER X

THE RAINS MOVE UP

That all seemed a year ago. Now, this afternoon in the car, on the way out to the twenty-eight-mile salt lick, the sun on our faces, just having shot the guinea fowl, having, in the last five days, failed on the lick where Karl shot his bull, having failed in the hills, the big hills and the small hills, having failed on the flats, losing a shot the night before on this lick because of the Austrian's truck, I knew there were only two days more to hunt before we must leave. M'Cola knew it too, and we were hunting together now, with no feeling of superiority on either side any more, only a shortness of time and our disgust that we did not know the country and were saddled with these two farcical bastards as guides.

Kamau, the driver, was a Kikuyu, a quiet man of about thirty-five who, with an old brown tweed coat some shooter had discarded, trousers heavily patched on the knees and ripped open again, and a very ragged shirt, managed always to give an impression of great elegance. Kamau was very modest, quiet, and an excellent driver and now, as we came out of the bush country and into an open, scrubby, desert-looking stretch, I looked at him, whose elegance, achieved with an old coat and a safety pin, whose modesty, pleasantness and skill I admired so much now, and thought how, when we first were out, he had very nearly died of fever, and that if he had died it would have meant nothing to me except that we would be short a driver; while now whenever or wherever he should die I would feel badly. Then abandoning the sweet sentiment of the distant and improbable death of Kamau, I thought what a pleasure it would be to shoot David Garrick in the behind, just to see the look on his face, sometime when he was dramatizing a stalk and, just then, we put up another flock of guineas. M'Cola handed me the shotgun and I shook my head. He nodded violently and said, "Good. Very good," and I told Kamau to go on. This confused Garrick who began an oration. Didn't we want guineas? Those were guineas. The finest kind. I had seen by the speedometer that we were only about three miles from the salt and had no desire to spook a bull off of it, by a shot, to frighten him in the way we had seen the lesser kudu leave the salt when he heard the truck noise while we were in the blind.

We left the truck under some scrubby trees about two miles from the lick and walked along the sandy road toward the first salt place which was in the open to the left of the trail. We had gone about a mile keeping absolutely quiet and walking in single file, Abdullah the educated tracker leading, then me, M'Cola, and Garrick, when we saw the road was wet ahead of us. Where the sand was thin over the clay there was a pool of water and you could see that a heavy rain had drenched it all on ahead. I did not realize what this meant but Garrick threw his arms wide, looked up to the sky and bared his teeth in anger.

"It's no good," M'Cola whispered.

Garrick started to talk in a loud voice.

"Shut up, you bastard," I said, and put my hand to my mouth. He kept on talking in above normal tones and I looked up "shut up" in the dictionary while he pointed to the sky and the rained-out road. I couldn't find "shut up" so I put the back of my hand against his mouth with some firmness and he closed it in surprise.

"'Cola," I said.

"Yes," said M'Cola.

"What's the matter?"

"Salt no good."

"Ah."

So that was it. I had thought of the rain only as something that made tracking easy.

"When the rain?" I asked.

"Last night," M'Cola said.

Garrick started to talk and I placed the back of my hand against his mouth.

"'Cola."

"Yes."

"Other salt," pointing in the direction of the big lick in the woods, which I knew was a good bit higher because we went very slightly up-hill through the brush to reach it. "Other salt good?"

"Maybe."

M'Cola said something in a very low voice to Garrick who seemed deeply hurt but kept his mouth shut and we went on down the road, walking around the wet places, to where, sure enough, the deep depression of the salt lick was half filled with water. Garrick started to whisper a speech here but M'Cola shut him up again.

"Come on," I said, and, M'Cola ahead, we started trailing up the damp, sandy, ordinarily dry water-course that led through the trees to the upper lick.

M'Cola stopped dead, leaned over to look at the damp sand, then whispered, "Man," to me. There was the track.

"Shenzi," he said, which meant a wild man.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We trailed the man, moving slowly through the trees and stalking the lick carefully, up and into the blind. M'Cola shook his head.

"No good," he said. "Come on."

We went over to the lick. There it was all written plainly. There were the tracks of three big bull kudu in the moist bank beyond the lick where they had come to the salt. Then there were the sudden, deep, knifely cut tracks where they made a spring when the bow twanged and the slashing heavily cut prints of their hoofs as they had gone off up the bank and then, far-spaced, the tracks running into the bush. We trailed them, all three, but no man's track joined theirs. The bowman had missed them.

M'Cola said, "Shenzi!" putting great hate into the word. We picked up the shenzi's tracks and saw where he had gone on back to the road. We settled down in the blind and waited there until it was dark and a light rain began to fall. Nothing came to the salt. In the rain we made our way back to the truck. Some wild-man had shot at our kudu and spooked them away from the salt and now the lick was being ruined.

Kamau had rigged a tent out of a big canvas ground cloth, hung my mosquito net inside and set up the canvas cot. M'Cola brought the food inside the shelter tent.

Garrick and Abdullah built a fire and they, Kamau and M'Cola cooked over it. They were going to sleep in the truck. It rained drizzlingly and I undressed, got into mosquito boots and heavy pyjamas and sat on the cot, ate a breast of roast guinea hen and drank a couple of tin cups of half whiskey and water.

M'Cola came in, grave, solicitous, and very awkward inside of a tent and took my clothes out from where I had folded them to make a pillow and folded them again, very un-neatly, and put them under the blankets. He brought three tins to see if I did not want them opened.

"No."

"Chai?" he asked.

"The hell with it."

"No chai?"

"Whiskey better."

"Yes," he said feelingly. "Yes."

"Chai in the morning. Before the sun."

"Yes, B'wana M'Kumba."

"You sleep here. Out of the rain," I pointed to the canvas where the rain was making the finest sound that we, who live much outside of houses, ever hear. It was a lovely sound, even though it was bitching us.

"Yes."

"Go on. Eat."

"Yes. No chai?"

"The hell with tea."

"Whiskey?" he asked hopefully.

"Whiskey finish."

"Whiskey," he said confidently.

"All right," I said. "Go eat," and pouring the cup half and half with water got in under the mosquito bar, found my clothes and again made them into a pillow, and lying on my side drank the whiskey very slowly, resting on one elbow, then dropped the cup down under the bar onto the ground, felt under the cot for the Springfield, put the searchlight beside me in the bed under the blanket, and went to sleep listening to the rain. I woke when I heard M'Cola come in, make his bed and go to sleep, and I woke once in the night and heard him sleeping by me; but in the morning he was up and had made the tea before I was awake.

"Chai," he said, pulling on my blanket.

"Bloody chai," I said, sitting up still asleep.

It was a gray, wet morning. The rain had stopped but the mist hung over the ground and we found the salt lick rained out and not a track near it. Then we hunted through the wet scrub on the flat hoping to find a track in the soaked earth and trail a bull until we could see him. There were no tracks. We crossed the road and followed the edge of the scrub around a moor-like open stretch. I hoped we might find the rhino but while we came on much fresh rhino dung there were no tracks since the rain. Once we heard tick birds and looking up saw them in jerky flight above us headed to the northward over the heavy scrub. We made a long circle through there but found nothing but a fresh hyena track and a cow kudu track. In a tree M'Cola pointed out a lesser kudu skull with one beautiful long, curling horn. We found the other horn below in the grass and I screwed it back onto its bone base.

"Shenzi," M'Cola said and imitated a man pulling a bow. The skull was quite clean but the hollow horns had some damp residue in them, smelled unbearably foul and, giving no sign of having noticed the stench, I handed them to Garrick who promptly, without sign, gave them to Abdullah. Abdullah wrinkled the edge of his flat nose and shook his head. They really smelled abominably. M'Cola and I grinned and Garrick looked virtuous.

I decided a good idea might be to drive along the road in the car, watching for kudu, and hunt any likely-looking clearings. We went back to the car and did this, working several clearings with no luck. By then the sun was up and the road was becoming populous with travellers, both white-clothed and naked, and we decided to head for camp. On our way in, we stopped and stalked the other salt lick. There was an impalla on it looking very red where the sun struck his hide in the patches between the gray trees and there were many kudu tracks. We smoothed them over and drove on in to camp to find a sky full of locusts passing over, going to the westward, making the sky, as you looked up, seem a pink dither of flickering passage, flickering like an old cinema film, but pink instead of gray. P. O. M. and Pop came out and were very disappointed. No rain had fallen in camp and they had been sure we would have something when we came in.

"Did my literary pal get off?"

"Yes," Pop said. "He's gone into Handeni."

"He told me all about American women," P. O. M. said. "Poor old Poppa, I was sure you'd get one. Damn the rain."

"How are American women?"

"He thinks they're terrible."

"Very sound fellow," said Pop. "Tell me just what happened today."

We sat in the shade of the dining tent and I told them.

"A Wanderobo," Pop said. "They're frightful shots. Bad luck."

"I thought it might be one of those travelling sportsmen you see with their bows slung going along the road. He saw the lick by the road and trailed up to the other one."

"Not very likely. They carry those bows and arrows as protection. They're not hunters."

"Well, whoever it was put it on us."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Bad luck. That, and the rain. I've had scouts out here on both the hills but they've seen nothing."

"Well, we're not bitched until tomorrow night. When do we have to leave?"

"After tomorrow."

"That bloody savage."

"I suppose Karl is blasting up the sable down there."

"We won't be able to get into camp for the horns. Have you heard anything?"

"No."

"I'm going to give up smoking for six months for you to get one," P. O. M. said. "I've started already."

We had lunch and afterwards I went into the tent and lay down and read. I knew we still had a chance on the lick in the morning and I was not going to worry about it. But I *was* worried and I did not want to go to sleep and wake up feeling dopey so I came out and sat in one of the canvas chairs under the open dining tent and read somebody's life of Charles the Second and looked up every once in a while to watch the locusts. The locusts were exciting to see and it was difficult for me to take them as a matter of course.

Finally I went to sleep in the chair with my feet on a chop-box and when I woke there was Garrick, the bastard, wearing a large, very floppy, black and white ostrich-plume head-dress.

"Go away," I said in English.

He stood smirking proudly, then turned so I could see the head-dress from the side.

I saw Pop coming out of his tent with a pipe in his mouth. "Look what we have," I called to him.

He looked, said, "Christ," and went back into the tent.

"Come on," I said. "We'll just ignore it."

Pop came out, finally, with a book and we took no notice of Garrick's head-dress at all, sitting and talking, while he posed with it.

"Bastard's been drinking, too," I said.

"Probably."

"I can smell it."

Pop, without looking at him, spoke a few words to Garrick in a very soft voice.

"What did you tell him?"

"To go and get dressed properly and be ready to start."

Garrick walked off, his plumes waving.

"Not the moment for his bloody ostrich plumes," Pop said.

"Some people probably like them."

"That's it. Start photographing them."

"Awful," I said.

"Frightful," Pop agreed.

"On the last day if we don't get anything, I'm going to shoot Garrick in the ass. What would that cost me?"

"Might make lots of trouble. If you shoot one, you have to shoot the other, too."

"Only Garrick."

"Better not shoot then. Remember it's me you get into trouble."

"Joking, Pop."

Garrick, un-head-dressed and with Abdullah, appeared and Pop spoke with them.

"They want to hunt around the hill a new way."

"Splendid. When?"

"Any time now. It looks like rain. You might get going."

I sent Molo for my boots and a raincoat, M'Cola came out with the Springfield; and we walked down to the car. It had been heavily cloudy all day although the sun had come through the clouds in the forenoon for a time and again at noon. The rains were moving up on us. Now it was starting to rain and the locusts were no longer flying.

"I'm dopey with sleep," I told Pop. "I'm going to have a drink."

We were standing under the big tree by the cooking fire with the light rain pattering in the leaves. M'Cola brought the whiskey flask and handed it to me very solemnly.

"Have one?"

"I don't see what harm it can do."

We both drank and Pop said, "The hell with them."

"The hell with them."

"You may find some bloody tracks."

"We'll run them out of the country."

In the car we turned to the right on the road, drove on up past the mud village and turned off the road to the left onto a red, hard, clay track that circled the edge of the hills and was close bordered on either side with trees. It was raining fairly hard now and we drove slowly. There seemed to be enough sand in the clay to keep the car from slipping. Suddenly, from the back seat, Abdullah, very excited, told Kamau to stop. We stopped with a skid, all got out, and walked back. There was a freshly cut kudu track in the wet clay. It could not have been made more than five minutes before as it was sharp-edged and the dirt, that had been picked up by the inside of the hoof, was not yet softened by the rain.

"Doumi," Garrick said and threw back his head and spread his arms wide to show horns that hung back over his withers. "Kuba Sana!" Abdullah agreed it was a bull; a huge bull.

"Come on," I said.

It was easy tracking and we knew we were close. In rain or snow it is much easier to come up close to animals and I was sure we were going to get a shot. We followed the tracks through thick brush and then out into an open patch. I stopped to wipe the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rain off my glasses and blew through the aperture in the rear sight of the Springfield. It was raining hard now, and I pulled my hat low down over my eyes to keep my glasses dry. We skirted the edge of the open patch and then, ahead, there was a crash and I saw a gray, white-striped animal making off through the brush. I threw the gun up and M'Cola grabbed my arm, "Manamouki!" he whispered. It was a cow kudu. But when we came up to where it had jumped there were no other tracks. The same tracks we had followed led, logically and with no possibility of doubt, from the road to that cow.

"Doumi Kuba Sana!" I said, full of sarcasm and disgust to Garrick and made a gesture of giant horns flowing back from behind his ears.

"Manamouki Kuba Sana," he said very sorrowfully and patiently. "What an enormous cow."

"You lousy ostrich-plumed punk," I told him in English. "Manamouki! Manamouki! Manamouki!"

"Manamouki," said M'Cola and nodded his head.

I got out the dictionary, couldn't find the words, and made it clear to M'Cola with signs that we would circle back in a long swing to the road and see if we could find another track. We circled back in the rain getting thoroughly soaked, saw nothing, found the car, and as the rain lessened and the road still seemed firm decided to go on until it was dark. Puffs of cloud hung on the hillside after the rain and the trees dripped but we saw nothing. Not in the open glades, not in the fields where the bush thinned, not on the green hillsides. Finally it was dark and we went back to camp. The Springfield was very wet when we got out of the car and I told M'Cola to clean it carefully and oil it well. He said he would and I went on and into the tent where a lantern was burning, took off my clothes, had a bath in the canvas tub and came out to the fire comfortable and relaxed in pyjamas, dressing gown and mosquito boots.

P. O. M. and Pop were sitting in their chairs by the fire and P. O. M. got up to make me a whiskey and soda.

"M'Cola told me," Pop said from his chair by the fire.

"A damned big cow," I told him. "I nearly busted her. What do you think about the morning?"

"The lick I suppose. We've scouts out to watch both of these hills. You remember that old man from the village? He's on a wild-goose chase after them in some country over beyond the hills. He and the Wanderobo. They've been gone three days."

"There's no reason why we shouldn't get one on the lick where Karl shot his. One day is as good as another."

"Quite."

"It's the last damned day though and the lick may be rained out. As soon as it's wet there's no salt. Just mud."

"That's it."

"I'd like to see one."

"When you do, take your time and make sure of him. Take your time and kill him."

"I don't worry about that."

"Let's talk about something else," P. O. M. said. "This makes me too nervous."

"I wish we had old Leather Pants," Pop said. "God, he was a talker. He made the old man here talk too. Give us that spiel on modern writers again."

"Go to hell."

"Why don't we have some intellectual life?" P. O. M. asked. "Why don't you men ever discuss world topics? Why am I kept in ignorance of everything that goes on?"

"World's in a hell of a shape," Pop stated.

"Awful."

"What's going on in America?"

"Damned if I know! Some sort of Y. M. C. A. show."

"How are things in Turkey?"

"Frightful. Took the fezzes away. Hanged any amount of old pals. Ismet's still around though."

"Been in France lately?"

"Didn't like it. Gloomy as hell. Been a bad show there just now."

"By God," said Pop, "it must have been if you can believe the papers."

"When they riot they really riot. Hell, they've got a tradition."

"Were you in Spain for the revolution?"

"I got there late. Then we waited for two that didn't come. Then we missed another."

"Did you see the one in Cuba?"

"From the start."

"How was it?"

"Beautiful. Then lousy. You couldn't believe how lousy."

"Stop it," P. O. M. said. "I know about those things. I was crouched down behind a marble-topped table while they were shooting in Havana. They came by in cars shooting at everybody they saw. I took my drink with me and I was very proud not to have spilled it or forgotten it. The children said, 'Mother, can we go out in the afternoon to see the shooting?' They got so worked up about revolution we had to stop mentioning it. Bumby got so bloodthirsty about Mr. M. he had terrible dreams."

"Extraordinary," Pop said.

"Don't make fun of me. I don't want to just hear about revolutions. All we see or hear is revolutions. I'm sick of them."

"The old man must like them."

"I'm sick of them."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You know, I've never seen one," Pop said.

"They're beautiful. Really. For quite a while. Then they go bad."

"They're very exciting," P. O. M. said. "I'll admit that. But I'm sick of them. Really, I don't care anything about them."

"I've been studying them a little."

"What did you find out?" Pop asked.

"They were all very different but there were some things you could coordinate. I'm going to try to write a study of them."

"It could be damned interesting."

"If you have enough material. You need an awful lot of past performances. It's very hard to get anything true on anything you haven't seen yourself because the ones that fail have such a bad press and the winners always lie so. Then you can only really follow anything in places where you speak the language. That limits you of course. That's why I would never go to Russia. When you can't overhear it's no good. All you get are handouts and sight-seeing. Any one who knows a foreign language in any country is damned liable to lie to you. You get your good dope always from the people and when you can't talk with people and can't overhear you don't get anything that's of anything but journalistic value."

"You want to knuckle down on your Swahili then."

"I'm trying to."

"Even then you can't overhear because they're always talking their own language."

"But if I ever write anything about this it will just be landscape painting until I know something about it. Your first seeing of a country is a very valuable one. Probably more valuable to yourself than to any one else, is the hell of it. But you ought to always write it to try to get it started. No matter what you do with it."

"Most of the damned Safari books are most awful bloody bores."

"They're terrible."

"The only one I ever liked was Streeter's. What did he call it? Denatured Africa. He made you feel what it was like. That's the best."

"I liked Charlie Curtis's. It was very honest and it made a fine picture."

"That man Streeter was damned funny though. Do you remember when he shot the kongoni?"

"It was very funny."

"I've never read anything, though, that could make you feel about the country the way we feel about it. They all have this damned Nairobi fast life or else bloody rot about shooting beasts with horns half an inch longer than some one else shot. Or muck about danger."

"I'd like to try to write something about the country and the animals and what it's like to some one who knows nothing about it."

"Have a try at it. Can't do any harm. You know I wrote a diary of that Alaskan trip."

"I'd love to read it," P. O. M. said. "I didn't know you were a writer, Mr. J. P."

"No bloody fear," said Pop. "If you'd read it, though, I'll send for it. You know it's just what we did each day and how Alaska looked to an Englishman from Africa. It'd bore you."

"Not if you wrote it," P. O. M. said.

"Little woman's giving us compliments," Pop said.

"Not me. You."

"I've read things by him," she said. "I want to read what Mr. J. P. writes."

"Is the old man really a writer?" Pop asked her. "I haven't seen anything to prove it. You're sure he doesn't support you by tracking and wing shooting?"

"Oh, yes. He writes. When he's going well he's awfully easy to get along with. But just before he gets going he's frightful. His temper has to go bad before he can write. When he talks about never writing again I know he's about to get started."

"We ought to get more literary conversation from him," Pop said. "Leather Breeches was the lad. Give us some literary anecdotes."

"Well, the last night we were in Paris I'd been out shooting at Ben Gallagher's in the Sologne the day before and he had a *fermée*, you know, they put up a low fence while they're out feeding, and shot rabbits in the morning and in the afternoon we had several drives and shot pheasants and I shot a chevreuil."

"That isn't literary."

"Wait. The last night Joyce and his wife came to dinner and we had a pheasant and a quarter of the chevreuil with the saddle and Joyce and I got drunk because we were off for Africa the next day. God, we had a night."

"That's a hell of a literary anecdote," Pop said. "Who's Joyce?"

"Wonderful guy," I said. "Wrote *Ulysses*."

"Homer wrote Ulysses," Pop said.

"Who wrote Æschylus?"

"Homer," said Pop. "Don't try to trap me. D'you know many more literary anecdotes?"

"Ever heard of Pound?"

"No," said Pop. "Absolutely *no*."

"I know some good ones about Pound."

"Suppose you and he ate some funny-sounding beast and then got drunk."

"Several times," I said.

"Literary life must be awfully jolly. Think I'd make a writer?"

"Rather."

"We're going to chuck all this," Pop told P. O. M., "and both be writers. Give us another anecdote."

"Ever heard of George Moore?"

"Chap that wrote 'But before I go, George Moore, here's a last long health to you?'"

"That's him."

"What about him?"

"He's dead."

"That's a damned dismal anecdote. You can do better than that."

"I saw him in a book-shop once."

"That's better. See how lively he can make them?"

"I went to call on him once in Dublin," P. O. M. said, "with Clara Dunn."

"What happened?"

"He wasn't in."

"By God. I tell you the literary life's the thing," Pop said. "You can't beat it."

"I hate Clara Dunn," I said.

"So do I," said Pop. "What did she write?"

"Letters," I said. "You know Dos Passos?"

"Never heard of him."

"He and I used to drink hot kirsch in the winter time."

"What happened then?"

"People objected, finally."

"Only writer I ever met was Stewart Edward White," Pop said. "Used to admire his writing no end. Damned good, you know. Then I met him. Didn't like him."

"You're coming on," I said. "See. There's no trick to a literary anecdote."

"Why didn't you like him?" P. O. M. asked.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Do I have to tell? Isn't the anecdote complete? It's just like the old man tells them."

"Go ahead and tell."

"Too much the old timer about him. Eyes used to vast distances and that sort of thing. Killed too many bloody lions. No credit kill so many lions. Gallop 'em, yes. Couldn't kill that many. Bloody lion kill you instead. Writes damned fine things in *The Saturday Evening Post* about what's the bloke's name, Andy Burnett. Oh, damned fine. Took an awful dislike to him, though. See him in Nairobi with his eyes used to vast distances. Wore his oldest clothes in town. Hell of a fine shot, everybody says."

"Why you're a literary bastard," I said. "Look at that for an anecdote."

"He's marvellous," P. O. M. said. "Aren't we ever going to eat?"

"Thought by God we'd eaten," Pop said. "Start these anecdotes. No end to 'em."

After dinner we sat by the fire a little while and then went to bed. One thing seemed to be on Pop's mind and before I went in the tent he said, "After you've waited so long, when you get a shot take it easy. You're fast enough so you can take your time, remember. Take it easy."

"All right."

"I'll have them get you up early."

"All right. I'm plenty sleepy."

"Good night, Mr. J. P." P. O. M. called from the tent.

"Good night," Pop said. He moved toward his tent carrying himself with comic stiffness, walking in the dark as carefully as though he were an opened bottle.

CHAPTER XI

FAILURE OF THE SALT — DISGUST WITH M'COLA — RETURN OF THE SCOUTS. WE SET OUT

Molo waked me by pulling on the blanket in the morning and I was dressing, dressed, and out washing the sleep out of my eyes before I was really awake. It was still very dark and I could see Pop's back shadowed against the fire. I walked over holding the early morning cup of hot tea and milk in my hand waiting for it to be cool enough to drink.

"Morning," I said.

"Morning," he answered in that husky whisper.

"Sleep?"

"Very well. Feeling fit?"

"Sleepy is all."

I drank the tea and spat the leaves into the fire.

"Tell your bloody fortune with those," Pop said.

"No fear."

Breakfast in the dark with a lantern, cool juice-slippery apricots, hash, hot-centered, brown, and catsup spread, two fried eggs and the warm promise-keeping coffee. On the third cup Pop, watching, smoking his pipe, said, "Too early for me to face it yet."

"Get you?"

"A little."

"I'm getting exercise," I said. "It doesn't bother me."

"Bloody anecdotes," Pop said. "Memsahib must think we're silly buggers."

"I'll think up some more."

"Nothing better than drinking. Don't know why it should make you feel bad."

"Are you bad?"

"Not too."

"Take a spot of Enos?"

"It's this damned riding in cars."

"Well, today's the day."

"Remember to take it very easy."

"You're not worried about that, are you?"

"Just a touch."

"Don't. It never worries me a minute. Truly."

"Good. Better get going."

"Have to make a trip first."

Standing in front of the canvas circle of the latrine I looked, as each morning, at that fuzzy blur of stars that the romanticists of astronomers called the Southern Cross. Each morning at this moment I observed the Southern Cross in solemn ceremony.

Pop was at the car. M'Cola handed me the Springfield and I got in the front. The tragedian and his tracker were in the back. M'Cola climbed in with them.

"Good luck," Pop said. Some one was coming from toward the tents. It was P. O. M. in her blue robe and mosquito boots. "*Oh*, good luck," she said. "*Please*, good luck."

I waved and we started, the headlights showing the way to the road.

There was nothing on the salt when we came up to it after leaving the car about three miles away and making a very careful stalk. Nothing came all morning. We sat with our heads down in the blind, each covering a different direction through openings in the thatched withes, and always I expected the miracle of a bull kudu coming majestic and beautiful through the open scrub to the gray, dusty opening in the trees where the salt lick was worn, grooved, and trampled. There were many trails to it through the trees and on any one a bull might come silently. But nothing came. When the sun was up and we were warmed after the misty cold of the morning I settled my rump deeper into the dust and lay back against the wall of the hole, resting against the small of my back and my shoulders and still able to see out through the slit in the blind. Putting my Springfield across my knees I noticed that there was rust on the barrel. Slowly I pulled it along and looked at the muzzle. It was freshly brown with rust.

"The bastard never cleaned it last night after that rain," I thought and very angry I lifted the lug and slipped the bolt out. M'Cola was watching me with his head down. The other two were looking out through the blind. I held the rifle in one hand for him to look through the breech and then put the bolt back in and shoved it forward softly, lowering it with my finger on the trigger so that it was ready to cock rather than keeping it on the safety.

M'Cola had seen the rusty bore. His face had not changed and I had said nothing but I was full of contempt and there had been indictment, evidence, and condemnation without a word being spoken. So we sat there, he with his head bent so only the bald top showed, me leaning back and looking out through the slit, and we were no longer partners, no longer good friends; and nothing came to the salt.

At ten o'clock the breeze, which had come up in the east, began to shift around and we knew it was no use. Our scent was being scattered in all directions around the blind as sure to frighten any animals as though we were revolving a searchlight in the dark. We got up out of the blind and went over to look in the dust of the lick for tracks. The rain had moistened it but it was not soaked and we saw

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

several kudu tracks, probably made early in the night and one big bull track, long, narrow, heart-shaped; clearly, deeply cut.

We took the track and followed it on the damp reddish earth for two hours in thick bush that was like second-growth timber at home. Finally we had to leave it in stuff we could not move through. All this time I was angry about the uncleaned rifle and yet happy and eager with anticipation that we might jump the bull and get a snap at him in the brush. But we did not see him and now, in the big heat of noon, we made three long circles around some hills and finally came out into a meadow full of little, humpy Masai cattle and, leaving all shade behind, trailed back across the open country under the noon sun to the car.

Kamau, sitting in the car, had seen a kudu bull pass a hundred yards away. He was headed toward the salt lick at about nine o'clock when the wind began to be tricky, had evidently caught our scent and gone back into the hills. Tired, sweating, and feeling more sunk than angry now, I got in beside Kamau and we headed the car toward camp. There was only one evening left now, and no reason to expect we would have any better luck than we were having. As we came to camp, and the shade of the heavy trees cool as a pool, I took the bolt out of the Springfield and handed the rifle, boltless, to M'Cola without speaking or looking at him. The bolt I tossed inside the opening of our tent onto my cot.

Pop and P. O. M. were sitting under the dining tent.

"No luck?" Pop asked gently.

"Not a damn bit. Bull went by the car headed toward the salt. Must have spooked off. We hunted all over hell."

"Didn't you see anything?" P. O. M. asked. "Once we thought we heard you shoot."

"That was Garrick shooting his mouth off. Did the scouts get anything?"

"Not a thing. We've been watching both hills."

"Hear from Karl?"

"Not a word."

"I'd like to have seen one," I said. I was tired out and slipping into bitterness fast. "God damn them. What the hell did he have to blow that lick to hell for the first morning and gut-shoot a lousy bull and chase him all over the son-of-a-bitching country spooking it to holy bloody hell?"

"Bastards," said P. O. M., staying with me in my unreasonableness. "Sonsabitches."

"You're a good girl," I said. "I'm all right. Or I will be."

"It's been awful," she said. "Poor old Poppa."

"You have a drink," Pop said. "That's what you need."

"I've hunted them hard, Pop. I swear to God I have. I've enjoyed it and I haven't worried up until today. I was so damned sure. Those damned tracks all the time—what if I never see one? How the hell do I know we can ever get back here again?"

"You'll be back," Pop said. "You don't have to worry about that. Go ahead. Drink it."

"I'm just a lousy belly-aching bastard but I swear they haven't gotten on my nerves until today."

"Belly-ache," said Pop. "Better to get it out."

"What about lunch?" asked P. O. M. "Aren't you frightfully hungry?"

"The hell with lunch. The thing is, Pop, we've never seen them on the salt in the evening and we've never seen a bull in the hills. I've only got tonight. It looks washed up. Three times I've had them cold and Karl and the Austrian and the Wanderobo beat us."

"We're not beaten," said Pop. "Drink another one of those."

We had lunch, a very good lunch, and it was just over when Kati came and said there was some one to see Pop. We could see their shadows on the tent fly, then they came around to the front of the tent. It was the old man of the first day, the old farmer, but now he was gotten up as a hunter and carried a long bow and a sealed quiver of arrows.

He looked older, more disreputable and tired-er than ever and his get-up was obviously a disguise. With him was the skinny, dirty, Wanderobo with the slit and curled-up ears who stood on one leg and scratched the back of his knee with his toes. His head was on one side and he had a narrow, foolish, and depraved-looking face.

The old man was talking earnestly to Pop, looking him in the eye and speaking slowly, without gestures.

"What's he done? Gotten himself up like that to get some of the scout money?" I asked.

"Wait," Pop said.

"Look at the pair of them," I said. "That goofy Wanderobo and that lousy old fake. What's he say, Pop?"

"He hasn't finished," Pop said.

Finally the old man was finished and he stood there leaning on his property bow. They both looked very tired but I remember thinking they looked a couple of disgusting fakes.

"He says," Pop began, "they have found a country where there are kudu and sable. He has been there three days. They know where there is a big kudu bull and he has a man watching him now."

"Do you believe it?" I could feel the liquor and the fatigue drain out of me and the excitement come in.

"God knows," said Pop.

"How far away is the country?"

"One day's march. I suppose that's three or four hours in the car if the car can go."

"Does he think the car can get in?"

"None ever has been in but he thinks you can make it."

"When did they leave the man watching the kudu?"

"This morning."

"Where are the sable?"

"There in the hills."

"How do we get in?"

"I can't make out except that you cross the plain, go around that mountain and then south. He says no one has ever hunted there. He hunted there when he was young."

"Do you believe it?"

"Of course natives lie like hell, but he tells it very straight."

"Let's go."

"You'd better start right away. Go as far as you can in the car and then use it for a base and hunt on from there. The Memsahib and I will break camp in the morning, move the outfit and go on to where Ben and Mr. T. are. Once the outfit is over that black cotton stretch we're all right if the rain catches us. You come on and join us. If you're caught we can always send the car back by Kandoa, if worst comes, and the trucks down to Tanga and around."

"Don't you want to come?"

"No. You're better off alone on a show like this. The more people the less game you'll see. You should hunt

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kudu alone. I'll move the outfit and look after the little Memsahib."

"All right," I said. "And I don't have to take Garrick or Abdullah?"

"Hell, no. Take M'Cola, Kamau and these two. I'll tell Molo to pack your things. Go light as hell."

"God damn it, Pop. Do you think it could be true?"

"Maybe," said Pop. "We have to play it."

"How do you say sable?"

"Tarahalla."

"Valhalla, I can remember. Do the females have horns?"

"Sure, but you can't make a mistake. The bull is black and they're brown. You can't go wrong."

"Has M'Cola ever seen one?"

"I don't think so. You've got four on your license. Any time you can better one, go ahead."

"Are they hard to kill?"

"They're tough. They're not like a kudu. If you've got one down be careful how you walk up to him."

"What about time?"

"We've got to get out. Make it back tomorrow night if you can. Use your own judgment. I think this is the turning point. You'll get a kudu."

"Do you know what it's like?" I said. "It's just like when we were kids and we heard about a river no one had ever fished out on the huckleberry plains beyond the Sturgeon and the Pigeon."

"How did the river turn out?"

"Listen. We had a hell of a time to get in and the night we got there, just before dark, and saw it, there was a deep pool and a long straight stretch and the water so cold you couldn't keep your hand in it and I threw a cigarette butt in and a big trout hit it and kept snapping it up and spitting it out as it floated until it went to pieces."

"Big trout?"

"The biggest kind."

"God save us," said Pop. "What did you do then?"

"Rigged up my rod and made a cast and it was dark and there was a night hawk swooping around and it was cold as a bastard and then I was fast to three fish the second the flies hit the water."

"Did you land them?"

"The three of them."

"You damned liar."

"I swear to God."

"I believe you. Tell me the rest when you come back. Were they big trout?"

"The biggest bloody kind."

"God save us," said Pop. "You're going to get a kudu. Get started."

In the tent I found P. O. M. and told her.

"Not really?"

"Yes."

"Hurry up," she said. "Don't talk. Get started."

I found raincoat, extra boots, socks, bathrobe, bottle of quinine tablets, citronella, notebook, a pencil, my solids, the cameras, the emergency kit, knife, matches, extra shirt and under-shirt, a book, two candles, money, the flask——

"What else?"

"Have you got soap? Take a comb and a towel. Got handkerchiefs?"

"All right."

Molo had everything packed in a ruck-sack and I found my field glasses, M'Cola taking Pop's big field glasses, and a canteen with water, Kati sending a chop box with food. "Take plenty of beer," Pop said. "You can leave it in the car. We're short on whiskey but there's a bottle."

"How will that leave you?"

"All right. There's more at the other camp. We sent two bottles on with Mr. K."

"I'll only need the flask," I said. "We'll split the bottle."

"Take plenty of beer then. There's any amount of it."

"What's the bastard doing?" I said, pointing at Garrick who was getting into the car.

"He says you and M'Cola won't be able to talk with the natives there. You'll have to have some one to interpret."

"He's poison."

"You *will* need some one to interpret whatever they speak into Swahili."

"All right. But tell him he's not running the show and to keep his bloody mouth shut."

"We'll go to the top of the hill with you," Pop said and we started off, the Wanderobo hanging to the side of the car, "Going to pick the old man up in the village."

Every one in camp was out to watch us go.

"Have we got plenty of salt?"

"Yes."

Now we were standing by the car on the road in the village waiting for the old man and Garrick to come back from their huts. It was early afternoon and the sky was clouding over and I was looking at P. O. M., very desirable, cool, and neat-looking in her khaki and her boots, her Stetson on one side of her head, and at Pop, big, thick, in the faded corduroy sleeveless jacket that was almost white now from washing and the sun.

"You be a good girl."

"Don't ever worry. I wish I could go."

"It's a one-man show," Pop said. "You want to get in fast and do the dirty and get out fast. You've a big load as it is."

The old man appeared and got into the back of the car with M'Cola who was wearing my old khaki sleeveless, quail-shooting coat.

"M'Cola's got the old man's coat," Pop said.

"He likes to carry things in the game pockets," I said.

M'Cola saw we were talking about him. I had forgotten about the uncleaned rifle. Now I remembered it and said to Pop, "Ask him where he got the new coat."

M'Cola grinned and said something.

"He says it is his property."

I grinned at him and he shook his old bald head and it was understood that I had said nothing about the rifle.

"Where's that bastard Garrick?" I asked.

Finally he came with his blanket and got in with M'Cola and the old man behind. The Wanderobo sat with me in front beside Kamau.

"That's a lovely-looking friend you have," P. O. M. said. "You be good too."

I kissed her good-bye and we whispered something.

"Billing and cooing," Pop said. "Disgusting."

"Good-bye, you old bastard."

"Good-bye, you damned bullfighter."

"Good-bye, sweet."

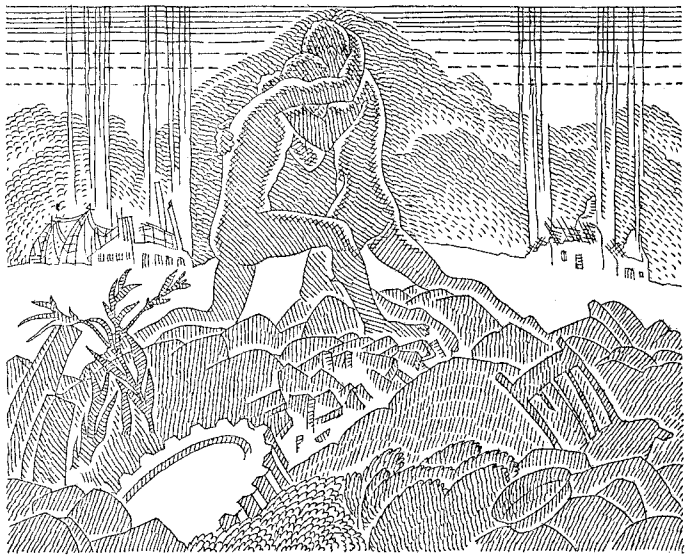
"Good-bye and good luck."

"You've plenty of petrol and we'll leave some here," Pop called.

I waved and we were starting down hill through the village on a narrow track that led down and onto the scrubby dry plain that spread out below the two great blue hills.

I looked back as we went down the hill and saw the two figures, the tall thick one and the small neat one, each wearing big Stetson hats, silhouetted on the road as they walked back toward camp, then I looked ahead at the dried-up, scrubby plain.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Is Social Conflict Inevitable?

By Reinhold Niebuhr

Can the social conflict be solved by the ruthless methods of conservative or radical? Dr. Niebuhr finds the problem essentially a religious one and the solution handicapped by the state of religion today

It is a strange irony of history that the modern era, which was ushered in by high hopes of progressive justice and perpetual peace, should draw to a sorry close in a bewildering confusion of civil conflict and international war. The eighteenth century hoped for the gradual elimination of social conflict through the establishment of more rational schemes of government and more impartial instruments of adjudication. Attributing social strife either to ignorance or to corrupt governments it imagined that it could guarantee peace by increasing social intelligence and by reconstructing government in more democratic terms.

While it is probably true that intelligence increases the possibilities of social co-operation by making men more conscious of the needs and rights of their fellows, we are not as certain as the previous two centuries that reason can be emancipated from interest. It is as likely to be the servant of conflicting passions as the arbiter between them. The Age of Reason had a naïve confidence in a natural harmony between men which, it thought, had been spoiled by the caprice of venal and irresponsible governments. It would destroy the corruption of governments by making them responsible to all the people. Democracy would guarantee the impartiality of the state. The state would favor no class but act as umpire between their conflicting interests.

The eighteenth century attributed much of the social injustice of the past to the religious sanctification of the *status quo* and thought that it could guarantee a higher justice if it could ban "priests and their hypocritical tools" from the affairs of state. It would substitute reason for superstition. Now we are not certain that a liberal culture may not sanctify the imperfections of a commercial civilization as successfully as a traditional religion gave the odor of sanctity to a feudal society.

In the very twilight of our era a final and daring effort was made to eliminate conflict between nations by establishing an inchoate international government, a League of Nations. But the defeated nations of the world war suspected that the desire of the victorious nations to preserve the *status quo* in Europe was a more dominant inspiration of policy than the hope of creating an international government which would stabilize peace by perfecting international justice. There is enough truth in these suspicions to prompt a degree of sympathy with the Germans if they claim to see behind the benign mask of the League the ugly grimace of vindictive powers, bent upon preserving the fruits of their victory. The desperate inclination of modern Germans toward a new war may be suicidal for them and for European civilization; but we can hardly dissuade them from their resentments by claiming that the world possesses adequate tribunals of justice to which grievances could be carried with the hope of their impartial adjudication.

Social interests and collective wills are clashing in our day in bewildering chaos. Can we find new umpires and better instruments of arbitration than those upon which the past era depended? Or, is the peace of the world, as Saint Augustine maintained, always based upon strife?

If we are to find any new hopes for the disappointed expectations of the Age of Reason we may have to modify our expectations. Perhaps we ought to begin by admitting that, while social life is never pure conflict, neither is it ever pure peace. There is always more of pure nature in human history than was dreamt of in the philosophies of the past centuries. The social wills of various cultures, nations, classes and races can never be brought into perfect harmony with each other. No human imagination can be so pure as to envisage the needs of others as vividly as its own needs. No basis of government can be so broad as to provide a perfect means of social arbitration. There can be no courts which are able to adjudicate social conflicts without insinuating some elements of bias into

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

their supposedly impartial decisions and without allowing unconscious predispositions to weigh in their balances of justice. There is no force in human culture, no technique in government, and no grace in the human spirit which can completely overcome the power of human egoism, particularly collective egoism. All of them are bent as much by, as they bend, the dominant impulses of the natural man.

This does not mean that the problem of our aggregate existence need be given up in despair or that we dare allow nature to take its course and man's collective life to sink into anarchy. The very fact that our social life is never pure anarchy proves that we do have some resources for conciliating our conflicts. Perhaps we will be more successful in conciliation if we do not attempt so much; and above all do not pretend to be able to accomplish more than is possible. Most of our worst injustices are derived from our very pretensions of justice. It is just because governments and churches and institutions of learning claim to have an impartial perspective upon the affairs of men that they become such dangerous protagonists of special interest. No society can dispense with courts of reason and of government. Nor can we afford to abate our effort to broaden their base and raise the purity of their perspective. But we must sacrifice the pretension that anything in human society can be raised high enough above the passions of daily conflict to guarantee complete impartiality. There is no such thing as neutrality in human affairs. All of us are protagonists of some cause or other and pleaders of some particular interest. The most honest and sincere conciliation will come from men and groups who do not imagine themselves above the conflict but who know themselves to be in it. They will not believe that they can abolish the conflict but if they know its reality and inevitability they will be able to mitigate it. They will mitigate it by an honest effort to understand the opponent and the foe.

The best illustration of both the necessity and the possibility of conciliation amidst conflict is afforded by the struggle between conservatism and radicalism in every modern society. This conflict threatens to become a war to the bitter end which will neither preserve an old civilization, as the conservatives intend, nor build a new one, as the radicals hope. The basis of this conflict lies in the economic interests of the contending factions. Conservatives are those, on the whole, who have something to lose and little to gain by a reorganization of society. Radicals are those who have little to lose and everything to gain by a social revolution. There are, it is true, a few neutrals in this struggle, composed of the groups whose interests are ambiguous and who may therefore weigh their hopes against their fears in equal balance. But they are not powerful enough to effect the struggle; and most of them will be drawn to one side or the other when the day of crisis comes. What they do and say is therefore much less important than the thought and actions of the combatants.

The contemporary struggle between radicalism and conservatism involves basic conflicts between incompatible tempers and interests and can therefore not be resolved or transcended in any such fashion as typical liberals believe. When an old civilization is dying and a new civilization struggling to be born, a conflict of social wills ensues which no conceivable court of justice, of either reason or law, can transcend, and for the arbitration and conciliation of which no conceivable instrument of justice will suffice. Established laws and accepted opinions are too thoroughly the rationalizations of interest (usually the interests of conservative groups) to render this service. It is therefore idle to hope that modern society can be saved from social conflict. It would have been as foolish to expect a feudal society to disintegrate and a commercial society to supplant it without a series of social convulsions.

Nevertheless, there are possibilities of conciliation. They depend upon the spiritual insight of the contestants rather than upon the mediation of impartial tribunals. These insights do not eliminate the struggle but they can prevent it from degenerating into unqualified hatred and suicidal mutual destruction. The insights necessary to mitigate the cruelty of the struggle are those which, on the one hand, discover values of common humanity in the foe, transcending the passions of the struggle, and which, on the other hand, reduce the pretensions of the ego, collective and individual. The first and more positive insight really depends upon the second and more negative one; because we can be consistently cruel to our foes only if we make the pretension for ourselves that we are more than we really are. When a nation fights for "culture" or "humanity" or "democracy," when it hides its partial interests behind absolute and transcendent values it claims the authority of conscience to be completely ruthless with its foes. It is only when these pretensions are reduced and even our most cherished values are discovered to be relative that we are able to be human and humane in a social struggle.

This principle can be illustrated in very specific terms in the issues of the class struggles which agitate the life of every western nation. The conservative classes try to beat down the revolutionary opposition with consistent ruthlessness; and the more absolute are the pretensions which they make for their cause the more cruel can they be in annihilating their foes. This is clearly illustrated in modern Germany where fascistic reaction, hiding behind religiously heightened devotion to the relative values of race and nation, feels itself justified in every inhumanity against the radical opposition. It is because devotion to race and nation are raised to the force of an all-absorbing religion that this kind of cruelty is allowed. It is possible in fact to lay down the principle that only "religious" people are cruel to their foes, provided of course that their religion is of the type which gives absolute significance to their partial and relative values.

Even if the values of race and nation are not used to produce this religious effect, the conservatives and reactionaries are always able to identify the particular social order which they are defending with the very principle of social order as such. They are thus able to brand their opponents as "anarchists" and destroyers of all public order, even if the latter are honestly motivated by a desire for a higher and more just social order. The inclination of money changers to pose as priests, and to confuse the relative social order from which they draw special benefits with the very ideal of a social order, is an example of the most basic human sin. All other evils flow from it, because it permits men to be less than human by claiming to be more than human. It

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

might justly be regarded as the "sin against the Holy Ghost" about which theologians of all ages have had such endless theological debates.

Modern radicalism has a sharp nose for ferreting out all these hypocrisies of the established order. Its theory that all cultural, moral, and religious pretensions are ideologies and rationalizations which express and obscure economic interests is an accurate statement of the facts. The only difficulty with a consistent radicalism (as expressed in communism for instance) is that it is able to discover the element of pretension in the claims of others without discovering it in its own claims. It has a theory which reduces every social ideal to relative terms except its own. For it the proletarian class is a messianic class fated by history (the dialectic of history is the communist substitute for God) to usher in an ideal society. It is therefore able to engage in a ruthless extinction of every social class which manifests the slightest divergence from proletarian ideals. In Russia even the poorest peasant is called a "kulak," provided he does not accept the politics of the party, and his "liquidation" is enjoined upon the faithful. It is because communism is a religion that it is able to enfold such a furious energy and command such unquestioned loyalty: but that is also the reason why it can introduce its oversimplifications into the complexities of western industrial life with cruel consistency. It may actually be the bearer of more universal values than those espoused by the conservatives. In the opinion of the present writer it is justified in giving a moral advantage to a political movement which strives for a basic justice and a new society as against political programs which strive to preserve a dying social system beyond its day. Communism has the advantage over fascism that it affirms the future and not the past. It is nevertheless true that it commits some of the same sins which make fascism cruel and that the two aggravate each other's sins, just as two individual egoistic hypocrites tend to accentuate each other's vices. If, therefore, we allow the western world to become engulfed in a social struggle between a consistent fascism and a consistent communism we will be involved in inconclusive civil wars for decades, and possibly for centuries, to come. The consequence will be neither the preservation of an old order nor the building of a new one but a progressive disintegration of our social life. The very tendency of communism to make the moral and political perspectives of one social class in society prematurely absolute will prevent it from becoming the instrument of truly universal values. Such a philosophy prompts a political strategy which is unable to come to terms with the inevitable relativities of our western society. The fact that the strategy succeeded in Russia makes it doubly dangerous because its Russian success endowed it with additional prestige. But the simultaneous collapse of all the various social and political forces in feudalistic Russia, which created the conditions for this communist success, are not likely to be repeated in any western nation.

There is therefore a necessity of reconciling forces in the social struggle of our day. Whether there is a possibility to meet this necessity is a very great question. The possibility certainly does not consist in the neutrality and impartiality of the few observers who are not immediately involved in the struggle. If there is a possibility at all it must be evolved out of the spiritual resources of the contestants. These spiritual resources must be as truly religious as are the forces which make for strife. Religious acts are those acts which emerge out of a total commitment of the human personality and involve reason, emotion, and the will. Men are never committed religiously to a cause until they regard the cause as great and absorbing enough to claim their entire life and psyche. But we are confronted with the interesting paradox that no cause in human history deserves this kind of commitment, in the judgment of the faithful, if it does not pretend to be more absolute and universal than it really is. That is why much of the religion of mankind is demonic and dangerous. It endows partial and relative values of history with the prestige of the absolute.

There is no antidote against this false religion, which makes men demonic in their fury by allowing them to pose as more than human, except a true religion. A true and great religion finds the source and pinnacle of life's values above the partial values of history. It believes, in short, in a transcendent God, who is partly revealed and partly obscured by the forces of nature and the facts of history. His will is never fully expressed and His majesty never fully exhausted by any concrete achievement or event. The difference between the prophets of Israel, who also strove for justice, and the modern prophets of justice is that the former, while striving for historical goals always qualified their devotion to historical justice with the worship of a God whose will transcended all human objectives and who declared, "My thoughts are not your thoughts and neither are your ways my ways. For as the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts than your thoughts." One of America's wisest philosophers, Morris Cohen, a spiritual child of the prophets of Israel, has put this idea in philosophical language. "Though the vision of the absolute is either into a fathomless depth in which no distinctions are visible or into a fullness of being that exceeds our human comprehension, we need the idea of it to characterize our actual knowledge at any time as incomplete and fragmentary.—The recognition of unattainable ethical ideals gives direction to our efforts and prevents our conduct from sinking back into its animal origin. But the recognition that no actual temporal act can fully embody the ideal saves us from the idolatrous worship of some particular, which no matter how good, blocks the road to something better."

The problem of reconciliation in conflict is therefore a religious problem. On the level of history all men are enemies. It is even probably true that they are, to use Oswald Spengler's phrase, beasts of prey. They are in fact worse than beasts of prey, because they make spiritual and therefore demonic pretensions for the enterprises by which they satisfy their lusts. Men are reconciled to each other by discovering themselves equally distant from the absolute, whatever the distance and the difference between them on the historical level.

To say that this problem is a religious one does not mean that our religious institutions are able to solve it. Most religious institutions either explicitly avow a particular political pro-

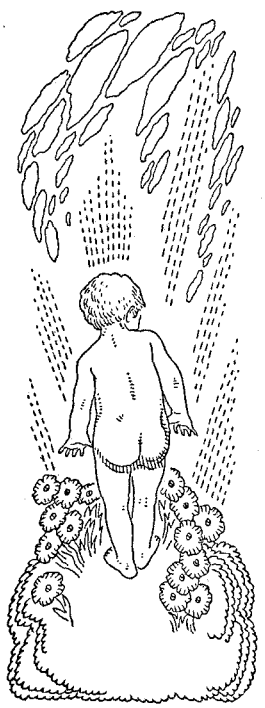
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gram or they claim to be neutral while they implicitly affirm the reactionary forces in society. This claim of neutrality is always bogus if it is made by any institution which has a historical or sociological locus; and every human institution has. It is doubly bogus if it is made by a religious institution because such institutions can hide the partiality of their interests with more than ordinary ease. If institutions of religion are to have a really vital part in the social struggle of our era it would be necessary that some of their membership would be as honestly on the radical side as most of them are avowedly or covertly on the conservative side of the struggle. If the social struggle does not divide the church it can have no redemptive relation to it. But if there should be enough vitality in the church to drive at least a portion of its membership on the side of the disinherited and dispossessed it might be in a position to become a reconciling influence in the struggle. The fact that it had members on both sides would not of itself create reconciling tendencies. But it would establish a basis for them. The real force of reconciliation would derive from a religious faith which sought to attain the most universally valid values in history, but always qualified its devotion to these values by a sense of their relativity and partiality. It would thus persuade men to mitigate their fury and restrain their hatred.

The contemporary church seeks to perform its ministry of reconciliation either by claiming a neutrality which it does not have or by counselling the participants of a social struggle to non-violence. The counsel of non-violence is unrealistic and morally confusing because human force is physical as well as spiritual; and when human forces clash in history it is impossible to eliminate physical violence completely. The reconciliation which is needed must be more profound than the counsel of non-violence. It must set the struggle in a setting which mitigates hatred. No ministry of reconciliation will ever dissuade all participants in a struggle from hatred. But it can break the force of this hatred if its religious inspiration is pure enough.

What has been said of the struggle between social forces is equally true of the inevitable struggle between individuals even in the most intimate relations. The most cruel men in personal conflict are good men who are so secure in the knowledge of their own virtue that they can be ruthless with those who have virtues other than their own. Men can be forgiving to their foes only if they have some sense of their own limitations. This spirit of contrition is a characteristic product of profound religion. This remains true in spite of the fact that superficial religion has precisely the opposite effect and adds an additional degree of hypocrisy to the pretensions of "good" men.

It is a tragic fact that our era, confronted by terrible social conflicts and civil wars, must face its problems with its religious resources dissipated. One reason they are dissipated is because it imagined that life is less tragic than it really is. Having substituted a cheap optimism for a profound religious faith it now lacks the perspective from which it might view and influence the affairs of history. Our common life will be the more tragic in the coming decades because our generation thought prematurely that it had overcome its tragedy. Its social conflicts will be unreconciled because our generation believed it possible to create a society in which there would be no social conflicts at all.



BUT A CHILD STANDS NAKED

By Robin Lampson

For a child a week is an infinite
Season of waiting for a promised
Occasion of joy. Grown persons
Have acquired with years an immunity in their blood
Against the sharp fevers of anticipation;
They have reared bulwarks in their bones against
The catapultings of disappointment and denial,
Against quarrels from the crossbow of fear;
They have taken the lacerations of defeat,
Encasing themselves in an armor of tough scar-tissue.

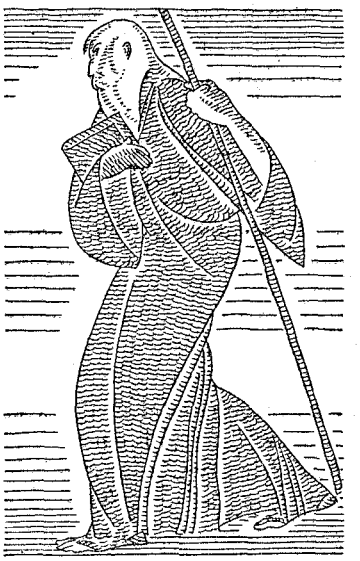
But a child stands naked to anticipation,
Open to the exquisite arrows of apprehension,
Defenseless before all the refined barbs of blind doubt,
And vulnerable to all the slow cruelty of fear.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Destiny of the Jew

By Joseph B. Mayteson

Can the Jewish problem be separated from the problems of the populations of which the Jews are a part? A Jewish journalist analyzes the present situation of the Jews in the world today and suggests the necessity of a radical solution. Are his conclusions accepted by Jews generally?



One of the few positive achievements which emerge out of the welter of tragedy and suffering which overtook the German Jews during the first year of Nazi rule, is that they, and the Jews the world over with them, have become painfully aware of the weakness of their economic position. Jewish economy has always been the most vulnerable spot in Jewish life, the one most exposed to the attacks of anti-Semitism. The old religious prejudice against the Jews, once the strongest and most vital, has lost its potency with the majority of civilized mankind today. The national and racial animosities, too, in spite of their temporary intensification in Germany, cannot exert an influence on the mind of the modern, cultured man for long. The whole trend of modern science and history is against them. It is only the economic causes for antagonism which still retain their force in the world today; to them alone does the modern mind respond as to a live issue. And for centuries Jewish economy has been of such a nature that it has automatically given rise to antagonism. Jews themselves have been aware of this, and always after a particularly bad outburst of anti-Semitism, their most advanced thinkers have looked to their economy as to the spot mainly needing defense. But at no other time before was this tendency as strong as it is now. For it so happens that the present anti-Jewish outbreak in Germany marks not only the greatest ebullition of anti-Semitism in the modern age, but also the passing of a great economic epoch in Jewish history, an epoch which began with the nineteenth century and ended with the Great War. More than any other people in the western world, the Jews are now confronted with a problem of economic reconstruction the solution of which is destined to revolutionize the whole of their future history, and probably to end once and for all the entire, vexed, centuries-old Jewish problem.

The nineteenth century, as seen in perspective today, was the century of the greatest progress and advancement for the Jews. It not only ushered in the great Jewish emancipation with its political, religious, and in some cases also social, equality, but it also brought with it what will, most likely, go down into history as the greatest Jewish prosperity, at least as far as the western world is concerned. The century marked the last great phase of capitalism, and it so happened that Jews had for centuries prior to its inauguration engaged primarily in some of those occupations which the new economic system needed and valued most. The Jews, if they did not originate capitalism, had a good start in it above others; a start not only in the knowledge and experience of the external mechanism of trade and commerce, but also in the possession of the internal qualities and mental equipment needed for this particular world of production for sale. The age was chiefly one of individual enterprise and competition, and Jews excelled in both of these aspects through centuries of persecution and consequent need of adjustment to adverse circumstances. The tide was flowing in the direction of the Jews, both economically and psychologically.

It is the usual thing to speak of misfortune and tragedy in relating the story of the Jews. But one must not overlook their marvellous record of achievement and prosperity during the nineteenth century. True, in the east the great mass of Russian Jewry lay under the heel of one of the worst tyrannies in history, but in the west emancipation opened the door to achievement. Fabulous fortunes were amassed and spent; truly wonderful heights were reached in learning, philosophy, in science, art, literature, in journalism, on the stage, and in the professions. The greatest shock which Germans sustained when the Jewish boycott was launched in 1934, was to discover how many of their illustrious names in every walk of life were Jewish. It is doubtful whether any other people, ancient or modern, ever achieved so much in a single century as did the western Jews during the first hundred years of their emancipation.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

II

There was one fatal weakness beneath this whole magnificent structure: it was based upon an insecure economic foundation and bound up with a non-productive class in society. West European Jews have made trading, shopkeeping, finance, and a smattering of the professions their chief occupations and the middle class their chief mainstay. In embracing capitalism they chose the weakest and most exposed positions in the system—the same positions which persecution and discrimination had forced upon them before the emancipation. It is curious that, pathetically eager as they were to assimilate European culture, they failed in the most important field of assimilation, in the economic. They have mixed very eagerly and very successfully in the cultural, social and even religious spheres, but they have never tried the economic. And yet the real assimilation in the modern world is an economic process. It is the workshops of the world, not its universities, which form the modern melting pots. Assimilation must start from the bottom, economically as well as socially. Western Jews have chosen exactly the reverse process, and this is, probably, the cause of their present great failure. They have assimilated at the top, but not at the bottom. They have imbibed the culture of their neighbors most thoroughly but have retained their own economy; they have mixed, even intermarried largely, with the higher social classes, but have not mingled with the people. It is quite possible that if the Jewish economic assimilation were as thorough as the cultural; if half of the Jews in Germany were engaged in factories and on the land instead of in trading and shop-keeping; if instead of practically every noble German family having Jewish blood in it (as is the case now) this blood had mingled freely with the laboring German people, there would have been no anti-Jewish outburst in Germany; there would most likely not have been any Jewish problem at all, as recent experience in Soviet Russia leads one to believe. In any event, the anti-Jewish feeling would certainly not have been of such profound intensity and bitterness as it is now.

For it is now clear to every one that the Jewish trouble in Germany is almost entirely economic in its origin. No one is deceived now by Nazi claims of Nordic superiority. The famous "grandmother" theory would have wilted and disappeared under the contempt and ridicule of enlightened world opinion, if it were not backed by the much stronger and more valid facts of the unhealthy economic position of the Jews in Germany as revealed by their preponderance in business and trading and in the medical and legal professions. In spite of all the apologies that are made for such a situation, and in spite of the excellent explanations of its origin, the fact remains that until 1925 as many as 49.3 per cent of all Jews in Germany were engaged in trading, finance, and in the exchange of things instead of in the production of them. (The percentage of the Germans in the same occupations during the same period was 9.8 per cent.) Whatever opinion one has of the relative values of exchange and production in modern society, one cannot get away from the fundamental fact that the trader lives on the producer, and that the shopkeeper and financier are at the present stage of industry the least productive, if not the parasitic elements of society. And if a people engages in these occupations to the practical exclusion of all other work, and if in addition, these people manage on the whole to live better than the average working population around them; if they dress better, occupy better houses, ride in motor cars, take up the best seats in the theaters, cafés, and cabarets, and have the greater comforts of life, the outburst of antagonism against them is, to say the least, understandable. It has been easy for the entire civilized world to denounce the crazy Nazi theories of Aryanism and the vile persecution of the Jews in Germany based upon racialism, but it has been difficult even for a liberal world to condemn whole-heartedly the Nazi acts directed against the abnormalities of the Jewish economic position in Germany.

III

Progressive Jewish leadership has sought to remedy this root evil for the last two generations. As far back as fifty years ago, immediately after the first wave of czaristic pogroms a "self-emancipation" movement was started among Russian Jews whose chief purpose it was to change their economic life by settling Jews on the land and inducting them into industrial work and artisanship. Societies were formed; big funds were raised, and numerous colonization schemes were started in Russia, the Argentine, and in Palestine. Zionism sprang from this "self-emancipation" movement, and the whole of the pre-war Zionist activity was nothing but an effort to create a Jewish agricultural class in Palestine, and in this way make Jewish economy more normal. Even the big Jewish immigration to America originally began as an agricultural experiment of this type.

But all of these experiments were going on exclusively among Jews from east-European countries. Western Jews, although they largely supported these movements, did it only as charity for their poor, less fortunate brethren from the east. It had never occurred to them that they, too, were in need of a similar economic revolution and that it would be well for them too to change their trading and their professions for agriculture and industry. It was the violent anti-Jewish outburst in Germany that first made them aware of this. The fierceness of the Nazi outburst, the strange depth of anti-Jewish feeling which it has revealed, and the ease with which the toil and achievements of a century and a half of Jewish emancipation have been swept away, have wrought a revolution in their thought and social life, the same type of revolution which the czaristic pogroms ushered in among Russian Jews. A new movement has sprung up among German Jews today. It bears the prosaic name of *Beruf's Umschichtung* (occupational change), but it is so far the most constructive Jewish answer to the Nazi outburst, and may well prove to be the greatest compensation to the Jews for the griefs and disappointments of the last year. The new movement consists of a deliberate social effort on the part of German Jews to abandon their former occupations and professions and to adopt more productive, if simpler, means of earning a living. Former Jewish physicians, lawyers, dentists, and notaries are training to become mechanics, builders, plumbers, and electricians; former shopkeepers, traders, and pedlers are learning to be bricklayers, carpenters, chauffeurs, and similar workers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Because it is a social tendency, and because it is the result of great national suffering and tragedy, this movement is accompanied by profound emotion and a new vision of the Jewish position in the world which cannot be described otherwise than as a mental revolution. It has come with the suddenness and strength of a revelation. It is in many respects similar to the Zionist "Pioneer" movement, but it is not a species of Zionism. For the new movement proceeds on the assumption that the home of the Jews is not in Palestine, but in those countries where they live, and that there is more logic, and certainly a greater need for a Pioneer movement to train Jewish youths to work on the land at home than in Palestine. Zionism was a product of eastern Jews and of the nineteenth century. Western Jews and the twentieth century are evidently destined to evolve another solution of the Jewish problem which will include the whole of the Jewish world scattered as it is all over the globe.

Already the new movement is crossing the frontiers of Germany and is penetrating into every Jewish community in Europe and America. In Great Britain, the leading Anglo-Jewish *Chronicle* has launched a campaign against the "disorderly mob-attack of Jewish youth upon the professions." In France, a movement has been started to settle the Jewish refugees from Germany on the land, instead of letting them be absorbed in the cities. In Austria a similar back-to-the-land campaign has been launched among the native Jewish youth. Significantly, in the United States, too, the revolt against the Jewish rush into the professions is growing, and is strongly voiced by men like Professor Morris Cohen of Columbia and others. Jewish leaders of the type of Mr. Felix Warburg publicly tell young Jewry that "one thing we find difficult to contradict; this is the charge that Jewish young men are trying to take positions in life of the easier kind and that they are not working in the hard muscle and pioneering activities." An interesting attempt is being made to hitch up the wagon of Jewish economic reconstruction to President Roosevelt's program. The first experiment of settling unemployed Jews on the land has already been made at Hightstown, New Jersey. Another, an independent Jewish Colony, organized as a Collective Farm, has been established in Michigan. A Conference for Land Settlement in New York some months ago was the most enthusiastic Jewish social event in the United States in years. That all this should be accompanied by a mental upheaval is only natural. Old beliefs are passing and ideals which previously held sway over the minds of men are in decline. There is a general shifting of interest and radical change of attitude.

And yet, the significance of this new manifestation in Jewish life can easily be exaggerated, and too much importance can be attached to it. For even if the movement assumes far greater proportions than it has at present, it cannot by itself solve the Jewish problem. It is a road which, if followed consistently, can lead to a new, big world, but in itself it is neither new, big, nor revolutionary. As the movement stands at present it is doomed to fail in Germany and in the United States as it has failed in Argentine and in Palestine.

IV

If the Nazis had been a progressive, revolutionary social force, they could have transformed Jewish life in Germany not less thoroughly and positively than it has been transformed in Soviet Russia. But they are a retrogressive social force; instinctively they hark back in all their action to Medievalism which is their conscious aim as well as their unconscious aspiration. In their dealings with the Jew, too, their tendency is to drive him not forward, to new and progressive economic forms, but back to his old occupations of the Middle Ages. This means the perpetuation of the Jews in business, finance, and in a few professions.

Any one who has followed the course of the treatment of the Jews in Germany during the two years of Nazi rule cannot help being struck by a strange perversity in the Jewish policy of the Nazis. That it has been a policy of stern suppression and persecution of everything socially useful and productive in Jewish life, is well known; what is not so well known is that it has, at the same time, been a policy of toleration and even of a sort of friendliness toward everything which is non-productive and socially parasitic in Jewry. While Jewish professional workers and employees have been ruthlessly dismissed from their positions and deprived of every means of livelihood, Jewish business men of every kind, shop-keepers, big and little, traders, and especially Jewish bankers and financiers, have been molested but little, if at all. The Aryan paragraph has been introduced into every branch of German life, but not in commerce. Jews have been excluded from every kind of creative or productive work, in the arts, science, in the professions, and even in manual labor, but they have been permitted, and even encouraged, to remain in business. It is a curious fact that the only protection which the Nazis have given to the Jews has been the protection of their shops and business enterprises from the boycott agitation of the extremists. The Nazi régime has even produced its defender of the Jews in the person of the Minister for Commerce, Herr Schacht, who is fighting a valiant battle for the rights of the Jews to conduct their business without molestation. Of all the classes of German Jews, the business men, especially the bigger ones, have suffered least from the Nazi upheaval.

And naturally so; the policy is quite in keeping with the whole of the Nazi philosophy of a return to the medieval forms of life. In the medieval state the Jew occupied a place as a trader and money lender. The Prince was even friendly to his Jew financier upon whom he could call to fill his coffers with the always needed ducats. The Nazis, almost instinctively, follow the same course. They tolerate the Jew in business and in banking, and persecute him in productive employment or in creative work. The new movement of German Jews toward productive, economic occupations, whether on the land or in the workshops, runs counter to the entire trend of the Nazi thought and system, and it is doomed to failure. In fact, the new *Umschichtung* in Germany is already meeting with all kinds of official suppressions and prohibitions. Jewish young men are prohibited from working on farms and are driven out of training centers. Jewish societies are obliged to send their youths to training centers in Poland, Lithuania, and other foreign countries because in Germany they are not allowed even to train for farm and skilled work. There is a Herr Schacht to defend Jewish commerce from attacks and boycotts, but there is no defender of the Jew who wants to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

do manual labor. The régime does not want him to engage in agriculture and industry; it offers him a premium for not doing so and the end will be that he will not do so. His new impulse in that direction will be crushed like so many other good impulses, and economically, the Jew in Germany will remain where he was.

Even in freer and more civilized countries no better end awaits the new movement. Jews are part and parcel of the economic system under which they live. And if this system glorifies and pays its highest prizes for the less productive occupations, why should Jews take to the meaner, less ambitious, and worse paying jobs? Why should a Jewish parent, loving his child, send him to slave in a factory, workshop or on a farm, if the best that the system can offer is derived from business and some commercialized professions?

An alert, intelligent, and able member of a society which puts the business man and trader at the top will naturally turn in that direction. Jews are no exception to this rule. This is the reason why most of the Jewish colonization schemes have failed. It failed in the Argentine and it is failing now even more tragically in Palestine as the country is being rapidly commercialized. It is doomed in Germany and will fail also in the United States unless bigger social forces than the Jewish will work in its direction. It is part of the tragedy of the Jew that all societies tempt and bribe him to remain in his economic Ghetto.

V

The only country where the experiment of changing the Jewish economy from trading to production has succeeded is the Soviet Union, and this success is even more instructive than the other failures. In the seventeen years since the Revolution 350,000 Russian Jews, out of a population of a little over two and a half million, have settled on the land; approximately half a million have been inducted into factories, workshops, and heavy industries; Jewish trading has been completely abolished, and the rush into the commercialized professions just as completely stopped. In less than half a generation a people who were before the War engaged in trading not less than the German Jews, have been turned into excellent agriculturists, and the highest type of industrial workers. Incidentally, a country which was for generations the most anti-Semitic in the world has been practically freed from the scourge. A nation which produced the original Jewish pogrom, and the most bestial form of Jewish persecution, is rapidly forgetting the very meaning of Jew hatred. Jews in Soviet Russia may endure, and do endure, many hardships and even suffer many evils, but they are, for the first time in their history, free from that particular hardship and suffering which has always been their lot because they are Jews, and which constitutes the core of the Jewish problem. Whatever larger successes the Soviet régime may, or may not, have to its credit in the accomplishment of its chief aims it has certainly produced a most successful by-product; it has evolved a solution of the Jewish problem.

The mood, the aspect, the aspirations, and the ambitions of the Russian Jews have changed together with their occupations. Gone is the famous urge for business, the restless search which found commercial opportunities everywhere, and the natural ability to excel in trading. Gone also is the almost pathological desire on the part of every Jewish parent to bring up his offspring as a doctor or lawyer. Although the universities and higher schools of learning are open to the Jews as in no other country, there is no rush of a "disorderly mob" of Jewish youth into them. If they do enroll, it is chiefly to study mechanics and engineering instead of medicine and law. They are more eager to join the railways, mines, and big giants of heavy industry than the universities and professions. They are positively the best factory workers in Russia. They make successful farmers and, contrary to all expectations, their farms are collectivized 100 per cent.

This miracle (for such it appears to be) was brought about by the transformation wrought by the Revolution in the larger non-Jewish society in Russia. The fact that the whole of the Soviet Union, with its 165,000,000 people, had adopted a new social order in conformity with the economic reconstruction which the Russian Jews were expected to follow was as important for the perfect solution of their problems as was the change in their economic structure. The social and psychological pressure of the larger, non-Jewish society was as necessary as the economic urge. For Jews, like most other people, are susceptible to the influence and example of the society in which they live. Having lived for centuries as a threatened minority in the midst of a hostile majority, they have developed an unusual adaptability to the wishes and desires of the majority. If there is any psychological trait which can be said to be specially Jewish, it is this tendency to emulate the ruling majority. Jews make the best Nationalists in Germany, the greatest liberals in England, the most pronounced Babbitts in the United States, and the most ardent communists in Soviet Russia.

What was true of the Jews in Soviet Russia is true of them everywhere. Their economic position needs reconstruction, but always their economy is an integral part of the greater economy of the country where they live, and they cannot be plucked from the larger fabric and treated independently. The Jewish problem can be solved only in conjunction with the larger social and economic problem of the world.

This is the great lesson which the Russian Revolution has so graphically taught the Jews. The Nazi upheaval in Germany and the rise of Fascism in the rest of Europe have brought home the same truth, in a different manner, but with the greater force which tragedy always does. With the result that throughout the Jewish world there is now a searching of heart and an examination of economic fundamentals. Western Jews, hitherto complacent and sure of themselves, are becoming self-critical, restless, and uneasy. The realization is growing among them that their present economic position is no longer tenable, and that their former exclusive association with the Middle Class is no longer possible. Whether it will be under political or under economic pressure, they will be forced largely to abandon their present occupations, and to make new economic adjustments and affiliations. There is a feeling abroad that the Jewish Golden Age of Liberalism is at end; that a new epoch is in making, one in which the Jew is destined to play an altogether different rôle from the one he played in the last century. He will either be driven back, as in Germany, to the medieval Ghetto economically and to the greatest social

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

isolation in his history, or forward, as in the Soviet Union, to an economic and social equality such as he has never yet known, and which may, once and for all, end the Jewish isolation of centuries. There is no other course for western Jews but one of these two, and there is no doubt whatsoever which one they will follow. Whether a Jew approves of the Soviet régime, generally, or not; whether he is even, in every other respect, an avowed enemy of the Soviet Revolution, as a Jew, he can now do nothing else but follow the model of Soviet Russia in the solution of the Jewish problem. Fascism leaves him no other choice. He must work for a revolutionary economic reconstruction of his own, as well as of the general society around him, whether he wants it or not. It is his new destiny from which there is no escape except in becoming a pariah nation, a new class of European untouchables. This is the meaning of the present stirring in the Jewish world, the explanation of the *Umschichtung* in Germany, of the Back-to-the-Land movement in the United States and in other countries. It is all a groping of the Jews toward a progressive, economic adjustment to the new epoch and its requirements; it is their desperate fight against the attempts to push them back into the Ghetto, an effort at the fulfilment of the new Jewish destiny.

Jewish life has always progressed by its great tragedies. In 1903 a dying czaristic régime staved off imminent collapse by organizing the notorious Jewish pogroms in Kishineff, Odessa, Homel, and scores of other Russian cities. The effect of this was that the entire Jewish people, almost to a man, irrespective of political opinion or economic position, threw itself body and soul into the Russian Revolutionary movement of the time, with results which were momentous, both for the Russian Revolution and for the Russian Jews. The present anti-Jewish outburst in Germany seems to be having a similar effect, but its results may be even greater and more comprehensive. It may lead to the solution of the entire Jewish problem, not only that of the German Jews. It may do away with the ancient evil of anti-Semitism altogether, and rid the world of one of the nastiest and vilest of the minor scourges which have plagued mankind for the last two thousand years.

The Old Gods

A STORY

By Barbara Webster

"Do you remember," asked the older and plainer of the two girls, "the first day we went to his studio?"

The soda-fountain clerk put down their toasted sandwiches and coffee on the counter.

The younger girl shrugged impatiently.

"Sara, why do you always keep harping on that?" she said. "Of course I remember, but that's so long ago." She smoothed her blond hair and looked at her face in the little mirror in her bag. "We were just kids then."

"We all sat there," Sara went on, "you and I and Agnes Grant, on the low couch in the corner and looked at the big nude he had on the easel. And we were all a little scared because we had heard so much about him. He had bought a box of candy for us, but he didn't quite know how he ought to behave. And then he said that his model had disappointed him and for a long time no one said anything——"

"Why do you want to rake up all that old stuff?" interrupted the other girl. She bit into her tomato sandwich and looked back over the crowded soda fountain.

"But we were all thinking the same thing. It was like three shipwrecked men drawing lots. And Agnes went home then because her conscience would have hurt her, she said. But it was Agnes he had already taken a fancy to, though she never came back any more, because after she had gone he said, 'That girl is like a Renoir.'" She paused, and drawing her untouched plate toward her, she smiled a little. "He always wanted most what he couldn't have. And so it was me, first, because I would have done anything for him, but always you after that, Norma, because you had a better figure."

Norma glanced uneasily over her shoulder.

"Do you have to talk about that?" she said. "Joe would skin me if he ever heard." She wiped her lips carefully with the paper napkin and taking out her lip-stick, remade her mouth.

Sara, watching the well-remembered sensuous gesture, tried to put out of her mind what she had always shrunk from knowing; thought, though she did not wish to, of the words, looks, and gestures between those two that could have had only one meaning.

Norma closed her bag and put it down on the counter.

"Besides," she said contemptuously, "he never could really paint."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sara looked at her in silence. Little sparks of anger rose in her gray eyes and then died down. She was a small girl with a long nose and the first fine lines about her eyes that come in the late twenties. She had beautiful feet and ankles.

"Well," she said calmly, "you used to think he was wonderful, too." Her eyes held the other girl's. "He gave us paints when we didn't have money to buy any."

Norma looked away.

"Oh, I suppose it was worth it to him," she said carelessly.

Sara gave a little laugh.

"And didn't we think we were lucky then?" she said. "Do you remember how women used to do anything to meet him? While we—just because he liked us and thought we had talent —" She paused, and the other girl turned her face unwillingly, as though compelled. "Oh, Norma, how can you forget?" Sara's voice had changed, become almost pleading. "How he used to look in that big dim room when we three sat around talking in the twilight after we couldn't see any longer to paint! His eyes, those strange pale eyes, that seemed to look through us, as though he knew everything we ever thought, and his long hands that were never still playing with his brushes, and his voice, his lazy drawling voice —oh, I would have done anything for him, washed his brushes, swept the floor, gotten down on my knees to him——"

"Yes," observed the other girl, "but he didn't want you to. It made him uncomfortable."

"I know," answered Sara humbly. "He didn't want me to." She looked at the other girl and knew what he had wanted, knew for the thousandth bitter time.

"Doesn't it still mean anything to you? What he used to tell us about painting?"

"Yes, I do remember that," answered Norma reluctantly. "We always went away feeling fine about painting. We walked in the Square afterwards and talked."

"And it was spring then," said Sara.

Norma sighed petulantly.

"But it was all a lot of bunk, what we believed then— Art for art's sake. That was all right for kids. Joe says— You've just never grown up, Sara."

Sara smiled faintly.

"And you, Norma, have changed a lot."

Norma flung her head up defiantly.

"Well, you ought to change," she said. "You can't stay the same all your life. I've got what I want. Joe makes good money. We have a nice home and a car. We go around."

Into the silence that fell Sara continued musingly:

"Sometimes I don't see how you could have married, and forgotten— after that. Because you see—I— And you never paint any more."

Norma turned and looked at her, from the crown of her shabby hat to her small slender feet in their unshined shoes.

"What about you?" she said. "Has painting worked out so well for you?" Then quickly: "No, Sara, no, I didn't mean that——"

But Sara did not flinch.

"You're right," she said quietly. "I'm not very successful. Sometimes I get in an exhibition. Once I even sold a picture. But I wasn't ever so good as you, and he——"

Norma's handsome heavy face was good-natured again.

"Nonsense," she said. "But I don't see why you don't forget about painting—and all that. Get married. You'd be much happier. And about him— I've heard a lot of queer things. He drinks all the time now and his work has gone to pieces. And about a month ago I saw him on the street and he looked just like a bum, a common bum. He wasn't shaved and his hair is turning gray. He was a little drunk, too."

Sara's face had turned very pale.

"Don't say any more," she said in a toneless voice. "I don't want to hear any more." She turned her face sharply away from the busy soda fountain with its mirrors, its glittering jars and bottles and its circle of vapid chattering faces, and her fingers that gripped the brass rail of the counter grew white with the strain. Suddenly she put her hands over her eyes.

"Why, Sara," cried the other girl, and something like consternation came over her immobile face, "I never knew you felt this way about painting."

But she thought she must have been mistaken, for when Sara took her hands away she was smiling, though not the way she usually smiled.

"About painting?" she said, and her voice sounded far away. "Why, it's the most marvellous thing in the world."

SUNRISE ON THE KENNEBEC

By Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer

SHADOW upon shadow the plumed pine stand
Walling dark water from the darker land.

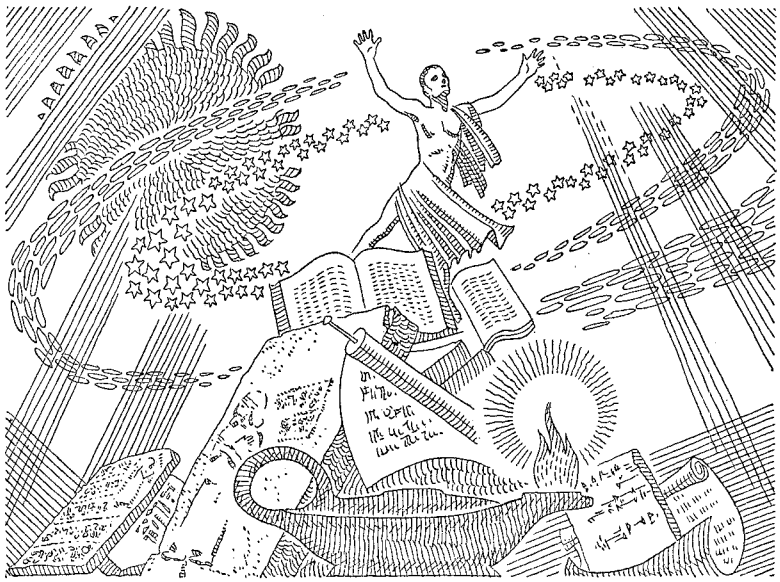
Comes the divine command—"Let there be light,"
And on the word there is the end of night.

Cool, soundless, flames of pearl and amethyst
Mount from the conflagration of the mist.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STRAWS IN THE WIND

SIGNIFICANT NOTES IN WORLD AFFAIRS TODAY



Society Is an Amœba

And the Amœba Is Democratic

By Donald Slesinger

Planning is fine for the planners—but how about the planned-for? Does enough knowledge actually exist to regulate a large sprawling social organism? Here is a defence of democracy not on a sentimental but upon a practical plane

Captain McN—— paced up and down before our company. We had been drilling for over a month and some of the boys were beginning to get restive. In the shrill voice of command he let loose crisp, staccato sentences on the importance of implicit obedience. "You fellows are fresh from college and you don't know a hell of a lot about war—or anything else for that matter. Well I'm going to tell you something. Human beings ain't machines, but they got to be damn near it to fight a battle. When you're standing in the trenches waiting for the word to go you're so goddam nervous you wish you were back home with mama. It don't matter how nervous you are if you've been well drilled. You get the signal, and scared or not, you jump ahead automatically like a car in gear. And you go even if some one's made a mistake. There's no half right or half wrong in the army. Some guys are hired to tell you what to do; you're hired to do it. And either they're all right or you're all wrong. There's no between. 'Tenshion. Squads left—march."

That spirit won a war and gave the citizens of the country an emotional feeling of unity that they never had before—or since. We college boys chafed at the discipline all right but liked the dedication to a single ideal outside of ourselves. Work was hard, disagreeable—later it would be dangerous but it didn't matter. We were for God and Country, if no longer for Yale, and that made us laugh at blisters, cooties, and death. If we got to be colonels—fine; if not, we cursed our superiors and did what we were told. And having tasted order and obedience, we never completely came out from under the spell. It seemed then, as it seems to many of us now, that the only way to meet a crisis was by developing something like the army organization, and working under the plan of a general staff. And we are the boys who, now, between thirty-five and fifty are running the country.

Once in a while I take my eyes off some one's blue print and ask myself wearily whether war and peace are the same or whether a fight against a physical enemy is at all comparable to a fight against a depression. You can sock a dirty foreigner in the nose easily enough, but the problem of finding the vulnerable spot of a neurosis is something else again. Self-castigation always leaves the self a little weaker; after you have plucked out the offending eye you are purified, but half blind. All of which is a nonsensically analogical way of thinking that can lead only to grievous error.

Let me start again with the skeptical eye raising. Before me is a social plan, an economic plan, a physical plan. Populations are to be moved, production cut, garden cities created; the plan may be painful to execute, but in the end every one will be happy (except, of course, the planners who have nothing further to do). "We are devising this plan because we are smart and know what ought to be done; you are going to carry it out because—well because

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some one must carry it out." I object, but not because I want to be a free individual. I can submit to discipline; I can follow a leader. I object—well, for this reason chiefly. In my brief-case I have a plan of my own. I don't like yours, in all particulars; there's a shade too much of this here, a shade too little of that there. The ensuing argument raises some fundamental questions about the whole process.

The success of planning by the few for the many, or oligarchical planning depends on certain assumptions which may or may not be true. The first one is that somewhere at the present time there exists enough knowledge to plan. It doesn't go so far as to say that many people have that knowledge; in fact if many did have it oligarchical planning would be superfluous. The assumption is merely that whatever is essential to planning is knowable, and a few, at least, know it.

The second assumption upon which the theory rests is that in some way, without the use of force, that section of the public which has not the knowledge requisite for planning will follow the course set by those who have. Force is ruled out, because, in sheer physical strength the ignorant are bound to exceed the wise. The reason why force is unnecessary according to this assumption is because in every large society there is a hierarchy with natural masters at the top and natural slaves at the bottom. Or if master and slave sound harsh to modern ears, leader and follower. A natural leader has, of course, in addition to the capacity to lead, the wisdom to lead in the right direction. In the last analysis oligarchical planning rests on the assumption that philosophers are kings by nature.

Is the first assumption valid, namely that enough is known to make possible intelligent planning for all? For the sake of argument we can grant that the subsistence needs of humanity are understood. There may be some dispute about the kind and amount of food, exercise, sunlight, and rest required to maintain a reasonable standard of health, but opinion on those subjects varies within fairly narrow limits, and any point on the scale is capable of sustaining life. The civilizations in which a large part of the population lives below a subsistence level have, as far as planning is concerned, a relatively simple task, being forced to postpone consideration of more delicate problems until they are assured of a population healthy enough to have them.

When a society passes from needs to wants, an entirely different situation must be faced. Its leaders may know all about shoes and ships, which every one needs, but sealing wax is something else again. In a pinch any one can do without sealing wax, for it can neither be worn, nor can it transport wearables. But to a few it is so delectable, so lovely to look at, so tasty when chewed, so vitally important that they will go barefoot to acquire it. No need to tell these elect it is superfluous; a sinful luxury; a wasteful way of closing envelopes. They want it, and if you ask them why, no doubt they will give you a good, if insufficient reason. Or, if they are just plain honest, with no pretension to leadership, they will tell you they like it, and please be about your business.

If, on the other hand, they happen to be, or think they are, natural masters they may go so far as to insist that every one use sealing wax because it is essential to the good life. In our *laissez-faire* society there are many self-appointed leaders who are certain they know man's wants as well as his needs, and prescribe everything from the amount of fresh air to the amount of liquor he should consume. These people can not be dismissed by being called fanatics, for we are all that to a certain extent. The worst that can be said of them is that they have a different conception of the good life from some of their fellows. But it is precisely a good life to which the major efforts of a planned state, or society, will be devoted. And while *a* good life, in our present state of wisdom, may be a matter of knowledge, *the* good life is emphatically not.

The first assumption, then, is only partially true. What is needed for subsistence is fairly well known, and the information about it is readily transmissible. When a society moves from the level of needs to wants, however, all sorts of personal and cultural factors intervene about which relatively little is known. When these matters of taste or personal idiosyncrasy stand in the way of shoes and ships, they can be ruthlessly disregarded, and the individual sacrificed to the collective need. If they interfere with nothing more basic than sealing wax, you can't kill the individual with the bad taste. You can't even suppress him, and get away with it. All you can do is educate him, and that leads straight to the second assumption about leaders and followers.

If large numbers of people could be educated, and would stay educated the advertising business would certainly be on the rocks. It is precisely because the supposedly docile followers are, in reality, tough-minded, variable personalities that the truth about toothpaste and hair tonics has to be repeated again and again *ad nauseam,* and good advertisers make a living off their old customers. When a sales campaign or an election is put across it just does not stay put unless the forces that persuaded it into being continue to exercise their persuasive charm. That is, unless what has been sold turns out as good as it was cracked up to be, and as impossible to do without. When that happens taste becomes knowledge and the persuaders must find other outlets for their talents. It may be necessary to educate a given group to the importance of bathrooms once, but surely not twice. In the fields of toothpaste and politics, however, the persuaders have life jobs.

It is the very fact that tastes differ and are neither a matter of logic nor knowledge that makes it difficult to keep followers following. They get out of hand, read the wrong books or advertisements, consult the wrong experts, and become sullen. They are notoriously fickle in their affections and switch leaders at the slightest provocation. Sometimes they even choose leaders from among themselves. They can be beaten into submission for a time, but tend to bounce out of it at unpropitious moments. They just won't accept the master-slave theory and for that reason cannot be permanently controlled against their own will. And that, for all practical purposes, makes the theory untrue.

It looks, for the moment, as though society, besides not having enough knowledge to plan intelligently, is not composed of natural masters and natural slaves. Or if it is, the natural slaves don't know it. The correlation between philosophic mind and kingliness needn't be discussed. Such considerations as these may lead us to look, tentatively and cautiously, of course, at another theory. Democracy, in peace times, or

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in a prolonged crisis like the present, may be practically more workable than what we have been discussing.

This way of life assumes quantitative but denies qualitative differences. Since every one is a potential leader his independence must be preserved, and in the interest of social efficiency, an opportunity be given him to exercise that quantity of leadership which he possesses. Some people have enough to run the country, some to administer a municipality, some to bring up a family; a few have only a sufficient quantity to keep themselves out of mischief. Whatever the amount, if it is constructively expressed it relieves society of the necessity of hiring so many policemen. For democracy substitutes the principle of co-operation for that of command, and introduces personal responsibility in place of mere submission.

I was talking to an oligarch the other day who called my predilection for democracy a sentimental survival. Democracy is too slow, he said, too uninformed about the technical problems of modern civilization to function in the twentieth century. We need some such social organism as H. G. Wells's open conspiracy of the fit to rule a modern state. What does the electorate know about inflation, for example? About foreign affairs? This is a transition period, my friend said. And in a transition period we need trained leaders responsible to a developed sense of integrity, just as your children need your guidance during the transition periods of childhood and adolescence. I don't want my oligarchy for all time, he said, only until the people become fully adult through education, or eugenic breeding.

Without going into the various psychological problems of a self-perpetuating oligarchy I tried to show my friend the serious error into which his perfectionism led him. The self-determination of a democracy in which the many are stupid, and the whole truth known to the few wise is obviously not only sentimental, but silly. The situation is different, however, most particularly in the famous transition state. For, in the adolescence of humanity what stands out is not that some people do not know how to manage their affairs, but that no one knows how to manage the affairs of a complex social organization. When all the facts about that are known, the few who know it will be so all wise that they will no doubt know all about how to win over and educate the remaining adolescents as well.

The trouble isn't so much with democracy, in theory, or practice. It is in not clearly recognizing what kind of organism society is. If I may muddy up our thought processes by writing analogically again, most oligarchical planners think of society as a horse that must be given direction by some one—themselves, of course—and then a swift kick in the slats to make him proceed rapidly to his, or rather the planner's objective. Now, a horse is a very efficient animal and, under proper control, reaches his rider's goal with speed. But he has certain decided disadvantages. If the rider knows where he wants to go, and knows the road to it, everything is fine. If, by mistake, the rider guides his horse over a precipice both horse and rider are lost forever. In a state of ignorance a simpler, less developed, more experimental animal is much to be desired.

The amœba is such an animal. It is amorphous and knows neither where it wants to go nor what it wishes to become. It survived where many later organisms perished because of its experimental make-up, and because part of it can perish without killing all of it. When it wishes to progress it moves in many directions at once, tentatively reaching out with its pseudopodia. One of them finds food, which to the amœba is the right direction, and the rest of the organism moves toward the successful pseudopodia. The wrong pseudopodia are withdrawn, and the organism survives. Pseudopodial progression is slow, experimental, and reasonably safe. It is democratic, not for sentimental reasons, but for the very practical one of amœbic ignorance.

In an amœbic civilization the truth is not known in advance but is discovered by experiment. The horse, like the army, is either all right, or all wrong. Amœbic society, however, can exist half right and half wrong, and can afford to follow its hunches. The truth it reaches is not a final, absolute one, but is an approximation, a resultant of forces, a direction that is a compromise based on the strength of the pulls of individuals, or groups of like minded individuals. When, if ever, they reach a final truth you may have your horsey social order.

Certain definite conclusions follow the amœbic analogy. In the first place a society whose survival depends, not on a few of the elite, but upon the many experimental programs of individuals all over the country must have a high respect for the individual. Since any one may have the right idea about a given problem or policy, every one must be allowed to participate fully in expressions of the common will. That places a heavy responsibility on society for the education of its pseudopodia. Every one must be permitted the amount of education he can effectively utilize; and the education must be designed to train the capacity to think rather than to indoctrinate with any particular set of conclusions. Indoctrination is all right if the conclusions forced upon pupils are absolutely true; if they are not they reduce both the individual's and society's chances of survival. And since the only final truths an amœbic social order can admit are its ignorance, and that the present order will change, the important things for education to impart are the capacity to learn, and the ability to adapt.

When pseudopodial intelligence is developed an opportunity must be given to use it. Protoplasm carries amœbic impulses from one infinitesimal part of the organism to the other; in more highly organized animals that function is performed by a nervous system. The protoplasm of society is its ways and means of communication and the pathways must be kept clear for the transmission of the information on which individual and collective decision is made. When the press, the radio, the motion picture, devote themselves to propaganda instead of news the protoplasm freezes, and only the rare accident of the propaganda disseminating a final truth will prevent the frozen protoplasm from cracking. Democracy's failure, as Walter Lippmann pointed out many years ago, is emphatically a failure of the news, and a misconception of the function of journalism.

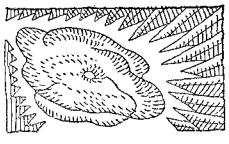
One final analogical note. The body amœbic runs into constant danger because of its ignorance. Unless the pseudopodia are permitted to give an amœbic ouch when in pain, a danger foreseen cannot be avoided. Freedom of expression is not a sentimental notion, nor a radical idea. It is as essential as a pain nerve, and when it is deadened by

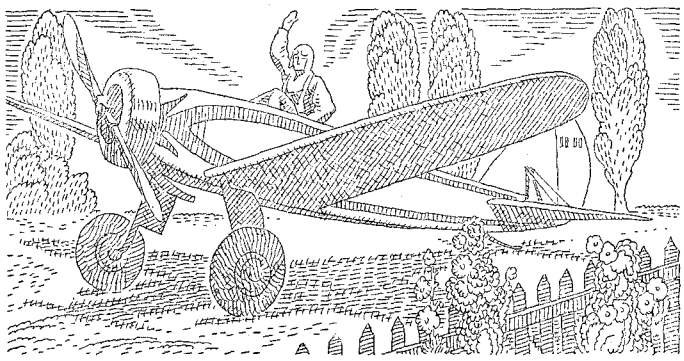
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

force or propaganda it lets the appendix burst before passing on the danger signal. My metaphors are getting mixed again. I'd better return to a common sense level.

The alternative is not between anarchy and oligarchy. Democratic planning is a genuine possibility—is in fact the only long run possibility in amœbic society. And democratic planning means a realistic taking into consideration of the planned for as well as the plan. It means postponing collective action until a public opinion has been developed which is capable of understanding the direction which collective action must take. Instead of setting up a Utopian ideal, and then rushing at it regardless of opposition, it moves forward only with reference to the long-term strength of opposing forces. And it does that, not as a matter of Machiavellian policy but with a sincere realization that the opposition may be right. The course steered by the Roosevelt administration is an excellent case in point. Its tacking back and forth according to the winds of opinion, its occasional changes of direction even, are not necessarily evidence of weakness or dissembling, but realism. Today is short, our ignorance is long. Our complicated problems will take centuries, not months to solve. The goal we see today is partial and incomplete; other eyes from other angles see things a little differently. And they may be right. Giving in, then, is not a mark of strategy but intelligent humility.

When a compromise plan is adopted every one's sense of individual dignity is preserved and as a result the participation of equals is reasonably assured. At the same time rigid suppression by force or propaganda is unnecessary, and the freedom to complain is preserved. A plan, freely adopted, freely criticized, readily changed and modified is our only insurance that social change can be managed politically rather than by force. And if that will prevent the millennium appearing at once, at least it assures its occurrences in a millennium. A swinging pendulum is relatively stationary; an amœba can move.





An Airplane in Every Garage?

By Alexander Klemin

An expert reveals the real state of private flying today and prospects for its future

To the average man the thought of buying and operating a private airplane seems fantastic. The American public cheers the transatlantic or transcontinental pilot, reads the aviation news with unflagging interest, and uses the rapidly growing air-transport services with enthusiasm. Yet, in 1934, the number of privately owned airplanes, of all the types available, amounted to only twenty-five hundred or at most to three thousand machines. Why should private flying lag so far behind as to make the aviation industry itself a little sceptical of its popularization? The reasons are not far to seek. They are high cost; doubts as to safety; an insufficient number of landing fields; and the length of time required for instruction. However, an immense effort is being put forth today to surmount these obstacles, and private flying may also be "just around the corner."

It must be confessed that the initial cost and the costs of maintenance and operation of the private airplane are still burdensome. A paper before the Society of Automotive Engineers by Frank S. Spring states that the average private owner is a man between thirty-five and forty-five years of age, with an income of twenty thousand dollars a year. He is a man who has a total of four hundred hours in the air, and is flying between two and three hundred hours a year. He is a nomadic individual who thinks nothing of flying to Florida from New York City, and uses his plane with equal readiness for pleasure or business. The plane he is most likely to use is a four-passenger cabin airplane, which has an initial cost of between sixty-eight and seventy-five hundred dollars, complete with accessories. If such an airplane is flown for two years, and due allowance is made for depreciation, hangar storage, insurance, fuel and oil, engine and plane checking at intervals of twenty-five hours, and overhaul every three hundred hours, the cost of operation per annum runs about three thousand dollars. Depreciation may be reckoned at 25 per cent per annum, full insurance runs almost 20 per cent of the cost of the plane. A two hundred and twenty-five horse-power engine is not precisely economical of high test aviation gasoline. If a more popular two-seater cabin plane is employed, the initial cost is only around twenty-five hundred dollars and everything else goes down in proportion. But, even with a comparatively small two seater, private flying remains an expensive pursuit. A smaller and more inexpensive plane, say forty horse-power, may be purchased for as little as twelve hundred dollars, but such a plane has neither wide application nor the performance necessary for real cross-country work.

Taking cognizance of the problem

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of cost, the Department of Commerce, as the first step in its campaign for popularizing private flying, recently announced a seven-hundred-dollar "flivver" airplane, with a perfect engine, ideal flying characteristics, and the most modern all-metal construction. The publicity release was received with nation-wide enthusiasm by the press, and with scepticism by the industry. The sales of commercial constructors suffered. For who would buy a twenty-five-hundred-dollar airplane of conventional design, when the much better and cheaper article was just in the offing? It was soon apparent, however, that a flivver airplane at this price, and with these characteristics, involved a great many difficulties. The Department of Commerce is still hopeful that this plane will be produced for one thousand dollars or less, but the situation from the point of view of reduction in costs is not too promising.

Considering next the rating which should be given to the safety of private flying, we find that statistics are no guide, because statistical coverage is too narrow, the conditions of use and equipment too varied. But, reviewing the subject dispassionately, we can claim safety—with reservations.

A bold test pilot, in a single-seater fighter, swooping down in a vertical dive and then pulling his ship back to the horizontal, can impose on the structure of his plane and on his own body a centrifugal force ten times that of gravity. In such an extraordinary military maneuver, the pilot may lose consciousness, the wings pull off, with the parachute as the only resort. An impecunious "barnstormer" may give the public the dubious privilege of a two-dollar ride and allow a vital bracing wire to rust with disastrous results. But, in an airplane, licensed by the Department of Commerce, properly maintained, and used normally, no structural failure need be feared, even in the roughest weather. At least one hazard has thus been definitely eliminated, through greater engineering skill, and better understanding of the loads and strains to which an aircraft is subjected.

A popular conception of the airplane pilot is that, like the tight-rope artist with a balancing pole, he is constantly at work, always moving his controls to maintain an elusive equilibrium. Nothing could be further from the truth. While it is true that the airplane does not possess the inherent gravitational stability of an automobile, or even of an airship, its aerodynamic stability has been developed to a high degree. Aerodynamic stability is not attained by any one device or conception; but by a refined study of such elements as the placing of the center of gravity or mass of the airplane in relation to the wing; the location and size of the tail surfaces, vertical and horizontal; the dihedral or raising of the wing tips above their root attachment to the fuselage. It is not the pilot who imitates a tight-rope walker, but the designer seeking to meet contradictory requirements and to achieve a golden mean. Research in the wind tunnel, a process of trial and error in numerous designs, has finally given us stable airplanes. It is now only the novice who seeks to meet the effect of every gust of wind. The experienced pilot "lets her ride," knowing that his airplane is as sure-footed as a pony on a mountainside.

The front page of a Monday morning newspaper is apt to record the fatal results of a stall and a spinning nose-dive. But, if the story is read carefully, it will be found that the accident was due to the combination of reckless and inexperienced piloting and a plane of old-fashioned design. When the nose of a machine is pointed too steeply upwards by the inexperienced operator, both the smooth flow over the wing and lift are lost. If, in this "stalled" attitude, a gust of wind rolls the airplane down on one side, the airplane may end up by diving to earth while spinning round and round in space. Modern machines meet this difficulty by making it hard to nose up the plane excessively and by providing ailerons and rudder of special design which function effectively even during the spin. Better instruction in regard to avoiding the stall, combined with these improved aerodynamic characteristics, now make the danger of a spin far more remote.

There next comes the problem of safe landings close to residential or business districts. This is a question in which the availability of landing fields, the characteristics of the airplane, and the skill of the pilot are closely interconnected. There are already available in the United States a sufficiency of airports for long-distance transport operation, even though they are in general located inconveniently far from the center of cities. But the needs of private flying are less well provided for. The owner of a private machine may have to travel ten or more miles to his home after reaching the airport. The large multi-engined airliners are almost immune to power-plant failure, and can fly on indefinitely with one engine out of commission. The private owner has only a single engine at his disposal, and failure of the motor on a cross-country flight means, not disaster as is frequently supposed, but the necessity of alighting quickly. Long journeys to and from the airport rob the airplane of its flexibility, the lack of emergency fields add to risk. Both factors diminish the zest of the potential airplane owner.

There are in this question of safer landings two hopeful possibilities. One is that the immense public works program undertaken by the Government includes provision for a large number of small airports or landing fields, particularly in smaller cities. A figure of eighty-seven million dollars has been requested by Secretary Roper, and while this includes the establishment of blind flying facilities, the small landing field situation is certain to be vastly improved. Just as the construction of good roads increased the use of the automobile, so will adequate landing fields advance aviation.

The other possibility, where improvement in landing conditions is concerned, is that the small single-engined airplane may itself be radically changed to meet the special landing needs of the private owner.

It is a curious fact that even in the realm of light airplane design, there should be a species of "New Deal" sponsored by the administration, and regarded critically by the more conservative-minded constructors willing to let evolution take its course.

Thus, the Bureau of Air Commerce has placed orders for several types of light airplanes of considerable novelty, embodying many controversial features. It has issued publicity to the effect that flying was to be simplified by elimination of the rudder, with control left to elevators and ailerons. Soon after

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

we read of automobile engines to be adapted to airplane use, with a tremendous cheapening in cost, and on the heels of this announcement came the placing of an order for an autogiro-automobile, capable of proceeding under its own power to and from the landing field.

Some of these endeavors appear almost feverish, but much is emerging that will permanently help American private flying.

In the light planes ordered by the Bureau the specification requires a vision ahead of the cabin that can only be completely secured by the use of a pusher engine, that is to say, an engine placed in back of the cabin. Such a location introduces cooling difficulties, lessens the propeller efficiency and in case of a crash allows the occupants of the cabin to receive the first impact, with the possibility of the heavy engine falling upon them. Low-power "pusher" airplanes have been built again and again, and have always been rejected by the flying public. People simply hate to fly with a heavy engine at the back of their necks.

Some disappointments are being encountered in the airplanes under construction, one type having failed to meet its test. An innovation, however, which is sponsored by the Bureau, in the design of the landing gear is likely to survive, whatever the outcome of these experiments. In the conventional airplane of today, the main landing wheels are placed some distance ahead of the center of gravity of the airplane, and the pilot coming in on the glide must, just prior to touching the ground, pull back on his stick and land in a "three-point" attitude, front wheels and small tail wheel all touching the ground at the same instant. Otherwise, the machine is apt to nose over into the ground, particularly if the brakes are applied violently. In the "New Deal" landing gear, a third wheel is placed slightly ahead of the nose of the fuselage. With this arrangement, it is still advisable to "flatten out" at the instant of landing, but the auxiliary wheel in front effectively prevents nosing over, even in a misjudged landing.

The announcement that the rudder was to be eliminated created much public interest. It would obviously simplify flight instruction if the student had to master only two controls instead of three; and coordination of the ailerons (hand controlled), and the rudder (foot controlled) for a correct turn or bank is always a source of trouble for the novice. This elimination of the rudder was to be achieved by a change in aileron design, which would allow the aileron not only to "bank" or roll the machine, but to assume the functions of the rudder also. However, the great merit of the Wright Brothers was in recognizing the necessity of three independent controls about three axes, pitch, roll, and turn. It is impossible to foresee all the circumstances that may arise in flying. Sometimes aileron and rudder should assist; sometimes oppose one another. Common sense will show that the rudder should *not* be eliminated, though we may have slightly easier turning as a result of the new aileron design.

The adoption of the automobile engine to airplane use also made a good story. But, the automobile engine, while much cheaper, is also much heavier, and for the same weight, an airplane engine will deliver nearly three times the power. Weight reduction is the very essence of the aircraft engine designer's art, and while automobile engines, with flywheel and clutch removed, have already been flown in two-seater cabin airplanes, their general use is precluded by excessive weight. The sole outcome of the experiment will be to focus attention on the need for reducing the price of aircraft engines.

In the projected autogiro-automobile, once a landing has been made, the propeller will be declutched and locked into position by a brake of simple design. Then an automobile type clutch will connect the engine with the driving wheels. The revolving blades of the autogiro will be folded back and fastened down at the tail of the machine so as not to be a nuisance to traffic, and the curious craft will proceed from the airport to the owner's home at a moderate rate of speed. If the flier has had to make a forced landing in a field from which he cannot rise, he will be able to return under his own power, without the ignominy of being towed home. Instead of renting expensive space at the airport, the owner will be able to use an ordinary garage, close to his home, and instead of paying for servicing, he will be able to tinker with his autogiro-automobile at his own home and at his own leisure. As the autogiro is able to land in a very small field, the combination seems to offer many advantages for the private owner, and to increase the flexibility of operation enormously. A similar attempt was made in the *avion-automobile* built by a French engineer, Réné Tampier, who, in 1921, flew successfully and travelled backwards through the streets of Paris to the amusement of the populace.

The Pitcairn engineers will solve the mechanical difficulties involved and be as successful as M. Tampier. But, the autogiro-automobile will be slower, more complicated and less desirable than the autogiro alone. To convert from aircraft to automobile will be a nuisance, and any one with enough money to invest in an autogiro will have sufficient resources to operate a car as well.

It is not only the government departments who are experimenting. At no time has there been a greater ferment of ideas in the private aircraft field than today. Thus, the ingenious Señor de la Cierva has recently realized a remarkable achievement in the direct take-off autogiro. The blades, prior to take-off, are whirled round by an electric starter to a speed 50 to 75 per cent above normal. Their pitch or setting is also increased above the normal setting in flight. With the "overspeed" and temporarily increased pitch, the blades provide for a short while a lift greater than the weight of the machine's and the craft rises vertically into the air to a height of some twenty-five feet. Of course, the "super-lift" effect soon disappears, but by that time the machine has gained sufficient forward speed for the aircraft to maintain its ordinary climb. The significance of a "direct take-off," attained without the complication of the helicopter, is very great. The autogiro becomes immune to the effects of mud or rutted fields. Every small plot of ground becomes a potential aerodrome. The moving-pictures show us an autogiro landing on the flat roof of the new Philadelphia post-office, as the forerunner of a regular ferry service between Camden airport and the heart of Philadelphia.

With the problem of a steep landing and a short landing run solved for all

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

practical purposes, by the use of flaps or air brakes, now almost universally employed, airplane inventors and engineers are turning to means for improving airplane take-off and the clearing of obstacles. In the Fowler variable wing, the rear under-portion of the wing slides out, and gives the airplane the effect of a vastly greater area so that the horizontal distance required to clear an obstacle fifty feet high is reduced to almost half that previously required.

In the Crouch-Bolas Dragonfly, propellers oversize in diameter embrace in their slipstream almost the entire weight of a biplane. In the accelerated air of the slipstream the lift is greatly increased, and the Dragonfly rises from the ground in a short run of not more than seventy-five feet, and climbs slowly, but at a very steep angle. In still another project, also involving a biplane, the lower wing is folded back into the fuselage once height has been attained.

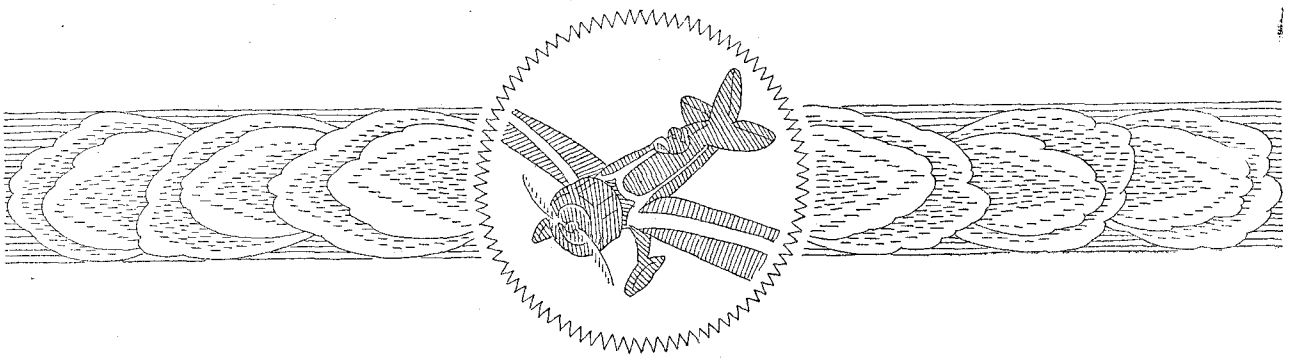
Charles F. Kettering has defined an expert as a man who can find more reasons than any one else why a certain thing cannot be done. And the experts do not always look favorably on these innovations. But the airplane is far too recent an invention to have reached its final form, and out of all this ferment of ideas, we may, sooner or later, attain vast improvement.

An equally important element in the progress of private flying is that of flight instruction. To learn to drive a car is simple and inexpensive. Learning to fly an airplane is, unfortunately, a far more complicated matter. Not that learning to fly is intrinsically difficult. Any young man or woman, who can drive a car, and is of average physique and mentality, can learn to pilot an airplane with ease. Modern airplanes are so easy to handle, so responsive to controls, so stable as to give the beginner every aid.

An engineering student has been known to "solo" (that is, fly alone) after only forty-five minutes instruction. Breaking a transcontinental record, or piloting a dive bomber may be a difficult task, but ordinary flying is well within the reach of almost every one, and will be all the easier as air-mindedness becomes general, and the gossip of the flying field permeates the mind of the public.

But, while learning to fly becomes easier, government regulations become harder. The would-be flier must pass a physical examination before securing a student's license, and that in itself is a drawback. Flying schools and planes used for instruction must be licensed by the government, and that makes for high cost of instruction. A few hours dual instruction and the first solo are apt to cost between two hundred and fifty and three hundred and fifty dollars. To secure an amateur pilot's license means passing a theoretical examination and fifty hours flying time —which means a total cost of some seven hundred dollars. Taking into consideration the fact that flight instruction and hours in the air positively must be spread over a period of time, the process of learning to fly becomes burdensome. The need here is for cheaper training planes, lower rates of instruction and easier Department of Commerce rules.

How will the general prospects for private flying be improved? At present, the small number of planes sold keeps up the price, and the high price prevents popularization. During the boom years of 1927 to 1929, the public sank enormous quantities of capital in a variety of aviation enterprises. Most of this capital has vanished, a good deal of it in the construction of low-powered airplanes. At present, new capital for the production on a speculative basis of large numbers of commercial aircraft is unavailable. A real way to reduce costs would be for some one to place into production a large number of airplanes of one type, say ten thousand. The improvements constantly introduced, and the high rate of obsolescence combined with the actual limited market would make such a venture hazardous. Henry Ford sank vast sums of money into the construction of transport aircraft, built them at a loss and furthered air transport in mighty fashion. It is possible that another industrialist, of great financial power will step in with similar boldness. What is more likely, however, is that there will be a process of evolution. Better and safer planes and more fields will increase the number of customers. Under pressure of the industry and of public opinion, the Department of Commerce will relax its rules regarding flight instruction. The enormous number of passengers carried on the airlines creates a large number of air-minded men and women. In the hundreds of thousands of boys who build or fly models, the squadrons of Junior Birdmen of America, a new generation is growing up which will be eager and determined to fly. The vast distances of the United States, free from customs barriers, provide an ideal territory for flying, and its people are still well-to-do and adventurous in the mechanical arts. To imagine that within the space of a few years our skies will be darkened with airplanes is ridiculous. But, as prosperity returns, and all these factors begin to assert themselves, more purchasers will be found, more planes will be built, costs will be reduced, and private flying will grow at a rapid and ever accelerated pace.

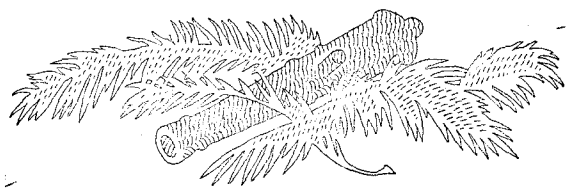


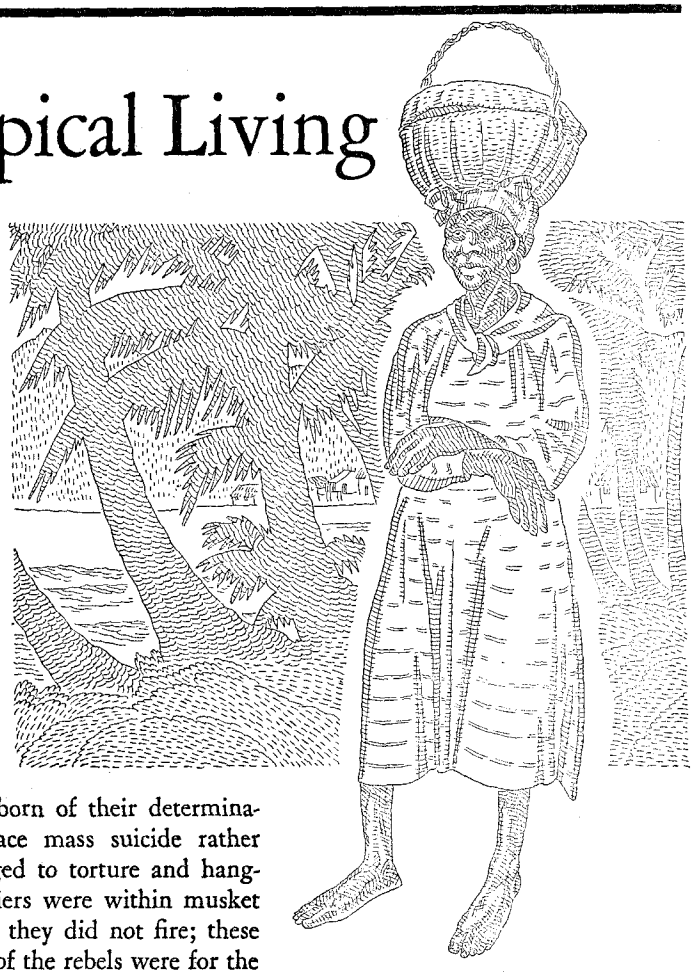
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Adventure in Tropical Living

By
Desmond Holdridge

On what is believed to be the Treasure Island of Stevenson's tale—St. John in the Virgin Islands —the writer and his wife find a life of a quality unknown elsewhere in the United States





The little knot of doomed blacks gathered into a huddle, hopeless beyond terror, as the troops of three nations slowly worked their way across the low neck of land that connected the cliffs of their last refuge with the rest of the fair, destroyed island. As they came, they beat the bush for straggling survivors; this was war for extermination and not a black was to see another day of life.

It is impossible that these people, not dying but about to die, could have had eyes for the purple sea and the green crags or have been aware of the cool, cloud-rolling trade wind; to all that they were insensible; they could see only the flash of the tropical sun on gleaming bayonets, the burned ruin of the cane fields, and the gaunt, black piles of the great houses that they themselves had put to the torch.

And now retribution, uniformed, hoarsely shouting, and brightly weaponed, swept across the low neck of land, reached the hillsides of the peninsula, and began to roll up the heights. The blacks joined their hard, work-calloused hands in grips whose frantic strength was born of their determination to embrace mass suicide rather than be dragged to torture and hanging. The soldiers were within musket shot now, but they did not fire; these last remnants of the rebels were for the rack and the rope; the slaves of the other islands must be made to understand that life at its degrading worst was better than rebellion and hideous death.

But, as the first squads of the climbing troops reached the summit of the cliff-faced heights, the black hands clasped each other even more tightly. A wail, half moan and half scream, rose to the sun and men and women, over two score of them, flung themselves through three hundred feet of space to the deep, wind-rippled water below. The worst slave revolt the West Indies had ever seen was at an end.

For six months St. Jan, southern bit of the Kingdom of the Goths, Visigoths, and Danes, had been in the hands of the rebel slaves who, under the direction of Danish masters, had converted it from a wilderness into one vast cane field. The houses of the whites had been burned, the cane fields destroyed, the cattle slain, and every last white man, woman, and child either murdered or driven from the island. These rebels were no docile slaves purchased from an Arab dealer and brought to the New World to serve masters no more cruel than the ones they had served in Africa; these rebels had been freemen of war-like tribes who, for small offenses, had been sold into slavery by their own avaricious chiefs. Drawn, as they were, from the worst tribes on the Guinea Coast, notably the Amina tribe, they had set up their own clan government almost as soon as they were landed in St. Jan and were soon able to defy the handful of whites who ruled them. It was only when the French, in Martinique, and the Spanish, in Puerto Rico, seeing that the example of the rebellion's success was affecting their own slaves, loaned

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

troops to the Danes, that the uprising was put down and every human being that took part in it exterminated.

It is hard to realize that the violence of that last afternoon is a thing that belongs to a day whose sun set two centuries ago, for by simply raising my eyes from this typewriter I can look across a mile and a half of blue water and see those same cliffs, quiet and green under the sun, except where the bare rock shows stark and brown. In the narrow passage between the cliffs and a tiny cay offshore, there is a black man fishing. Nothing remains to tell of the tragedy unless you look closely; then you see the remains of the small fort on the cay from whence a lookout was kept for slaves attempting to swim the channel to the near-by English islands. But I can turn my head and a scant half mile away I will see a stout tower, the remnant of a Danish windmill and, though I cannot see them from here, I know that in the valley, at the base of the hill on which the mill squats, there is a slave village and the ruins of a great house.

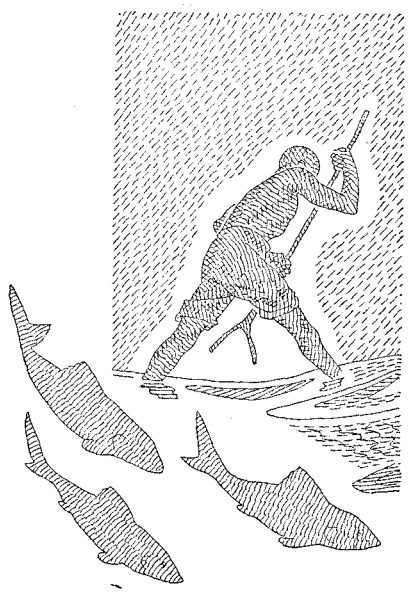
St. Jan has never recovered from the blow; no white planters came back to rebuild, and when slavery was finally abolished, the estates fell into the indolent hands of a few half-caste merchants in Charlotte Amalie. Today, almost the entirety of the lovely island is a tangle of brush, thorn, and small, half-strangled trees. So completely has the grip of the white man, or for that matter of the modern world, been broken that, from the days of the rebellion, not a single white marriage had taken place in St. Jan until Bet and I, landing from a Negro sloop at three in the morning, woke up the United States Commissioner and were married for forty cents. And even by the simple act of landing we swelled the white population of the island by thirty per cent.

Since the United States took over the Virgin Islands in 1917, St. Jan has had its name changed to St. John. Careful examination reveals that almost nothing else has happened and the blight that fell on the island when the last of the rebels hurled themselves over the cliff at Mary's Point seems as effective a bar to the introduction of even the New Deal's brand of progress as it was to Danish planting. Aside from the change in names, the island is noteworthy only because many people who have read *Treasure Island* are convinced that St. John is the island around which Stevenson wove his romance. There is a hill in which the believers profess to see Spy Glass Hill, Coral Bay is much like the large bay on the northeast side of Treasure Island, and, in part, the general description conforms. Certainly the names fairly reek of buccaneering and such: there is a Privateer Bay, a Dead Chest, a Deadman's Bay, a Hurricane Hole, a Treasure Point, and a Rendezvous Bay—indeed, over on Lovango, a small nearby island, there are the remains of a buccaneer fort; a cannon of the eighteenth century was found in it recently and the irreverent fishermen are now using it as ballast in one of their little sloops.

But whether St. John is Stevenson's *Treasure Island* or no, it has been a Treasure Island to us. We have lived here for seven months, in a little house that clings to a low cliff above a gently mumbling sea, and we have discovered that, in New York, we were half crippled. If peace and health, freedom from alternate alarms and monotoned boredom, time to think, leisure to read, and a cubed interest in everything have meaning and value, St. John, all apart from doubloons and pieces of eight, is a Treasure Island. A hundred yards away from the house there is nearly half a mile of dazzling white coral sand beach. There are our extraordinary black neighbors. There is a fish-filled sea. There are the bush-lined paths that lead all over the rugged little place. And there are the fascinating problems that must be solved if you are to live on a tropical island.

At first it seemed that all you had to do was go ashore and live, but a week taught us that there was much more to it than that. In the first place, there was the passive hostility of the blacks who are today very close to being the lords of the West Indies and deeply resentful of the intrusion of white men in islands where their presence is not a recognized feature of the landscape. The resentment takes peculiar forms: they are sure that the intruder is a detective or that he is a werewolf or that he is crazy. And, in any case, he is also fabulously wealthy.

It was our fate to be detectives for fully two months but, we understand, the St. Thomas artist from whom we rented our house had been a werewolf.



It seems that something began to cause the death of the island cattle, while he was here, and it was at once decided that a werewolf was at work. Since only a white man can be a werewolf, the range of choice was narrowed to three men and soon settled on our landlord. He was first apprised of his werewolfhood when he awoke in the middle of the night to find a Negro staring through the open window in hope, as he later found out, of catching him in the act of laying aside his human skin before sallying forth to plague the cattle. At the moment, the poor man was somewhat the worse for rum and the sight of a human head peering through the window, and apparently without a body, considerably unnerved him.

Some nights later, he ate his dinner in a house about a mile from his home and returning, flashlight in hand, over the lonely, forest-bordered road he was startled by the discovery of the body of a donkey that had been clubbed to death. Apparently, a group of Negroes had lain in ambush in hopes of intercepting the supposed werewolf and, in the dark, had mistaken the donkey for our landlord. The story is a tangled one and every one tells it with a slightly different twist but these are its essentials and no matter how it is told it reflects little credit on any of the participants.

This resentment I have mentioned, as well as every-day cupidity, is responsible for an immediate attempt to mulct the white newcomer on any transaction involving money. St. John is a poor little island and, at first, we knew noth-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing of the ways by which its resources may be tapped. Consequently most of our supplies had to be brought from St. Thomas and this brought us into headlong conflict with the local transport barons. No steamers or motor vessels, beyond the occasionally appearing government launch, ever visit St. John so we were forced to depend on the sloops, a matter of which their black owners were very much aware; they soon made it as expensive to live in St. John as it would have been to live in New York.

For several months we put up with a variety of shortcomings on the part of the sloop captains. They would agree to bring a much-needed grocery order on such and such a date and then, not because they were simple, happy Africans with no notion of time, but because they were astute business men who wanted us to charter their boats outright, the order would not come for weeks. On other occasions they would agree to give us passage to town on a trip that was scheduled for the morrow. When all our preparations had been made, we would sit and survey an empty horizon until a black urchin on a donkey arrived to say that "Pappy had de lumbago and won't go to St. Thomas no mo!"

In the end we made a conservative estimate of what our transportation expenses would be for a year and were amazed to find them somewhat greater than the price of a sloop of our own; within a week we had borrowed a tiny cutter from St. Thomas's only yachtsman and beaten our way up to Tortola, the largest of the British Virgin Islands. And there, from a black man who claimed to be a descendant of William Penn's brother, we purchased twenty-two feet of wind-driven freedom in the shape of a sloop as ugly as she was cheap.

As soon as she had been registered under the American flag we proceeded to carry, free of charge, passengers who would otherwise have been forced to travel in the sloop of one of the men who had overcharged us most outrageously; when we had deliberately deprived him of the opportunity to earn a sum equal to the one he had wrung from us in our helplessness, we retired our sloop from commercial activity. This may indicate a petty, vengeful spirit, but it has had a most salutary effect on those of the islanders—a very small group, praises be—who were disposed to jockey us into a position where we were practically supporting them.

But while we were in the throes of conquering our transportation problem we were also learning to make the island feed us as much as possible. When we first arrived we did not know, for instance, that there are fine lobsters, or rather, crayfish, to be taken on the reefs at night. We first tried catching them with the assistance of several Negroes who live in our bay and are in one way or another related to our cook. A brilliant moon shone down on a gently rolling sea when we left our own sandy beach and, in a perilously overloaded boat, made our way toward the next bay, which is full of coral reefs. We could already see the rollers breaking whitely over them. A full moon makes a fairy land anywhere, but in the trade winds the effect seems more marked, and we agreed that even if we got no lobsters it was still worth while.

Drawing the boat out on the nearest beach, we gathered at the beginning of the reef, and commenced an activity sufficiently picturesque to make any artist catch his breath and sufficiently sporting to warm the heart of any one who likes to see the hunted creature get a little better than an even break. We spread out fanwise, carrying lanterns and flashlights, and waded into the warm, shallow water that covered the jagged coral of the reef. The coral was brown with sea growths and the lobsters, consequently, very hard to see. In addition, the reef was honeycombed with sea eggs, round black affairs from whose cores extend long, black spines that are very sharp and armed with microscopic barbs whose removal from an injured foot is a hospital job. I am afraid that Bet and I paid far more attention to the sea eggs than we did to possible lobsters but when the boys started one, the six of us plunged after it in a splashing, panting, headlong pursuit that lasted several minutes. The lobster took refuge in its color protection again, but one of the boys immediately put a forked stick over its back and held it until another one, with what seemed to us incredible courage, seized the monster in his hands and bore it ashore in triumph. From tip to tip the grotesque creature was nearly three feet long and, to add to our awe, one of the boys announced that he was small.

After another hour of stumbling about among the sea eggs and sharp coral we cornered one more and returned home soaking wet, with our canvas shoes in rags, but satisfied that we had found still another way to make the island take the place of a canning factory in a town we had never seen.

Some friends gave us deep-sea fishing tackle as a wedding present and we proceeded to use it a great deal. People who are interested in big-game fishing need no description of the odd combination of thrill, charm, hard work, and contemplative melancholy incident to the sport; people who are not interested will hardly fail to be

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

bored by anything more than the barest mention of the matter. So it may be dismissed by remarking that we do a good deal of deep sea angling and that the results are important to our table.

But fish, eaten too frequently, pall and fresh meat is very difficult to get on the island. If brought from St. Thomas it commences to go bad before we reach home. Occasionally, however, there is a chance to "subscribe" to a pig. When one of our black neighbors decides that his porker has lived long enough, he either weighs or estimates the animal's weight and then rows along the coasts of the island. At every house where there is likely to be a person possessed of twenty or thirty cents in cash he stops and asks if he would like to buy pork; an order for several pounds is placed and. if the order be large enough, the purchaser is allowed to name the cut he prefers. When every pound of the pig has been spoken for, the owner returns home and butchers it. On the following morning, the meat is delivered and the money collected.

Once in a while a cow is sold on the same basis but it is so arduous an undertaking, what with the necessity of rowing around the island once to sell the "subscriptions" to the animal and once again to deliver the meat, that it is not done very often. So, in the long intervals between opportunities to "subscribe" to a pig we go out to Tobago Island, a lonely, cactus-covered cay, six miles to the northward, and there shoot one of the wild goats that range over its rugged hills. There is a rare, Robinson Crusoe flavor to the adventure and neither the killing of the goat nor the retrieving of the carcass is an easy matter. In the bargain there is no secure anchorage or decent landing place around the island. Always we leave with a deep sense of gratitude that we are not castaways on Tobago and with the feeling that we are back in the seventeenth century. It is only slightly dispelled when we pay a small fee to the old Negress who owns the goats, for while they are wild, they were left there years ago by her husband and she still has a claim on them.

A huge cocoanut grove waves feathery plumes behind the coral beach and when a tree is felled by a squall we have salad from the "heart," a delicately flavored morsel from the top of the tree. Since lard has commenced to be an expensive item, it has become worthwhile to gather cocoanuts, grate the meat, boil it, skim off the oil that floats to the surface, and bottle it for cooking. From the ruins of a Danish plantation half a mile away we are beginning to get cocoa and we have always been able to get limes there. And every Saturday night, three furtive Negro youths row over from Tortola with a boat load of avocado pears, sweet potatoes, yams, cassava bread, honey, bananas, plantains, and rum. They are furtive because they are smuggling, but no one ever reports them and the trade is so insignificant that customs officials, harassed with much more important infractions of the law, pay no attention to it.

I suppose it is to Agnes Sewer, our cook, that we owe our knowledge of the numerous little dodges that allow us to be ever freer of the economic shackles of the industrial civilization to which we belong. Agnes is an excellent example of a St. John Negro and, as some one has very wisely said, there is nothing more different from an American Negro than a West Indian Negro. Every morning Agnes climbs up the hill to our house and since the climb makes her pant, as soon as she crosses the door sill, she flings herself flat on the floor and says, "Oh, Christ! —hill *too* steep!"

Lying on the floor, she is a colorful and startling figure. Her clothes are an amazing collection of odds and ends—she has much better ones but she won't work in them—around her head is wound a red rag in a turban-like fashion for, like all the islanders, she is in terror of the bad effects of sun and dew on her uncovered head. Her legs and feet are bare, her skin is a warm brown, and in her sharp, well-cut features one can see the evidences of the Danish blood that flowed in her father's veins along with the Guinea Coast black.

Then she stands up, seizes a broom, and begins to belabor the floor in complete silence. After a few moments, however, her energy falls off rapidly and she delivers a running comment on the domestic affairs of the island families which, as is usual with black people, are always complicated. Lola's mother has given her a beating because she wants to marry Arthur. (She wants to marry Arthur because they have a four-month-old child.) Monroe Marsh is looking for some one to sail his sloop; he is no sailor himself and the man he hired to run her quit his job after two weeks because, he claimed, there was a jumby on board. Jumbies are the ghosts with which the blacks people the island night, and the effect of the presence of one aboard a sloop less than twenty-five feet long may well be imagined.

Now and then Agnes has something fairly startling to report. Thus, not long ago, there was our nearest approach to a crime of violence, for violent crime in St. John is as rare as snow. It seems that over on the other side of the island (where, as usual, the most wonderful and astonishing things are always taking place) a man and his "married" wife suddenly awoke the community with the climax of a bitter quarrel. The surprised and delighted neighbors, hearing angry shouts and loud voices, overcame their fear of jumbies sufficiently to open their shutters and see a woman, in a ragged nightgown, rushing down the road hotly pursued by her spouse whose appearance was enhanced and made dramatic by his habit of sleeping in the red flannel underwear he affects in hope of warding off fever and the evil effects of the light of the full moon.

The woman managed to reach her mother's door and was taken in, presently to be joined by the interested neighbors who drove off the angry husband. Agnes describes her as "good, determined and not afraid to tell *anything*." Certainly the description was not vitiated by what she unreservedly told the gathered crowd. It seems that in the middle of the night she had a disagreement with her husband, the nature of which Agnes does not reveal though the woman kept nothing back when she told the story. Becoming annoyed at her attitude, her husband, who seems to be something of a hothead, bit her severely. The position of the bite Agnes also fails to reveal though this seems to be the very cream of the jest. And now, that bane of the existence of all good St. John folk, "court work," is pending, and the husband is going to be tried for whatever may be the legal term for wife-biting.

But the continual native uproar reaches us only as vague murmur and report. Rarely are we personally concerned. Life here is so intimately wrap-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ped up with the immense sea and the small splashes of earth on it that the human element is made insignificant. On an island where the water that people drink is rain, caught in cisterns, a large black cloud to windward is of much more importance than any human hurricane could possibly be.

Except for the hurricane season, the weather on the island is a superb thing that makes one feel a certain kinship with the ancient Mediterranean world. It was there, in dry, rocky islands and on the coasts of a warm, wind-whipped sea, that people once thought and created, and these West Indian islands, south of them in latitude but similar in all else, bear an extraordinary resemblance to them. They are tropical but tropically mild; except in the towns they are never tropically languorous. A world has passed them by—there are tumbled-down cannon in Cruz Bay marked 1787—but today there is peace. Again, excepting in the towns.

Many conditions of men have lived within three miles of us. On a walk to Cruz Bay for our mail, we travel the horse track—no automobile can run on the island—and it leads past six ruins of Danish great-houses, prostrate under the weight of the enveloping greenery, one windmill of which nothing but the stout tower is left, a slave village that could still be lived in, and several sugar mills, to say nothing of the old fort on which the modern Government House has been built. Occasionally we pick up fragments of ancient Carib pottery and, antedating this, Aruak pottery has been found. Aruak, Carib, Hollander, Englishman, African, Dane, and now Americans—they have all occupied St. John and today there is probably less land under cultivation than when the peaceful Aruak were despoiled by the ferocious Carib horde.

Palm-studded beaches flank the seaward side of the route the luminous green water laps at the foot of the trees, its force broken by the reefs offshore. On the landward side, the rolling green mountains rise up to summits high enough to be inspiring but not too high to be friendly. Often the vegetation closes overhead and one walks through a bright green tunnel. Rarely do we meet any one on the road.

When we came here, our friends warned us that we would "go soft in the tropics"—dreadful fate!—completely ignoring the fact that, in the winter, they lived at a more or less constant temperature induced by steam heat and that, in the summer, they were burned up by a malignant sun that has no counterpart in this part of the tropics. Every time we walk the rugged, stony horse track, we say to each other that now we are going soft and the phrase reoccurs, to be laughed at, a dozen times in each strenuous day. Perhaps we *are* going soft in the tropics—we no longer can be upset by the prospect of seven-cent subway fares, World Revolutions, radio crooners, blatant advertisements, city soot on the edge of collars put on an hour before, or by after-dinner economists—but we are healthier, harder, and infinitely more serene people than when we came here. If this be softness, we are prepared to revel in it. In good measure, we have exchanged the tyranny of man for the tyranny of nature and have found it less bitter, for you can get your teeth in it, and, in any case, it is much easier to look at.

The hurricane season is another matter. During those three critical months when every day is dogged by the imminence of catastrophe, the trade wind falls away to a fitful ghost of its hearty, lusty self and the land is as hot and unpleasant as New York in the summer. Then, we feel, will be an excellent time to renew our acquaintance with things and people at home, so that we may always know whether we are right or not. And we shall not be blown over the cliff together with our house and chattels.

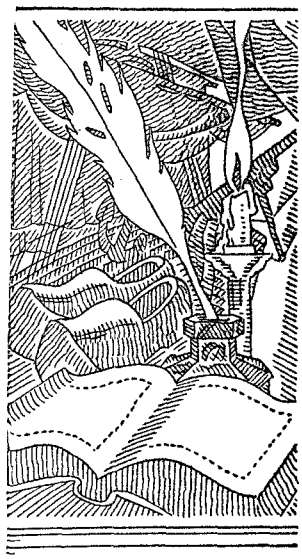
At a distance, such isolation may seem almost hermit-like. It is not. We have subscriptions to eight excellent and widely diversified magazines—the ones we would choose if asked what magazines we would subscribe to if left on Tobago and possessed of some way of receiving them—we have batches of books, and we receive a weekly Sunday paper whose chronicle of events perpetually amazes us. Every five or six weeks, friends turn up to spend a few days and we are very glad because we do not see them often enough to be able to predict what they will think, do, and say; they are always novel and exciting. At home, no one can be that for long; not in the great metropolitan centers, at any rate. And, most important of all, we are always busy.

This all may sound highly attractive to a few people but, fortunately, St. John can never be turned into a tourist resort without the expenditure of sums of money all out of proportion to the possible profit. The only harbors at which a large ship can find anchorage are far removed from the attractive parts of the island. The swimming beaches are all on the exposed north coast. Even for the solitary traveller who visits the place, there are almost no accommodations. At Cruz Bay there is a little hotel but the mosquitoes, there on the lee side of the island, are not conducive to a serene existence. That we found a place to live is the merest stroke of luck. And buying land means paying sums in keeping with the grand ideas of the St. Thomas landowners who rarely, if ever, see their estates.

But at this moment we can look from our porch and see a vast expanse of sea, green on the reefs, blue in the sun, and purple in the cloud shadows. Rugged green and yellow islands dot its surface and four white-winged sloops are racing up for the entrance to Sir Francis Drake Channel. Two local boys, Clifford Smith and Clifford Shark, are rowing out to their fish pots. Overhead, huge white clouds roll and billow in the breath of the cool trade wind whose soft soughing permeates everything and forms the background against which life is lived. The sea is dancing under it and the white manes of the blue waves that break on the hard coral of the reef are thrown high in the air toward a kindly sun that lacks the fierceness of the equator and the chill distance of the northern winter. Now and then, fish break water and it requires no great amount of imagination to see, in a humble Tortola sloop, the ship of *El Draque* himself, stout and furious, sailing down the channel to attack San Juan. He did too, and if you live in St. John, it seems something that happened only yesterday.

No, there is no comparison. This is infinitely more lovely than anything modern industry has erected. And it is easier to have. A small bird is sitting in a nearby tree and, because these birds are not great ones for singing, he is managing no more than a few "cheap-cheaps." But the bird is entirely right; it is cheap; we can live here in the most complete comfort for fifty dollars a month.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps

Happiness at Home and Travel Abroad. . . An Afternoon with Barrie. . . The Uncrowned King of Fleet Street. . . Talks and Teas with Authors and Lords

If James Russell Lowell were living in England today, as he was in the eighties, he would probably amend one of his most famous verses, so that it would read

What is so rare as a fine day in June?

We arrived in London May 29 and sailed for home from Southampton on June 22. Beginning with the first of these dates, it rained every day with the exception of the last. I don't mean that every day it rained all day; but it rained a good deal every day, and there were only two mornings, when on rising, we saw any bit of blue sky.

The English climate, in endeavoring to live down to its reputation, was this year unusually successful; but the customary grayness of the English sky, and the frequent drizzle, undoubtedly have their effect on the British temperament. They certainly would on mine. I am what the Germans call a *Sonntagskind;* but I don't think that appellation would fit if I lived anywhere except in America, where we are accustomed to sunny mornings in winter as well as in summer. I know it is shameful that my disposition should be so largely determined by the weather; one should rise superior to such superficial things. One should, but I don't.

The majority of intelligent persons would probably say, that no matter what we profess, we do, in truth, always seek our own happiness. I have never subscribed to this creed; and my recent two months in Europe have strengthened my convictions. So far as happiness is concerned, I believe the average intelligent Englishman is happier in England than he is in America or in Germany, France, or Italy. I believe the average person of any country is happier in his native land than anywhere else. I quoted recently in this column a remark of the British novelist J. B. Priestley, that he would rather live in his suburb of London than in Florence; I understand that remark and I approve of it.

I am certainly happier in the United States than I am in any foreign land; I know, when I deliberately plan a journey to Europe, that I should be happier if I remained at home.

The poet Bryant made seven journeys to Europe, was always homesick there, and yet always went back. I have no difficulty in understanding that. There are two reasons: first, the best part of any journey is after it is over; second, we go abroad, not to seek happiness, but to acquire a few ideas.

I used to wonder why the poet and novelist Oliver Wendell Holmes, after making one journey to Europe, did not go again for fifty years; the answer is that he preferred his personal comfort and happiness; furthermore, what with the Harvard Medical School, and literary work, he was a busy man. Incidentally, living in Boston, he wrote a poem called *Homesick in Heaven.*

I do not think what I am saying is inconsistent with the definition of happiness that I am always quoting—the happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts. One should travel abroad to add to one's stock of interesting thoughts. One is aware of this increase after one's return.

I remember reading in Mark Twain, of the meeting of two Americans in Europe. "Are you homesick?" *"Hell,* yes!"

Paris is a far more beautiful city than New Haven, Conn. Yet by the rivers of Babylon I sit down and weep when I remember Zion.

London in the rain is not enchantingly beautiful; but it is more *interesting* than America in the sunshine. Sitting in the window of our hotel in London, I could see Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, nine bridges, and the ever-exciting river itself, with its twice-a-day tide, and its eternal activity. Two thousand years of history are on the surface of that river. The Connecticut River cannot in such matters compare with it; but how I love Connecticut! The south shore of England has a more varied view of the sea than my home in Michigan has of Lake Huron; but how I love Michigan!

I go abroad and hope to go again, because my mind needs the stimulation of Europe; because it is well for one's mental and spiritual development to live for a time in other countries; and because I have friends in Germany, France, England, and everywhere else; and it does me good to see them.

England has the most beautiful countryside. I think I can imagine the homesickness of Englishmen under the pitiless, monotonous sun of India, and in the sultry, sticky, moist, almost obscene heat of some of the tropics; even more clearly can I imagine the desperate homesickness of their English wives. Nevertheless, they go.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

My beloved colleague, the late Professor Perrin, who spent his life teaching Greek, went to Athens for a sabbatical year; after he had been there three days, he wrote me from the Acropolis, saying, "If you can get me any job at Yale, say being janitor of one of the dormitories, cable me at once!"

Certainly our stay in London was never more interesting, never more mentally profitable than in this June of 1935; we renewed old friendships, made many new ones, and stored up memories that will enliven our minds and warm our hearts for the rest of our lives.

We went to Kew in lilac time and repeated aloud the lines of Alfred Noyes's famous poem; we spent a glorious day with him and his family at their beautiful home on the south shore of the Isle of Wight; there the sun shone bravely. At Oxford, the distinguished professor of law, Arthur Goodheart, gave a luncheon to me and some of my former Yale students and proudly exhibited the only private bathroom in Oxford University. He has had an extraordinary career; a graduate of Yale in the class of 1912, he became Fellow of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, then Fellow of University College, Oxford, and Professor of Law. At Cambridge I saw for the first time the bumping races on the Cam, after lunch with Robert Lassiter (Yale 1934) in his rooms in Clare College. Then, with some other Yale men, we walked out to Grantchester, immortalized by Rupert Brooke's best poem; we saw the river, the old church, and the vicarage; and hard by, I had the unexpected pleasure of seeing our famous American novelist, Mary Ellen Chase, who is spending a sabbatical year in a beautiful English cottage, writing another novel. An ideal place for such work.

The English novelist, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, sister of Hilaire Belloc, was kind enough to let me read remarkable manuscript letters by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, by the father of Charles Dickens (recommending his son for a position), by members of Shelley's family, and others; at her house we had the delight of meeting the painter Sir William Rothenstein and Lady Rothenstein; his autobiography is certainly one of the best I ever read. And no wonder; he was an intimate friend of Whistler, Sargent, Oscar Wilde; all the painters, poets, novelists, dramatists, and wits of the nineties. He told me that Oscar Wilde was the best talker, the best conversationalist he had ever known; that all his flashes of wit and humor were absolutely spontaneous. Like every one else who knows him, he has immense admiration for the genius and for the character of Max Beerbohm. I asked Sir William and Lady Rothenstein a good many questions about the late George Calderon, who was killed in the war. His translation of two plays by Chekhov was accompanied by an introduction, which is still the most penetrating piece of literary criticism I have ever read on the Russian dramatist. I wish I had known Calderon.

I spent a memorable afternoon with Sir James Barrie, in his lofty flat overlooking the river. It is naturally not the most grandiose apartment in London, but it is the best. The surrounding streets and houses are holy ground to the lover of literature; and in connection with the story of *The Three Musketeers,* since the property roundabout once belonged to the Duke of Buckingham (remember D'Artagnan's expedition?), there are five streets there named separately after these five words; George Villiers Duke of Buckingham. I found George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, and Buckingham Street; Sir James told me they were a little puzzled what to do with the word *of;* finally they named a little passage there, a tiny bye-street, *Of Alley.*

Barrie's new play, the first he has written since *Mary Rose,* will be produced in London sometime this autumn, presumably in November. Elisabeth Bergner, who will play the leading part, is enthusiastic about it, as she herself told me last spring; and as soon as her summer work in the preparation of a new picture is over, she will begin rehearsals for it. It will be the most important first night anywhere in the world.

Barrie is a great admirer of Thornton Wilder's work; of *Heaven's My Destination,* he said that, even if it had come without the advertisement of the author's name, he would have recognized in its pages the hand of a true artist.

Barrie was surprised and grieved too, I think, by the fact that the death of Pinero attracted so (comparatively) little attention. But though I did not tell him so, this was largely his own fault. Barrie admired the plays of Pinero, and thought that *Iris* was one of the best of modern dramas. Now while it is true that Pinero held a commanding position in the theater for many years, and that he deserved to hold it, just as soon as the plays of Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Ervine, Granville-Barker, Yeats, Synge began to appear, the works of Pinero seemed less important; they were works of talent, but not of genius. And indeed while I was in London, some company revived Pinero's *The Benefit of the Doubt,* which I had seen in dear old Dan Frohman's Lyceum Theatre in the nineties. To the present-day critics it seemed like a curiosity.

The advice, "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may," applies far more to authors than to the dalliance of youth and beauty.

All Americans everywhere should be proud of R. D. Blumenfeld. He was born in Wisconsin about seventy years ago, rose as a young man to a high position in the newspaper world and for the last forty years has lived in London. I call him the Uncrowned King of Fleet Street. But he has been crowned as well; for he was chosen Master of the Ancient and Worshipful Company of Stationers and Newspaper Makers, the highest honor any newspaper man can receive in England. This company goes back long before the invention of printing and has had a continuously glorious history. In his new book, of which more anon, you will see Mr. Blumenfeld in the insignia of office, along with the Prince of Wales, the titular Master. As he looks back to his boyhood in Wisconsin, and the long march upward, he should be satisfied. And not only has such a career received the highest honors, it has been filled with almost daily excitement; for his work has brought him into intimate relations with statesmen, generals, admirals, authors, in fact, with all prominent leaders.

Instead of being Editor Emeritus, if he were now given the humble job of cub-reporter, he would know exactly what to do and how to do it. If ever there was a born newspaper man, R. D. B. is he.

I recommend to all and sundry his

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

new book, published this summer, called *R. D. B.'s Procession*. Here are many sketches, all brief, all brilliant, describing his personal contacts with the leaders of thought and action in the modern world. He has an infallible sense of what is and what is not important. No wonder, in the days when Dana edited *The Sun*, that Mr. Blumenfeld could not be kept down.

On the Thursday in June before we sailed, he gave me a luncheon at the Stationers Hall in the City, built shortly after the fire of 1666; and a beautiful hall it is. About twenty men were present, all writers and publishers, with the one exception of Mr. Selfridge, who, like his host, came from Wisconsin, and became the merchant prince of London; we three Americans sat at the head of the table. Then on my right was Bernard Shaw, on his right Philip Guedalla, across the table Bruce Lockhart, Ralph Straus, Gilbert Frankau, Christopher Stone, Ivor Nicholson, Sir Denison Ross, and Lord Stabolgi. Mr. Shaw will be eighty next year; he seemed the personification of health and vigor and high spirits; he told me that when he and Richard Strauss and Gene Tunney were together, the newspaper photographers were interested mainly in Mr. Tunney. It is impossible to be with Mr. Shaw without feeling his extraordinary kindness of heart; it radiates from his personality, yet it is as unconscious as it is sincere.

Now I wonder how many persons would have enjoyed taking my place. I was called on to make a speech to this company! While it is probable that making a speech causes me less distress than most men seem to feel (a friend said of me, "it rests him to open his mouth"), imagine yourself having to make an original, brilliant, graceful, witty, humorous, charming address, with Bernard Shaw looking at you at a distance of exactly three feet!

Speaking of the newspapers, the London *Evening News* asked me to write an article on "The Paradox of the English," which I did with alacrity. Fleet Street is exciting; and I was glad officially to belong to it, if only for one day. Accordingly I wrote an article on the difference between the English temperament and English poetry, and in a few hours I received from Rottingdean in Sussex the following telegram, which gave me great pleasure.

AN ENGLISH POET SENDS YOU HIS WARM THANKS FOR YOUR SPLENDIDLY GENEROUS ARTICLE TODAY.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON.

Watson is surely "among the English poets," though I had mentioned no names in my article.

One day we went out to a distant suburb of London, to take tea with the author of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*. Mr. and Mrs. James Hilton live by choice in a quiet corner, in order to have peace and leisure wherein to work. They are just what you would expect from reading his novels; what more can I say? The stunning success of *Lost Horizon* and of *Mr. Chips* has not in the least turned his head; I was glad to have a chance to talk with him; I am deeply interested in the career of a man who steadily produced in succession thirteen novels, reaching success only with the thirteenth. But now his *early* novels are in demand; and in a bookseller's catalog, I saw that his first book, *Catherine Herself*, has reached a fancy figure. It will be republished this summer. Mr. Hilton is a Cambridge graduate; a few days after our conversation, we had the pleasure of talking with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hutchinson. Mr. Hutchinson is the young Oxford graduate, whose novel, *One Light Burning*, has impressed me more than any new book I have read in 1935. Like Mr. Hilton, he is wholly modest, unassuming, intensely in earnest. It is my belief that Mr. Hutchinson and Mr. Hilton are the ablest of the young novelists now in action. And Mr. Hutchinson's first novel, *Thou Hast a Devil*, originally published in 1930, has just been reissued. It has the spiritual significance presented with equal earnestness and with greater art in his later work.

Charles Morgan, the author of *The Fountain*, somehow finds time in the intervals of dramatic criticism, to work on his new novel, which will be published before long. The last two weeks I was in London he told me that he had nine successive first nights to attend; he is the critic of the London *Times*, succeeding the late A. B. Walkley. Mr. Morgan was selected to write the life of George Moore; but after he had done an immense amount of work, he chose to give it up, because he could not get access to certain essential letters. He would have written a magnificent biography; but perhaps it is as well that he should confine his formal publications to creative work. At his house I met my friends, Mr. and Mrs. St. John Ervine, and talked with them about Mr. Ervine's Life of General Booth, which appeared in America this summer. He writes with equal success plays, drama criticism, novels, biographies.

One day I had a good talk with Mr. Aylmer Maude, the intimate friend and translator of Tolstoy. He is the editor of the new Centenary Edition of Tolstoy's works, which will be completed in a year or so. Many volumes have already appeared. He gave me interesting personal reminiscences of the great Russian.

At a luncheon given by Lady Harcourt, we met the Spanish Ambassador to Great Britain, and Madame Perez de Ayala. They are charming. Sir William Max Müller, the former Minister to Warsaw, was present. His father was the famous Max Müller, the Oxford philologist, whose translation of Kant's *Kritik of Pure Reason* gave me two years of hard study under the late Professor Ladd at Yale. I was particularly interested in meeting at this luncheon Lord and Lady Gainford. Lord Gainford was formerly the Right Honorable Joseph Pease, and then held various high offices in the cabinets of the Liberal Governments of 1905–1916. He is a Quaker as were all the Pease family in the old days. In the early years of this century, he was Chief Whip of the Liberal Party. I had a most interesting conversation with him about British politics. I asked him many questions about John Morley, because when he was a young man, he was Morley's secretary.

On this visit to England I had the pleasure of doing what I have wanted to do for forty years—I took tea on the terrace of the Houses of Parliament. I had read of this function in many novels, and the terrace looks so attractive from the river, and I have always admired so much the architecture of the Houses of Parliament, that I had hoped some day I might have this privilege. Well, on an afternoon between showers, having been invited by Lord Iddesleigh, this wish was realized. Lord Iddesleigh is the son-in-law of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, and is a member of the famous publish-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing firm of Eyre and Spottiswoode.

Early in the afternoon I was invited by Sir Arnold Wilson, prominent member of the House of Commons, and Editor of *The Nineteenth Century,* to attend the session of the House; Sir Arnold, by the way, in addition to his other accomplishments, speaks Latin fluently. At this session I heard the Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer make a few remarks; but most of the time was taken up by a Socialist member, who wished the taxes on the rich to be increased. Where else have I heard that? At about half-past four, I went with Lord Iddesleigh to the terrace, where we were joined by my friend Lord Conway; so I, a democratic American, had the unique experience of taking tea with two Lords. I enjoyed the occasion enormously. About half-past five, I attended the session of the House of Lords, where an important debate was going on, the subject being India.

English people are rather surprised and often, I think, quietly amused, by my zeal in visiting places in England of literary interest. Well, here is something I *dreamed,* and I think for a dream my answer was rather good. I was dreaming that I was conversing with an English man of letters, and when I said I was about to visit the place where a great writer had lived centuries ago, he said "You will waste your time. There is nothing left there for you to see." And in my dream I replied, "His spirit is still there!"

Behind the Scenes

● About SCRIBNER authors. . . . Julian Street talks of restaurants, old and new, here and abroad. . . . Stamp collecting a good thing. . . . Yankees neither hard-bitten nor sour.

JOHN C. LONG, who writes "Dwight Morrow—The End of an Era," insists on keeping two steel filing cabinets in an otherwise conservative dining-room. He says that if you feed people well they won't notice it, and the scheme is essential to his biographical method. After the table is cleared at night, he can lay out within easy reach of the books, papers, notes, etc., essential to any chapter which is in progress. Fiction and articles can be written on a desk, he thinks, but biography with all its sources requires a dining-room table. When he had an apartment in New York with only a dinette, he used the living-room floor to spread papers on and stretched out with pad and pencil on an air mattress, breast-stroke method, but that was less comfortable than the dining-room system. His best-known biography is *Bryan, the Great Commoner.*

John Cowper Powys, noted novelist and essayist, now writes his impressions of England on returning there after an absence of thirty years. His "Farewell to America" in the April issue caused editorial comment all over the country and particularly in the West, where his statement that out of our Middle West might come a culture to renew the world, was of particular interest.

Frederic Prokosch is of South German ancestry. His father is a noted linguist and Sterling Professor at Yale and his mother was a very noted pianist. He was born in Madison, Wis., and went to school in Germany, Austria, and England. He paints and writes poetry which has appeared in many well-known magazines. "The Bandit" is the first story of his to be published in SCRIBNER'S. His book, *The Asiatics,* will appear in the fall.

It would be hard to say whether **Julian Street** is first an author, or first an authority on food and wines. He is so well known among readers and writers for his novels and short stories—the famous *The Need of Change, Rita Coventry, Mr. Bisbee's Princess,* among them—that it seems almost impossible that his name should also be at the very top among epicures throughout the world. The French Government has lately awarded him the Cross of Chevalier of the Légion d'Honneur for his missionary work in connection with wines and gastronomy. His book *Where Paris Dines* has tickled the palates and been the means of satisfying the appetites of thousands of weary travellers, and since Repeal, his *Wines* has probably done more than any other book to help educate Americans to drink wisely and well. "Wine —Cinderella of Repeal" is an authoritative discussion of the confused state of the wine industry and the consequent high cost of wines in the country today. In an informal letter he writes:

My first acquaintance with wines on any considerable scale came, properly, when I was twenty-one and first went abroad. In those days the Café Anglais, 13 Boul. des Italiens, still existed in Paris. It was probably the most distinguished restaurant of the past century, was founded as a humble little boulevard eating place in 1800, and grew to be the eating place of kings. (Closed about twenty years ago.) Probably more crowned heads dined in its famous private dining-room called the Grand-Seize (because it seated 16) than in any other restaurant of the past hundred and more years. Also I date back to other great restaurants of Paris—The Café Riche, Paillard, Voisin, Durand, Lapré—all of them now gone. At the latter there used to be on the menu "Canard Julian Street," a specialty of the house, and at the Auberge Jean, 8 Rue des Volontaires, there still is a dessert called "Poire Julian Street." In the old days, Booth Tarkington, Harry Leon Wilson and I used to go often to the Restaurant de la Tour d'Argent, where Frédéric Delair, who looked like Ibsen, was proprietor, and made the famous *canard à la presse.* Frédéric died a good many years ago, but the restaurant is, if anything, better than in his day. *Canard à la presse* is still a specialty, and the cuisine and cellars are very fine. For some time, while I was writing *Where Paris Dines,* I had an apartment over the restaurant, and its kitchen and cellars were mine—a very satisfactory arrangement!

Among great old Paris restaurants which survive and are still fine are the Tour d'Argent, Foyot, L'Escargot, Lapérouse and Beaugé. Maxim's has taken a new lease of life, and I understand it is no longer tough. Among lesser restaurants, the Rôtisserie Périgourdine, 2 Place St. Michel, and the Vieux Logis, 33

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rue Lepic, are favorites of mine. And a delightful summer place is the Café Laurent, in the Avenue Gabriel, Champs Elysées.

Of chefs in the United States I admire as much as any, Charles Scotto, formerly of the Hotel Ambassador and the Hotel Pierre in New York. Mr. Scotto was the favorite pupil and close friend of the master, Escoffier, and was with him at the time of his death. It is a sad commentary on restaurant conditions in the past year that Scotto has not been cooking. I am glad to say that I have just had word that he has returned to his old command in the spotless tiled kitchen of the Hotel Pierre. One always dines well where Scotto presides. Other New York hotels in which I have lately dined exceptionally well are the Savoy-Plaza, the Madison, and the Ritz.

I know of no restaurant in the country that combines the perfect balance of setting, cuisine, cellars, and service which made Sherry's, in the days of Louis Sherry, at 44th Street and Fifth Avenue, Delmonico's in its prime, and J. B. Martin's, at 26th Street and Fifth Avenue, as fine as any restaurants on earth; nevertheless a number of excellent eating places now exist in the metropolis. Among these establishments are the Colony, the Caviar, "21," L'Apéritif, Cyrano, Jean, Voisin, Joseph, and the Mascotte. Several of these have well-selected wines; in others there is room for much improvement.

I pity any one who doesn't know enough about wines to get the joy and the benefits they alone can bring. It is like being color-blind or tone-deaf, but worse, for the reason that what we eat and drink not only makes life agreeable, or the reverse, but sustains life, whereas what we see and hear merely contributes to, or detracts from, our pleasure.

With the publication of the fifth instalment of "Green Hills of Africa," **Ernest Hemingway** and his wife are still fishing in the Bahamas, off Bimini, where they have rented a shack for the children, in what, from all accounts, is a very lovely place.

Reinhold Niebuhr has probably done as much as any one man to influence Protestant thought in the country today. He is professor of applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary in New York; his lectures and talks are among the most popular of those given to undergraduates in schools and colleges, and his books—among them *Does Civilization Need Religion?, Leaves from the Notebook of a Tamed Cynic, Moral Man and Immoral Society, Reflections on the End of an Era*—have been widely read not only by preachers and theologians, but by the general public as well. He started as a pastor in Detroit and saw the boom expansion during and after the war, when his parish grew from a small town to a large community and he himself became an important social liberal with a reputation reaching far beyond the walls of his own church.

Seven years ago he gave up preaching for teaching.

Barbara Webster has written several short stories for SCRIBNER'S. She is the wife of Edward Shenton who does the decorations for the magazine.

Joseph B. Mayteson, author of "The New Destiny of the Jew," is the pen-name of a well-known Anglo-Jewish journalist who has spent a good deal of time in Germany and eastern Europe. He is an American citizen.

Donald Slesinger, brother to Tess, whose *The Unpossessed* was a best seller last year, is a professor of law and associate dean of the Division of Social Sciences at the University of Chicago. He came to Chicago from Yale, where he was assistant professor of law, and executive secretary of the Institute of Human Relations. He was once a psychologist, but says that he was, and is, too interested in the problems of human nature to remain long in that field. "I wrote 'Society Is an Amœba,'" he says, "when one friend after another went radical or technocratic." He himself is a Democrat, he thinks, and he is definitely chairman of the Social Science Research Committee, which among other things is chiefly responsible for studies of the Chicago community.

Alexander Klemin is professor of aeronautical engineering in the Guggenheim School of Aeronautics, aeronautical editor of *Scientific American,* chairman of the Aeronautics Division of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers and a member of innumerable long-named committees and boards in connection with aviation. He has written four books on aviation, both technical and popular, countless articles, has lectured and instructed before, during, and since the War on technical subjects and has done a great deal of airplane designing, including designing the first amphibian gear applied to an American flying boat.

Desmond Holdridge became a seagoing man at the age of seventeen and as a skipper of his own boat made several voyages to Greenland, Hudson Strait, and Labrador. He has served in the merchant service and as 2d and 3d officer spent several years on tramp freighters. He made three trips to South America. During the first he spent a year among the tribes of north Brazil, south Venezuela, and British Guiana. His second trip to Brazil and Venezuela was made for the Brooklyn Museum. The third was spent mapping the unknown stretch between the Rio Branco and the head of the Orinoco. On his return the American Geographic Society published his findings. He is the author of a volume called *Pindorama.* At present he is in the Virgin Islands, to which he has returned after a month's trip in a little sloop, to Curacoa and Maracaibo, where he discussed setting up "pacification posts" among the Motilone Indians, who, he says, have been killing geologists and peons with a right good will for the past three or four years.

PEOPLE with hobbies are not always bores even to their wives, as this letter, written in answer to Mr. Uzzell's article, clearly indicates:

PHILATELY PLUS

Sir: I am taking the liberty of writing to you in answer to Mr. Uzzell's article "Postage Stamp Psychosis."

I am one of those rare discoveries—the happy wife of a "class II" collector. At first I could not see anything sane or reasonable about stamp collecting but I am grateful for the small degree of patience I possess which helped me to hold my tongue, and ultimately come to realize what a blessing philately—and in short any engrossing hobby—is, if it can take a harassed business man into another world, one of relaxation and forgetfulness, whether it be in searching for the possible dot on George Washington's nose, or for a double transfer.

It isn't really the value of the error on the stamp that interests most collectors. It is the discovery that gives the thrill. It is almost comparable to the big game hunter bagging his first lion, and from a wife's point of view, a whole lot safer. Mr. Uzzell makes quite a feature out of the price of stamp rarities, but he forgets that all issues are available at Post Offices in the countries wherein they are issued. There are innumerable stories of "discoveries" that have been made right at the window of the P. O., none better perhaps than that of the gentleman who refused the inverted airmail U. S. stamps and asked the postal clerk for "a good stamp, not one upside down."

I think the real psychological value lies in the fact that it makes the person who collects oblivious to any outer disturbance. It brings him a wealth of good stolid friends, in all walks of life. Frankly I don't believe I have more enjoyable evenings than when our stamp friends gather together. Philately may have been the stimulus, but friendship is the result.

(*Continued in Advertising Section*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sniffles!

"I'm sorry, but Anne is in bed. She has the sniffles and I can't let her go to school or play with anybody until she is well again."

WISE mother. She knows that sniffles may be the forerunner of any one of several infectious diseases and she helps to protect other people's children while she protects her own.

A mild case of sniffles may seem so unimportant at first that little or no attention is paid to it, but it may be the warning symptom of a threatened attack of measles, whooping cough, scarlet fever, diphtheria or influenza. These diseases, combined, cause about one in every five deaths of children between the ages of one and nine.

The child who is "coming down" with one of these diseases is likely to spread the germs in class at school or to give them to other children at play.

An attack of measles may be a simple affair, soon over; but sometimes it causes serious complications—injured eyesight, deafness. Whooping cough may so reduce resistance that the child is more susceptible to pneumonia or tuberculosis. Scarlet fever frequently affects the kidneys and ears. All of these diseases—including diphtheria—may affect the heart and leave it permanently weakened.

If your boy or girl seems well one day and develops a case of sniffles the next, the child should be kept at home under close observation and should not be permitted to play out-of-doors or with other children. If there is no improvement within twenty-four hours and the child is feverish, send for the doctor.

Any or all of the following booklets will be mailed free on request: "Measles," "Whooping Cough," "Scarlet Fever," "Diphtheria," "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia." Address Booklet Department 935-S.

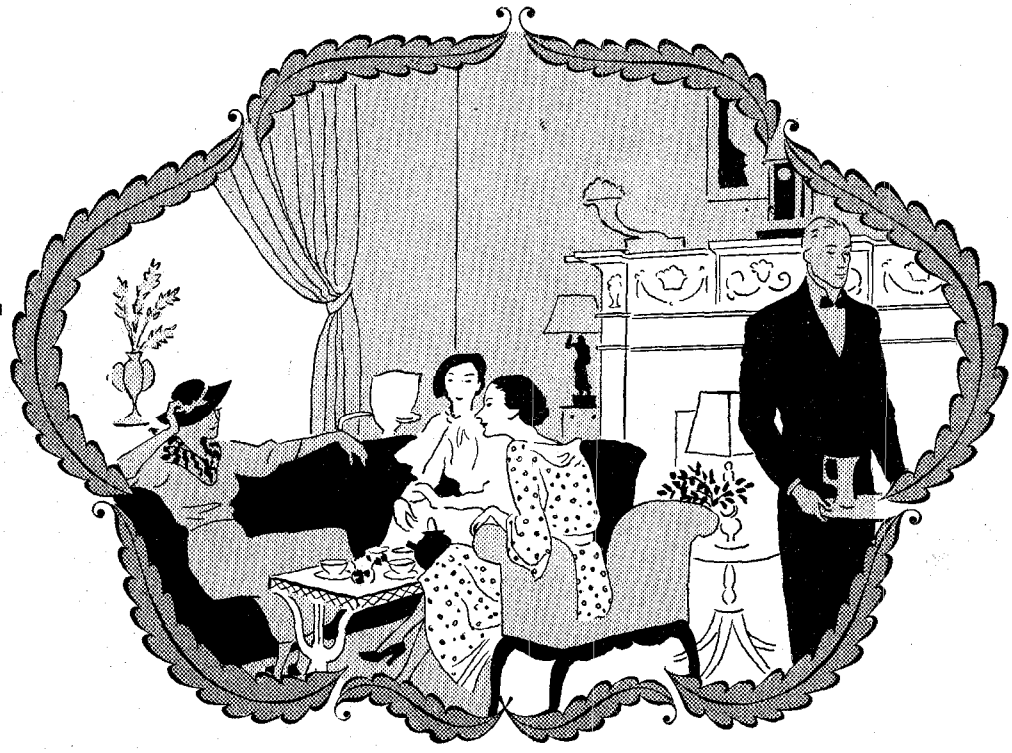
METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

©1935 M.L.I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HOME ON THE AVENUE

■ An apartment at the Park Lane includes your own personal servants, your own kitchenette; yes, full hotel service, if you so desire. In short, it is your own home, without the cares and responsibilities of housekeeping.

And for a touch of gaiety — well, you don't have to leave the hotel. The beautiful Tapestry Room, the delightfully cool Gardens, the famous Round-the-World Bar, where no ordinary drink known to mortal man is stranger, — all welcome you.

NOW AVAILABLE — Housekeeping apartments — 2 to 6 rooms — furnished or unfurnished, full hotel service if desired. Each apartment has a foyer and kitchenette. Moderate rentals.

Commendatore Gelardi,
Managing Director

NEW YORK'S HOTEL OF DISTINCTION

Park Lane

PARK AVE. • 48TH TO 49TH • NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Behind the Scenes

(Continued from page 192)

After all, any hobby is good if it accomplishes one thing—and that, to my mind, is the happiness of the person interested. When money values enter the picture to the extent that they override a hobby, the hobby is failing in itself. And any one can collect stamps and be happy, without spending a nickel.

I am all for it.

JANET P. JOHL.

Scarsdale, N. Y.

YANKEES NOT DOUR

Sir: While I was reading B. I. Bell's article, "Farewell to the Yankee," I thought, "Shades of Cotton Mather again!" Such wholesale generalities as he deals in, though they make smooth reading, have the weakness of their kind—they are only fragmentarily true, and they lose their effectiveness because they are given without qualification. Again a person like Cotton Mather, only worse, is set up as the norm and type of New Englander. And yet, so far as I can find out, Cotton Mather and his "ilk" weren't the absolute "rule" at all. He got the publicity—but while he and Judge Hawthorne, for example, were fomenting witch trials in Salem, another just as representative Yankee in western Massachusetts, Judge Samuel Partridge, was settling the matter for good and all by imposing ten stripes on the man who came to him accusing another man of bewitching him. As to Yankees not being farmers, or "staying put," it happens that in the majority of Yankee family histories that I personally know, they stayed at least two generations, and often as many as a hundred and fifty years, in the same places. The great dispersion came after the revolution, and was probably due to economic causes. Moreover, the families were very large, and some scattering was eventually inevitable. As for their being hard-bitten, sour, beauty-haters, etc., how can one square that with the houses they built—even the little, least pretentious, loneliest farmers' and sailors' houses, lovely inside and out? Such houses don't come by accident. Just drive west from New England to the middle west, and watch what happens to the architecture as one comes gradually into the regions built up by the "beauty-loving, more urbane" European influx! As for driving hard bargains, and being incapable of the "urbanities and amenities," how does that fit in with a story like this—told me by a man who had made a search for a copy of E. A. Robinson's first volume of poems. "E. A." had none himself, and didn't know where any were, but he told his collector friend that if he advertised in the Gardiner, Maine, paper, he might unearth one. So the collector advertised, offering $25 for a copy—to which he got a response from a down-easter, saying that he did have a copy, but that he wouldn't *sell* it of course, but that if E. A. wanted it, he would send it on to him—which he did! As for sharp bargains, most of my Yankees were apt to be the victims rather than the movers in such bargains, just because they ran short of suspicion and hardness. As for their scorn for furbelows and the things that make for civilization, how is it that Yankee schools are so old and so excellent? And how was it that my thoroughly Yankee great-grandmother, living in a little outpost New Hampshire town, knew Greek, and made excellent linguists out of her sons? As for hatred of pleasure, etc., how can I, for one, forget the endless gaiety of one set of my Yankee kin, as it stood out like something incredible in the dour presence of the European stock among whom I was brought up! This article is altogether too sweeping to be sound!

KATHARINE S. HAYDEN SALTER.

Madison, Wis.

BELLOWS & COMPANY, INC.

Importers and Dealers in Fine Wines Brandies, Whiskies and other Spirits

BUSINESS ESTABLISHED 1830

WINE LOVERS

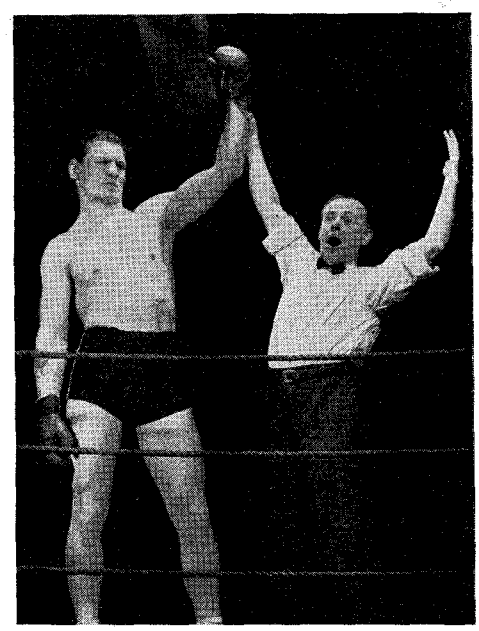
We have labored devotedly to gather a distinguished assortment of authentic wines to meet the tastes . . and the pocketbooks . . of discriminating wine lovers. We believe our stocks to be the largest, and certainly the most diversified, in America.

In our cellars we hold hundreds of the most renowned wines including many vintages of such noble growths as Romanée-Conti, Château Yquem and Château Ausone for the latter of which we are sole American representatives. But our particular pride is a wide variety of less celebrated but excellent wines, outstanding values at $15.00 to $25.00 a case, each of which is an honest growth as labeled, of fine vintage, unreservedly guaranteed by us as to authenticity and condition.

FOR 100 YEARS the firm of BELLOWS has served the discriminating families and fine clubs of America. Our whiskies are mellow and faithfully matured . . . our brandies are authentic. A new catalogue is now available for distribution and will be forwarded upon request.

Sixty-seven East Fifty-second Street, New York City

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.



THE WINNAH!

He put everything he had in one blow—a knockout. In the same way we want to sum up what we have been telling you so that you will get the whole picture. So, statistically speaking:

1. 6,636 Scribner readers are thinking about a cruise in 1935. That means purchasing power. (6,636 x you name the figure.)
2. 4,032 plan to remodel or repair their homes. More spending. (You set the amount per home.)
3. 2,562 are going to buy new cars. (More money in circulation for Fords, Chevys, Cadillacs, Buicks, etc.)
4. 4,704 plan greater spending this year. (More dividends. More confidence.)
5. 5,376 are interested in better phonograph records. (Good news for "His Master's Voice" and the like.)

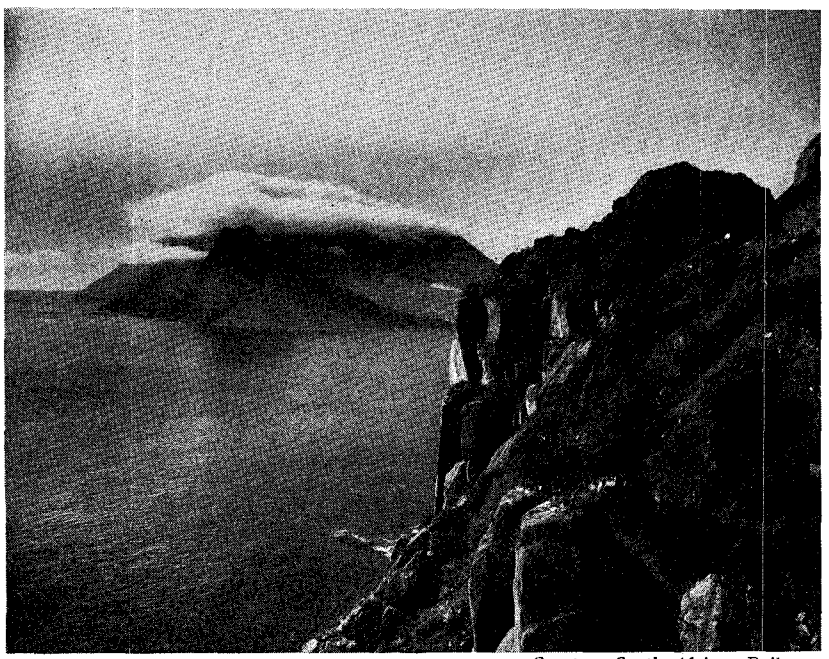
All together it means SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE is A Market Place of Immediate Purchasing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If I Should Ever Travel

By Katherine Gauss Jackson

● Planning for the fall. . . . Round the world cruises, including Australia. . . . South Africa becomes real and tangible. . . . Short trips for fall vacations. . . . Bermuda and the tipping situation.



Courtesy South African Railways

CLOUDS ON THE PEAK OF THE CAPE PENINSULAR, SOUTH AFRICA

Simply because my own immediate travel problem is to discover the shortest route from New York to Cooperstown for a wedding, I find it momentarily hard to prepare myself mentally for a trip around the world, a run down to the Bahamas, a look at the Mediterranean, or a cruise to South Africa. Any one getting thus involved at the simple matter of transporting one fairly medium-sized person and one over-sized paper hat box a matter of two hundred miles, seems a poor one to give advice on any really sea-going venture, but all that I, or any of us, really need, is a start in the right direction. Then the odds don't matter. We'll get there.

For instance. One day last week when I left the office, I found myself facing a downpour without benefit of rubbers or umbrella, and stood huddled in the doorway for protection till the shower should cease. Two or three other people stood there too, all of us preoccupied, thinking about trains we were missing or appointments we would be late for, but cowed completely by the summer torrent. Suddenly the traffic cop at the next corner blew his whistle, the light changed, traffic started up the avenue, and all of us in the doorway, like so many automatons, stepped lightly out on the sidewalk and headed uptown too. Obviously the beating rain had not stopped one jot for all the motions on the corner, but geared as we are to traffic signals, we confidently expected all obstruction to be swept aside, simply because the policeman raised his hand. Still, it worked, and once started we all kept on our way, and though realizing with a start the foolishness of our instinctive move, were yet ashamed to go back. What we all need is some sort of divine whistle to set us off on our fall plans after the summer lethargy.

Around the World

Of course, your plans won't be my plans or any one else's. There is a school of thought which definitely believes in the summer vacation. Another wants to go only when there will be no crowds—that is in the fall or the winter. And then there are those lucky ones who, either because it's what they do every year, or because this year seems to be *the* year they've been saving up for for many seasons, are planning a trip around the world. It is with the latter two classes that we must concern ourselves now, for if you are going on a world cruise in January or sooner, there is little enough time to plan your wardrobe, wind up your affairs, park the children, and most important of all, to get the best there is to be had in reservations. What's more, there's the route to be decided upon, for, to my surprise, though geometry should have warned me, there are almost as many ways around the world as there are people to choose them.

Just about the first one scheduled, except for the regular sailings, starts October 10 from San Francisco. This is a study tour, and includes lectures and conferences to help in a thorough understanding of Oriental lands and peoples. It goes to Honolulu, Japan, Manchukuo, China, Hongkong, the Philippines, Singapore, Siam, and Cambodia, Ceylon, India, through the Arabian and Red Seas, the Mediterranean and home. The return date is March 10. To all who register for this trip and to others on request, are sent a bibliography of books of special interest to Round-the-World travellers; a booklet containing suggestions about baggage, clothing, mail, and other details; and a tentative outline of excursions, programs and things seen on the journey. The minimum rate for this trip is $2895.

Another, sailing January 7 (from New York), returning May 29, advertises itself "34,000 miles to 31 ports, 144 days" and goes by way of South America, South Africa up to India, South China, and up to Japan for cherry-blossom time. Another, sailing January 11 and returning May 24, has for its slogan "136 days, 31,579 miles on sea, 29 countries, 39 ports of call" and goes via the Mediterranean to India

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I played golf in DAR-ES-SALAAM"

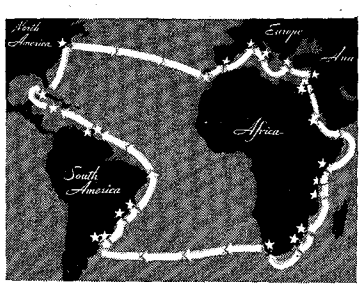
"I rode in a rickshaw drawn by a prancing Zulu warrior . . . made friends with wild animals in Kenya . . . went to the races in Rio. There was always some kind of excitement every hour we spent ashore.

"And what fun I'll have in years to come, showing my own movies of those exciting days . . . Italy and Greece, Holy Land and Egypt, East and South Africa, gay Buenos Aires and Rio, and those charming little sun spots known as the West Indies.

"The *Empress of Australia* is a grand ship to go on. Large rooms and fine service, good meals, and all sorts of ship fun."

$1350 up (room with bath from $2350), including standard shore programme. Details from *your own agent* or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, Washington, San Francisco, Montreal, and 32 other cities in U. S. and Canada.

FROM NEW YORK JAN. 25
23 PORTS • 95 DAYS



Empress of Australia

AFRICA
SOUTH AMERICA
CRUISE

Canadian Pacific

and also up to cherry-blossom time in Japan. The minimum rate on both of these trips, including shore excursions, is $1750.

None of these cruises touches Australia, which seems a pity, for ever since I heard an Australian story which the Duke of Gloucester tells on himself at the time of his recent visit to that country, my respect not only for the Duke but also for the natural simplicity of the Australian farmers has gone up a hundred per cent, and I want to see the country that fosters it. The story, as I found it, was in an Australian news sheet and goes somewhat as follows, the Duke telling the story: "During my Australian tour I was out riding one evening when a friendly farmer overtook me and we conversed for a bit. Suddenly he turned and said 'Aren't you His Royal Highness?' When I admitted that I was he said, thoughtfully, 'Yes, that's right. I thought I recognized your horse.' He was a jolly good chap," continues the Duke, "and told me a lot about Australian farming conditions I wanted to know." Sometimes one gets very bored and tired with our conventions, our eternal tactful evasions, and that kind of straightforward, unselfconscious directness is blessed. I think the Prince thought so. But what I was getting at, is that there are round-the-world trips which do take in Australia.

One particularly attractive tour, sailing from Vancouver or Victoria, includes specially planned land tours from which you may pick and choose. For instance, one plan offers seven days in Hawaii, another thirteen; the number of days you stay in Japan and China is a matter of your own choice and pocketbook—and you have the opportunity to spend eighteen days in Australia. It is a fine, unhurried way to travel, yet it gives you at the same time the services of one of the finest tourist bureaus in the world when you're ashore, so that you don't ever feel like wringing your hands with that "What'll I do, What'll I do?" feeling when nobody understands a simple little sentence like "Where's my trunk?" or "Where do we eat?"

One route is via Hawaii, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, and then through Suez and around that way—$849 for a round-trip ticket good for two years, which includes your fare only, but fare from home town to home town. You sail from San Francisco or Los Angeles. Another stops at Australia and goes on around through the

(Continued on page 14)

A Camera SAFARI

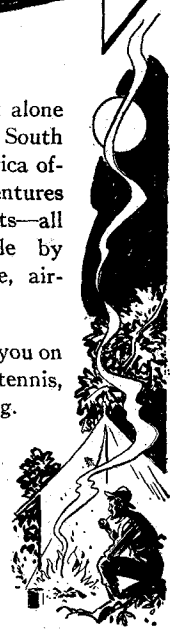
Visit the greatest natural wild life sanctuary in the world—larger than the whole State of New Jersey—harboring over a quarter of a million free-roaming African game animals. Motor through it, honking the lions out of your path—stay at a rest camp (equipment supplied), and experience the eerie thrills of an African night.

Get your own close-up camera shots of giraffe, zebra, waterbuck; herds of graceful impala, hippos and crocodiles. Bring home your own African wild life movies!

Kruger National Park alone is worth a visit to South Africa. But South Africa offers many other adventures and marvelous sights—all conveniently accessible by luxurious train service, airplane, or motor bus.

There is sporty golf for you on excellent courses, good tennis, fishing and surf bathing.

See fresh scenes and new skies in the wonderful climate of



SOUTH AFRICA

For full information, call at or write to Thos. Cook & Son—Wagons-Lits, Inc., 587-E Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y., or any of their branch offices; or any of the other leading tourist and travel agencies throughout the world.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL - RESORT AND TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

Established 1906

FEATURED EVERY MONTH IN EIGHT PUBLICATIONS

OUR GROUP OF QUALITY MAGAZINES

Scribner's Magazine, Atlantic Monthly, Current History, The Forum, The Golden Book, Harpers Magazine, and Review of Reviews-World's Work

For space and rates in our departments write to
THE WHERE-TO-GO BUREAU, Inc., 8 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

TRAVEL

VISIT JAPAN in Chrysanthemum Time

Gay days at sea on motor ships as modern as your favorite hotel. Rich, but restrained, luxury in all the appointments—*detailed* convenience of service which reflects the "centuries old" culture of Japan. • Regular sailings from Los Angeles and San Francisco.

JAPAN, CHINA, PHILIPPINES
Stop-over at Honolulu

LOW ROUND-TRIP FARES
from San Francisco and Los Angeles

First Class $542 up • Cabin Class $437 up
Second Class $332 up • Tourist Cabin $236 up

Also modern cabin and tourist cabin liners from Seattle and Vancouver direct to Japan.
Cabin Class $437 up • Tourist Cabin $227 up

Write to Dept. 96 • New York, 25 Broadway; San Francisco, 551 Market Street; Seattle, 1404 Fourth Avenue; Chicago, 40 North Dearborn St.; Los Angeles, 605 South Grand Avenue, or any Cunard White Star Limited office. *Consult your local tourist agent. He knows.*

N.Y.K LINE (JAPAN MAIL)

TRAVEL

SEE EUROPE *with your own car!*

This year you can't say it costs too much to transport your car to Europe. We offer to deliver it to you there (whether or not you accompany it as a passenger on this line) and to bring it back home again for $120 round trip. Even with all running charges you will find it saves money to have your car. Saves all bus and railroad fares, saves much handling of baggage and tips. If there are two or more people in your party it costs less to have your car than not to have it. *Oh, you will have a trip which the average tourist could not even dream about!* This is a new way to see Europe, that will be far more interesting, and make you more independent and comfortable.

Ask for folders!

ARNOLD BERNSTEIN LINE
17 Battery Place New York

Remember—small copy is BIG in Where-To-Go

ROUND THE WORLD TOURS FOR $575 PER DAY
100 DAYS .. $550 to $645
★ Cross the Pacific on One-Class "General" ships! Portland to Yokohama $172, Kobe $177, Shanghai $198, Hong Kong $215, Manila $215.
SEE YOUR TICKET AGENT OR WRITE DEPT WG
STATES STEAMSHIP LINES, Portland, Oregon

TRAVEL

***Save 1220 miles* TO THE ORIENT**

American Mail Liners sail the fast Short Route from Seattle, saving 1220 miles to Japan, China and the Philippines, giving you more time in the Orient, where it counts. For information and literature, see your travel agent or write AMERICAN MAIL LINE, 1300 Fourth Avenue, Seattle, Washington.

AMERICAN MAIL Line

The Where-To-Go system influences the people comprising the cream of all Travel prospects.

TRAVEL RECORDS

MODELS of the SHIPS
ON WHICH YOU HAVE SAILED
A list of more than 300 liners
Models priced from $3.50 to $7.50
Order by names of vessels and lines
VAN RYPER VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

TRAVEL

WORLD TOURS

AT VERY LOW COST

BALINESE MAIDEN

Want to investigate Hong Kong, Bali, Singapore, and a dozen other magic names? Want to study people in all four corners of the globe? Plan *your own* route, stop-overs, and expenses. Go on one inclusive ticket . . . good for 2 years. Over 200 itineraries for you to choose from.

Folders from YOUR OWN TRAVEL AGENT or Canadian Pacific: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, 34 other cities in United States and Canada.

Canadian Pacific

When writing to these advertisers will you please mention The Where-to-go Bureau? It will be greatly to your advantage to do so.

Where-To-Go for Oct. closes Aug. 26

Special Apartment Floors for Permanent Guests

IF I SHOULD EVER TRAVEL

(Continued from page 13)

Dutch East Indies, Singapore and Java, and costs $974.70, and still another goes, after leaving Australia, to South Africa, then up the west coast of Africa to Europe and home, costing $784.70. These three prices are first-class accommodations, and do not include sightseeing trips, and if you're the independent type of traveller, they're just what you're after. You can reduce the cost a little if you want to go part of the journey cabin or tourist class. It's a fine system—and remember, from home town to home town!

South Africa

You'll notice that a great many of these make stops at South Africa. More and more it is getting to be the order of the day. Before long we shall have a new slogan and "See South Africa and die," will be the word. The travel people can't be too enthusiastic, Ernest Hemingway makes it *comme il faut* in a literary and game-hunting way; people who have been there, as most of us can go, only as homely travellers, are all equally ready with their praise. Several lines arrange special tours in connection with their trips to South Africa, so that you may see Table Mountain, take the marine drive out to the Rhodes Memorial from Capetown; visit Groote Schur; or, as the Africander says, "go out in the blue," which means to head out into the blue mountains beyond Capetown. Up over the Great Karoo, lies Kimberley and the Valley of Diamonds, the game preserves of the Transvaal and finally Victoria Falls. I find it hard to write those names with

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Life
IS LIKE THAT AT
HOTEL CLEVELAND

★ Everyone remembers you . . . gives you that pleasant little glow of realizing we're glad to have you here, and want you to be comfortable.

Beds are deep and very soft, rooms are bright and pleasantly furnished.

The food at Hotel Cleveland is famous. Rare delicacies that remind you of France, or simple dishes prepared in the homelike way you enjoy them.

In addition to being Cleveland's most modern and comfortable hotel, this is also the most centrally located in the city. Hotel Cleveland is only one step, via covered passage, from your train, and two steps from anywhere you'll want to go in the city.

Rooms from $2.50 *for one,* $4 *for two.*

HOTEL CLEVELAND
Cleveland

any sense of reality. It's like suggesting quite calmly and in my right mind that it might be nice for you to go down the rabbit's hole with Alice, have tea with the Mad Hatter, say any day at four, on a tour specially arranged by your agent, for $59.32. But we must get over that. Discovering Africa and places we've only known in books of travel and adventure is getting simpler —and cheaper—every day. Round-trip rates to South Africa (passage only) are as low as $750, first class; $540, special class; and $360, tourist. The trip takes about three weeks, one way.

A South American-African cruise sails January 25, calls at 23 ports, lasts 95 days, stopping at the eastern ports of South America, across to Capetown, up the east coast of Africa, through the Mediterranean and home. It costs $1350, including all shore programs.

Incidentally, if you are planning to go for the first time, there is a book called *The South and East African Year Book and Guide,* which gives among other things "detailed discussions of customs, sights, and scenery, hotel tariffs, motor, rail and air routes, cost of living, climate, history and anthropology of the various provinces." It gives the habitats of game, means of reaching game regions, hunting laws, etc. A forty-page section presents "a comprehensive catalog of South and East African fauna," and there are sixty-four pages of maps in color. In short, if you *are* going to Africa, you can't very well get along without it. It costs $1 and I will be glad to see that you get it, if you are interested. Incidentally, if you're a cross-word puzzle or other word-game artist, you couldn't do better than to take a glance at the index of animals. Try these:

Aard-Vark	Antelopes
Aard-Wolf	Apes
Addax	Ariel
Ant-bear	Ass, The Wild
Ant-eater	

or jumping over to the O's:

Okapi	Oryx
Oribi	Ostrich, The Wild

Of course, if you've been reading "Green Hills of Africa," you'll be one or two up on a great many people in guessing what manner of creature some of the above names represent. Otherwise the whole thing is pretty baffling, and you'll want to study hard if you intend to discuss with any ease the habits and appearance of the Quagga, or even the Puku, with those Africanders whom you meet.

(*Continued on page 16*)

ESTABLISHED 1743

MOËT
& CHANDON

Pronounce MOËT as MO-WET
but remember IT'S DRY

CHAMPAGNE
IMPERIAL CROWN • WHITE SEAL

LABOURDETTE & CO., INC.
745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK
SOLE IMPORTERS IN THE
UNITED STATES

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

HAYFEVER

ASTHMA and SUMMER COLDS are unnecessary. Complete relief only $1.00 Postpaid. Nothing else to buy. Over 40,000 HOLFORD'S WONDER INHALERS sold last year alone. Mail $1.00 today for full season's relief to THE DANDEE CO., 252 HENNEPIN AVENUE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA, or write for Free Booklet.

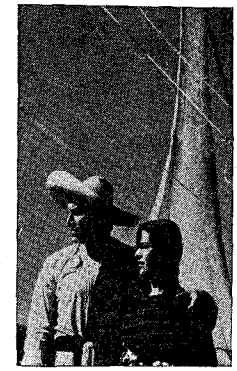
...only by
RAIL

Only by rail can you reach magic *Lake Pátzcuaro,* exotic *Uruapan,* quaint *Alvarado,* and the amazing *Milla* and *Monte Albán* at *Oaxaca.*

They're all overnight from *Mexico City.*

In your community there is a travel agent who will plan your tour over MEXICO'S COLORFUL BYWAYS. He will make hotel reservations, see that you are everywhere met at the station, and supply cultured English-speaking guides . . . at *no* cost to you for his counsel.

If you have trouble locating such an agent we'll gladly find him for you. Informative booklet free.



NATIONAL RAILWAYS OF MEXICO
Alamo Nat'l Bldg.,
San Antonio, Tex.

Thrill to MEXICO'S Byways

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Comparisons Are Good for the Soul

especially when you compare something good with something you know is just as good.

Subway advertising in New York City has had advertisers' acceptance to the fullest degree. Over one hundred of our leading companies are using cards and posters. The rates for advertising space in the subways are based on the service rendered. Our rates for space in the Fifth Avenue buses are based on the service rendered by the bus advertising cards.

One out of fifty-nine of the 2,913,600,000 nickle and dime fares taken in by the subways, elevateds, surface cars, tubes and all buses in the City of New York is a ten cent fare paid by a passenger on the Fifth Avenue buses.

From the point of view of visibility and taking into consideration the length of the subway car, the fact that the car has an exit in the center as well as on each end, and that passengers are allowed to stand at the time that the subway accumulates its largest circulation figures, the advertisements in the subway are visible to one out of thirteen passengers. It is quite obvious that advertisements in the Fifth Avenue buses are visible to a much larger percentage of the passengers because the Fifth Avenue buses do not allow passengers to stand. You can better understand these figures when I tell you that each subway car carries 328,000 passengers per year and that each bus carries 160,000 passengers a year; ⅔ of them inside, ⅓ upstairs. On this basis advertising rates per thousand are practically the same.

Fifth Avenue bus passengers pay a ten cent fare to reach the same destination they could reach at the cost of five cents on other transportation lines. It is a recognized fact that it takes longer for passengers to get to their destination on the Fifth Avenue buses than it does on the subway or elevated, yet our millions of passengers are willing to take the time and pay the extra five cents for a clean, comfortable, seated ride. This proves that bus passengers have a larger than average income and that they can afford to buy in greater quantities than persons in the lower than average income group. You are failing to cover one of the best purchasing groups in the City of New York when you do not advertise in the Fifth Avenue buses. We feel sure that many national advertisers could afford to spend $400 a month for the result that they could obtain from advertising to bus passengers.

Let us send you our presentation
Agency commission 15%
Cash discount 2%

John H. Livingston, Jr.
Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses
Caledonia 5-2151 · 425 Fifth Avenue, New York

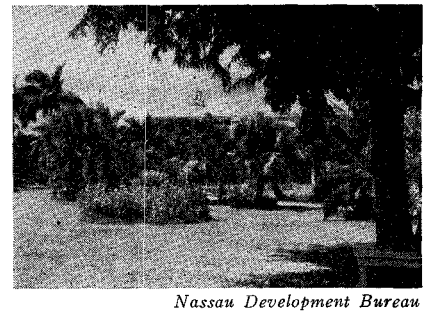
IF I SHOULD EVER TRAVEL

(Continued from page 15)

Short Trips for Fall

Nassau has never been more popular than it is now, and since the Duke and Duchess of Kent recently spent part of their honeymoon there at Government House, going to Nassau is one of the smartest things you can do, if you like to go where people are going and where there's plenty doing. The usual minimum on any of several lines is from $80 to $85 for just the round-trip passage.

I always feel that Bermuda is so much to be desired that anything I could say would only be gilding her well-known lilies and would tell you nothing you did not already know. To all description I can hear you scream: "Yes, yes. That we know. Tell us the price. Tell us how to go." And so. The minimum is $42 round trip. A nine-day trip would cost you $81.50. A twelve-day trip $93.50, or $81.50 on another line. That does not include that always formidable item, tips. But it does include everything else. Meals, hotels, two-day sightseeing trip, etc. And even the tipping has been made simpler—at least you can have some idea of what to count on. Doctor William Lyon Phelps in his article last month wished that some one would publish some reasonable estimate of what is a fair tip to stewards, waiters, etc. aboard ship. Well, for trips to Bermuda, somebody has. Dining-room steward $1 to $2 each way. Stateroom steward or stewardess $1 to $2 each way according to type of accommodation occupied. Deck steward fifty cents to $1 each way unless exceptional services are required. And may stewards or stewardesses check up on me if the booklet is unfair. Tips are generally given in the dining saloon after the last meal taken on board; to stateroom steward or stewardess on the last day of the voyage. Two more hints. Deck chairs may be hired on board steamers at $1 each way and steamer rugs at fifty cents each way. Now bon voyage and many of them.



Nassau Development Bureau
GOVERNMENT HOUSE GARDENS, NASSAU

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED